Best of All

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By

Samuel W. Beazley and James H. Ruebush

—Associates—

George S. Ware	J. D. Pitts	H. P. Blackwell
H. D. Ellzey	J. B. Rusbing	J. M. Canterbury
G. W. Smith, Jr.	C. C. Cunningham	S. G. Simmons
H. C. Wriston	F. M. Cordell	G. W. Lassiter

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THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
DAYTON, VIRGINIA.

U.B.
CHURCH

18

BEST OF ALL

A superior and varied collection of Gospel Songs and Hymns
for Sunday Schools, Church Services, Prayer Meetings
Revival Meetings, Young People's Societies
and all kinds of Religious Work

BY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY and JAMES H. RUEBUSH

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PREFACE

I WILL PRAISE THEE, O LORD, WITH MY WHOLE HEART: I WILL SHEW FORTH ALL THY MARVELOUS WORKS.

I WILL BE GLAD AND REJOICE IN THEE: I WILL SING PRAISE TO THY NAME, O THOU MOST HIGH.

—9th Psalm.

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Best of All.

No. 1. LOYAL TO JESUS.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, loy - al to Je - sus, List'ning for His voice;
2. Faith-ful to Je - sus, tho' He may lead us Where the way is steep;
3. E'en tho' we stum-ble He will sus - tain us, If we trust His arm;

If we o - bey Him, trusting His wisdom, He will make us re-joice.
He knows each stone on life's rugged pathway, Close be - side us He'll keep.
On it re - ly - ing, trusting His guiding, He will keep us from harm.

CHORUS.

Je - sus shall be our Lead - er, As thro' the world we go;

We will be ev - er loy - al to Je - sus, He will guide us we know.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 2. FISHERS OF MEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Why stand ye i - dle on the shores of life's ocean, When before you the
2. Feel now the thrill of the command He has giv-en, Launch ye forth at the
3. Why stand ye i - dle, looking down at life's pebbles? Lift your eyes to the

:S:

deep sea is spread? A-rouse you! He who can rule the waves and
bid-ding of Christ; Oh, has- ten! Your's is a serv-ice that shall
great trackless main; Be read - y! Prompt, loy-al serv-ice ev - 'ry

D.S.—Cast in your nets, no lon - ger

FINE.

still their commotion, Has ap-point- ed you fish - ers of men.
bring souls to heaven, Do not wait, but be fish - ers of men.
joy of life tre-bles, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.
wise fish - ers of men.

stand i - dly dreaming, Go ye forth and be fish - ers of men.

CHORUS.

Launch you forth on the deep, be wise fish - ers of men,

D.S.

There are souls you can bring to the Lord; Oh, has - ten!

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 3. JESUS HATH RISEN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. GEORGE S. WARE.

1. Je- sus hath ris - en, the might-y Re- deem - er, Ris- en vic-
2. Vain were the seal and the stone and the watching, Vain were death's
3. Liv- ing a - gain in His maj - es - ty glorious, Je - sus the

:8:

to - rious the world's guiding light; Bro-ken the bands that re-
thrall and for- biddings to rise; Je- sus came forth from in-
King of all re- gions a - bove; Done is the work of love's

D. S.—Covered with glo - ry and

FINE.

lentless- ly bound Him, Ris-en to - day in His wonder- ful might.
term'na-ble si- lence, Wending His way to a throne in the skies.
might-y re - demption, Je- sus is reign - ing supreme in His love.

cloth'd in His pow - er, Je- sus hath ris - en the might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath ris - - en, go tell the glad sto - ry,

D. S.

Ris - en tri - umph - ant o'er death and the grave;

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 4. I'M REDEEMED.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY. W. P. BLAKENEY.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let earth and heav - en hear,
2. His prec - ious life was of - fered up; On Cal- v'ry's cru - el tree;
3. There's vir - tue in His prec-ious blood, To save the vil - est soul,

Let ev - 'ry tongue His praise proclaim; And ev - 'ry one draw near.
He free - ly drank the bit - ter cup, To set the sin - ner free.
Plunge now be- neath the crim - son flood; And He will make thee whole.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, He paid the debt for me,
Hal - le - lu- jah, I'm redeemed, halle-lu-jah, I'm redeemed,

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, His blood has made me free.
Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed hal-le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 5. THE CALL OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON — J. B. BIGGERSTAFF.

1. "Follow Me," is the call of Je-sus Thro' life's tumult resounding clear;
2. Fol-low Je-sus in paths of ser-vice, Ev-er do-ing the Father's will;
3. Fol-low Je-sus to peace a-bid-ing And to love that will never fail;
4. Fol-low Je-sus to life e-ter-nal, Ev-er heed-ing His voice divine;

Will you walk in His blessed foot-steps As His ac-cents you dail-y hear.
Tho' the way may grow hard and lonely Be thou faithful and trust Him still.
Win the vic-t'ry in ev-'ry con-flict, Thro' His power thou canst prevail.
When thy journey on earth is end-ed Heaven's glo-ry shall then be thine.

CHORUS.

"Follow Me, O follow Me," 'Tis the Master now calling thee:
Follow Me, O follow Me,

Glad-ly yield to His in-vi-ta-tion, Safe and kind will His leading be.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 6. FIND THE BRIGHT SIDE.

E. E. Hewitt. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Find the bright side of the cloud when you can; Try to be hap - py 'tis such a good plan; Or, if no light seems to shine from a - bove, Pol- ish the heart humbly goes; Some precious blessing the Lord will prepare; Pol- ish the peace and good will; Go to your neighbor with comfort and cheer, Pol- ish the
2. Find the bright side: ev-'ry thorn has a rose, If to the Mas-ter, the cloud-less and fair; Goodness and mer-cy have ordered your ways, Pol- ish the
3. But if the path-way seems des - o - late still, Car-ry the ti - dings of dark side with faith and with love.
4. Find the bright side; oh, be-lieve it is there; Some day, the sky will be

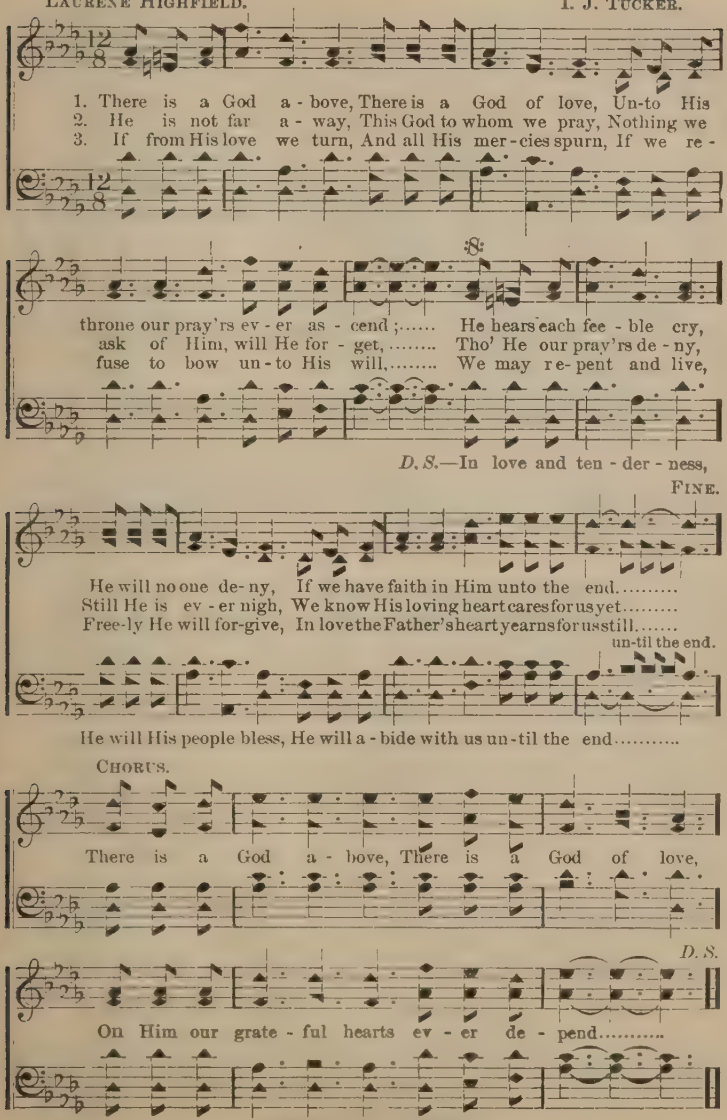
Chorus.

dark side with faith and with love.
dark side with pa-tience and pray'r.
dark side with kind-ness sin - cere.
dark side with car - ols of praise.
} Seek for the bright side, find-ing the right side, Hope-ful - ly, trust-ful - ly look - ing a - bove; Seek for the bright side, finding the right side, Pol-ish the dark side with faith and with love.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 7. THERE IS A GOD ABOVE.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. I. J. TUCKER.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 8.

FEAR NOT.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. I. J. TUCKER.

1. A-part from the world..... Christ bur-ied in pray'r,.....
2. And when He was come..... all dan-ger was past,.....
3. The Lord of the sea..... can bid it be still,.....

1. Apart from the world Christ buried in pray'r,

Remembered His friends..... were toss'd on the wave;.....
They knew Him as Lord..... and worship'd Him there,.....
So why should we doubt ..... though tempests may blow,.....

Remebered His friends were toss'd on the wave;

And forth on the sea..... He came to them there,.....
Life's sea will grow calm,..... no haz-ard can last,.....
The wind and the wave..... must bow to His will,.....

And forth on the sea He came to them there,

His lov'd ones from storm..... and tem-pest to save.....
If Christ walks the wave, ... our tri-als to share.. .....
The Mas-ter will come..... to help us we know.....

His lov'd ones from storm and tempest to save.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

FEAR NOT.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fear not, it is I, Be thou of good cheer,

Fear not, it is I,..... Be thou of good cheer,.....

Fear not, it is I, The Master draws near,

Fear not, it is I,..... The Master draws near,

Oh, why will you doubt..... That Je-sus can save?.....

Oh, why will you doubt, That Je-sus can save?

The Lord of the sea,..... Is walking the wave.....

The Lord of the sea, Is walking the wave.

No. 9. WILL YOU COME?

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL H. DUKES.

1. You have heard the in - vi - ta - tion which the lov - ing Sav-iour gave,
2. As the hart longs for the wa - ter-brook, the soul of man should long,
3. Come, ac - cept this liv - ing wa - ter as it free - ly flows for all,

Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, come to me. Come, ye
For the heal- ing stream that flow - eth from a - bove; Christ has
He who drinks of it need nev - er thirst a - gain, Like a

thirst - y, to the fount - ain, free - ly drink and ye shall live,
of - fered liv - ing wa - ter un - to all who care to come
well of life e - ter - nal, it will not grow less nor fail,

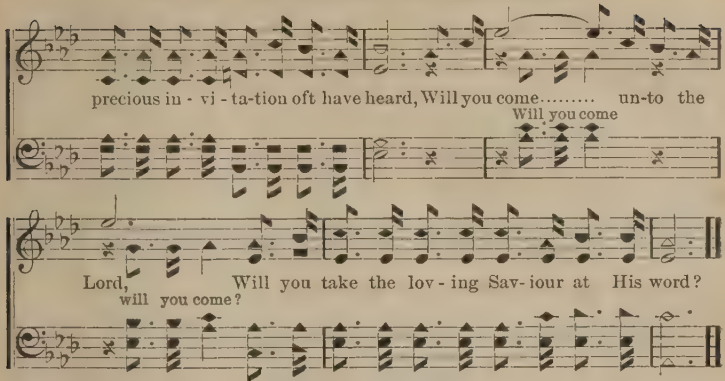
For the fount of heal - ing now is of - fered thee.
To the nev - er - fail - ing fount - ain of His love.
This great gift is of - fered free - ly to all men.

CHORUS.

Will you come..... un - to the Lord, You the
Will you come, will you come,

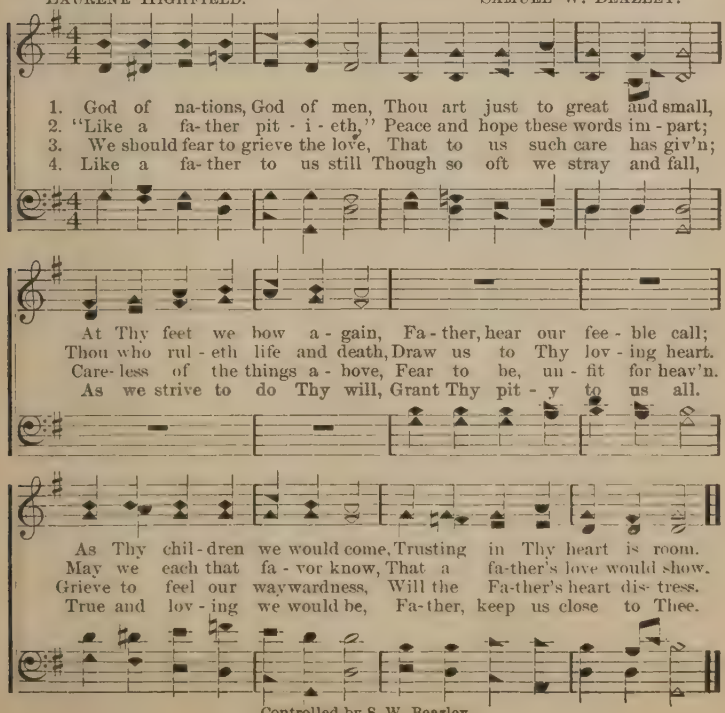
Controlled by S. W. Beazley,

WILL YOU COME?—Concluded.



No. 10. LIKE A FATHER.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 11. ANOINTING LOVE ONWARD FLOW.

Mrs. Mary E. Crist. R. E. Smith.

1. A - noint - ing love of Je - sus flow, Till all the
2. A - noint - ing love flow thro' my heart, Bid all the
3. A - noint - ing love re - store my sight, Il - lume my
4. A - noint - ing love has been my star, That's led me

earth sal - va - tion know, A - noint - ing love from life's first day,
doubt and sin de - part, A - noint - ing love flow thro' my mind,
soul with heav'n-ly light, A - noint - ing love fill all my days,
safe in life thus far, A - noint - ing love when life is done,

Chorus.

Has kept me in the nar - row way.
Let all my tho'ts be more like Thine.
To God and ev - 'ry end - less praise.
Then all thro' Christ the vic- tr'y's won.

A - noint - ing love then on - ward flow, From heart to heart with heal - ing go, Un - til the lamp of truth and grace, Il - lume the night and sin e - rase.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 12. THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. H. D. ELLZEY.

1. Lift your eyes up - on the whit-'ning fields, and view the rip-'ning grain,
2. It is God's great har-vest field that out be- fore your view now gleams,
3. Read - y stands the Lord's great harvest for the reap - er's cy - cle bright,

Wav - ing to and fro by gen - tle breez - es blown, While the
La - den with its pre - cious grain to gar - ner in; Will you
And a - bund - ant wag - es He'll re - ward to all; Let us

S.

har - vest song is ring - ing o - ver val - ley, hill and plain,
join the earn - est reap - ers while the sun yet lends its beams,
then go forth to gath - er for the Mas - ter with our might,

D.S.—call-ing for your serv - ice, an - swer "Mas - ter, here am I,

FINE.

And the reap - er's cy - cle to the field is borne.
Wait - ing not the night your la - bors to be - gin?
Gold - en sheaves, be - fore the shades of twi - light fall.

I will glad - ly be a reap - er while I may?"

CHORUS.

I - dle sleep - - ers, wont you be reap - - ers?
sleep - ers, i - dle sleep-ers, wont you be reap - ers, wont you be reap - ers?

D.S.

You are need - ed in the har-vest field to - day, He is
field to - day,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 13. IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

JENNIE WILSON. JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.

1. In the harvest field where the faithful toil, The Master bids you go and
2. In the harvest field reaching far a - way The grain for reapers true has
3. In the harvest field when the darkness falls, The time for you to serve the
4. In the har-vest field win the great re- ward, The Master will be- stow on

reap the precious grain; Will you now o - bey as you hear His voice, Or
long been waving white; Fast the day speeds by and the fleet- ing hours, Ere
Mas-ter will be o'er; Oh, will emp- ty hands and a heav - y heart Be
ev - 'ry faith-ful one; Toil-ing on with love and un - tir - ing zeal, You

CHORUS.

shall His plead-ing be in vain?
long will bring the shades of night.
yours when you can work no more?
soon will hear the word's, well done.
} In the har - vest field there are

golden sheaves, That loving hands will lay with joy at Je- sus' feet; Will you

have a part in the bless-ed work, And share the rapture pure and sweet.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 14. KEEP THY LIGHT SHINING.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Keep thy light shining! the glo - ry divine Beams ev - er brightly on
2. Keep thy light shining! that oth - ers may see, Dangers from which they are
3. Keep thy light shining! perchance you may save, Ma - ny from sin and the

thy path and mine; Je - sus commands us to let our light shine—
bid - den to flee; Keep thy light shin-ing, a beac - on to be,
pow'r of the grave; Keep thy light shin-ing a - cross the dark wave—

Chorus.

Keep thy light shin - ing for Je - sus! Keep thy light shin - ing!

let it not grow dim; Keep thy light shining for Je - sus! 'Tis Je - sus who

bids thee to let it shine for Him—Keep thy light shining for Je - sus!

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 15. OVER THE HILLS.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. HARVEY B. GREEN.

1. O- ver the hills of doubt and strife, Li-eth a land of end-less life,
2. O- ver the hills of fret and toil, Li-eth a coun-try free from soil,
3. O- ver the hills of fu-ture years, Bounding for us this vale of tears,

Li - eth a land of beau - ty rare, O - ver the hills;.....
Li - eth a land of spot - less white, O - ver the hills;.....
Hope lifts our hearts from its con-fines, O - ver the hills;.....

There way-worn trav'lers hope to rest, In that dear land, so good, so bless'd,
There crys- tal wa - ters ev - er flow, Tempests and whirlwinds never blow;
Fair is this land we can- not see, Faith brings it near to you and me;

There to be free from ev - 'ry care, O - ver the hills.....
There is no dark- ness, and no night, O - ver the hills.....
And its rare glo - ry ev - er shines, O - ver the hills.....

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

OVER THE HILLS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O-ver the hills, ... O-ver the hills, ...
O - ver, just o - ver the hills, O-ver, just o-ver the hills,

Long-ing hearts yearn for the land O - ver the hills; .....
O-ver the hills;

O-ver the hills, ... O-ver the hills, ...
O- ver, just o - ver the hills, O-ver, just o-ver the hills,

We can see its glo - ry shine, O - ver the hills.....

No. 16. WHY WALK ALONE?

"Lo, I am with thee always."—Matt. 28: 20.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. P. Blakeney.

1. Why should I walk in darkness a - lone, When ma - ny dan-gers are close by the way? Why wan - der, stray - ing far-ther from home,
2. Why should I bear my bur-den a - lone? Je - sus will help ev - 'ry tri - al to bear; Why, when His blood for sin doth a - tone?
3. Why should I walk in sor-row a - lone? Why keep the light and the joy from my soul? Why reap the har - vest of e - vil sown?

Chorus.

Deep - er in sor - row each day? Why walk a - lone, Life's lone - - ly jour - ney through? Why walk a - lone, why
Why, when my bur - den He'd share? Why walk a - lone, Life's lone - ly jour - ney through? Why
Why not make heav - en my goal? Why walk a - lone, why walk a - lone? The Lord will walk with you.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 17. BLESSED PORTAL OF LOVE.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOS. A. BURKS.

1. See the door of sal - va - tion stands o - pen so wide, All who
2. Leave the things of the world, leave its sor - row and shame, En-ter
3. In the king-dom of love Christ has prom-ised to give Ev - 'ry
4. At the por - tal so wide Christ is wait - ing for you, If you

will may with joy en- ter in; But the soul who would en- ter this
in - to the king-dom of peace; Earth has noth - ing to give to com -
good that your soul could de- sire; Will you pass by its door bowed 'neath
but choose to en - ter, you may; Leave the fears that op-press, ev - 'ry

D.S.—Cast your bur - den a - side, at the

FINE. CHORUS.

por-tal of love, Must lay down all its burden of sin.
pare with Christ's love, Come and find from its fetters re-lief.
sin's heavy load, Pressing on thro' the brambles and mire?
doubt cast aside, En- ter in thro' life's portals to- day.
} Bless-ed por-tal of

por- tal so wide, And with joy you may now enter in.

D.S.

love, where the sin- ner may find. Free sal- va- tion and par- don from sin;

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 18. TRUSTING TO-DAY.

W. C. AGAR. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I wandered in sin far a - way from the fold, The sto - ry of
2. I called on the Sav-iour and He saved me then, A won-der-ful
3. The joys of this world to my soul are but dross, To joys that I

Je - sus to me had been told; Was told of the com - fort, the
Je - sus this Sav - iour of men; Oh! tell the old sto - ry, sweet
find 'neath Cal - va - ry's cross; When un - der its shadow there's

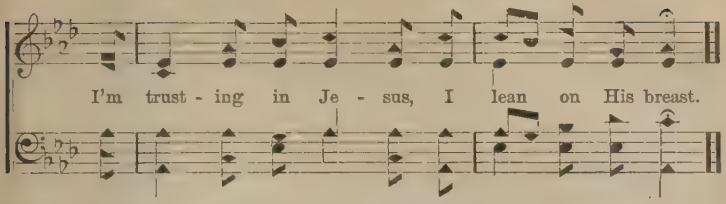
peace and the rest, Of all who trust Je - sus, who lean on His breast.
sto - ry so blest, Tho' thousands are coming, there's room for the rest.
com - fort and rest, I know I am safe while I lean on His breast.

CHORUS.

I'm trust - ing in Je - sus, I'm trust-ing to - day, My sins and my

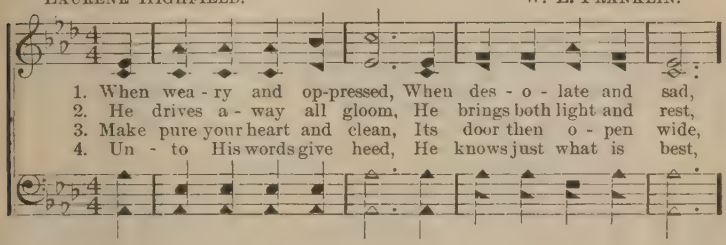
sor-rows He's tak- en a-way: Neath Calv'ry's cross, there is pardon and rest,

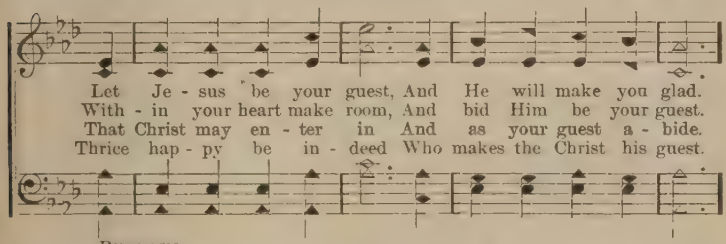
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 19. LET JESUS BE YOUR GUEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. W. L. FRANKLIN.





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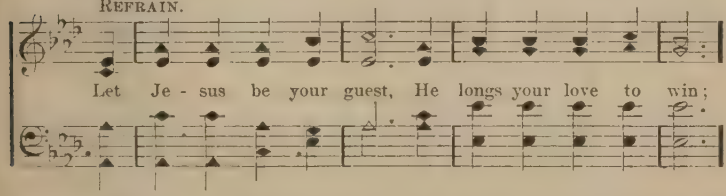
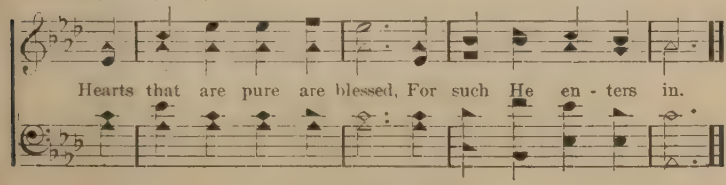




No. 20. I WILL LIVE FOR GOD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

1. I will live for God..... and His righteous way,.....
2. All the gifts of life..... He be-stows on me,.....
3. When the tri-als come, ... as they must a - while,.....

1. I will live for God and His righteous way,

On His mer-cy sure..... ev-'ry sin I'll lay,.....
I will con-se-crate..... for His own to be,.....
I can meet them oft..... with a cheer-ful smile,.....

On His mercy sure ev'ry sin I'll lay,

Know-ing that His pow'r..... will pro-tect and shield,.....
What He says to me ..... I will glad-ly do,.....
Feel-ing sure that God ..... in His wis-dom knows,.....

Knowing that His pow'r will protect and shield,

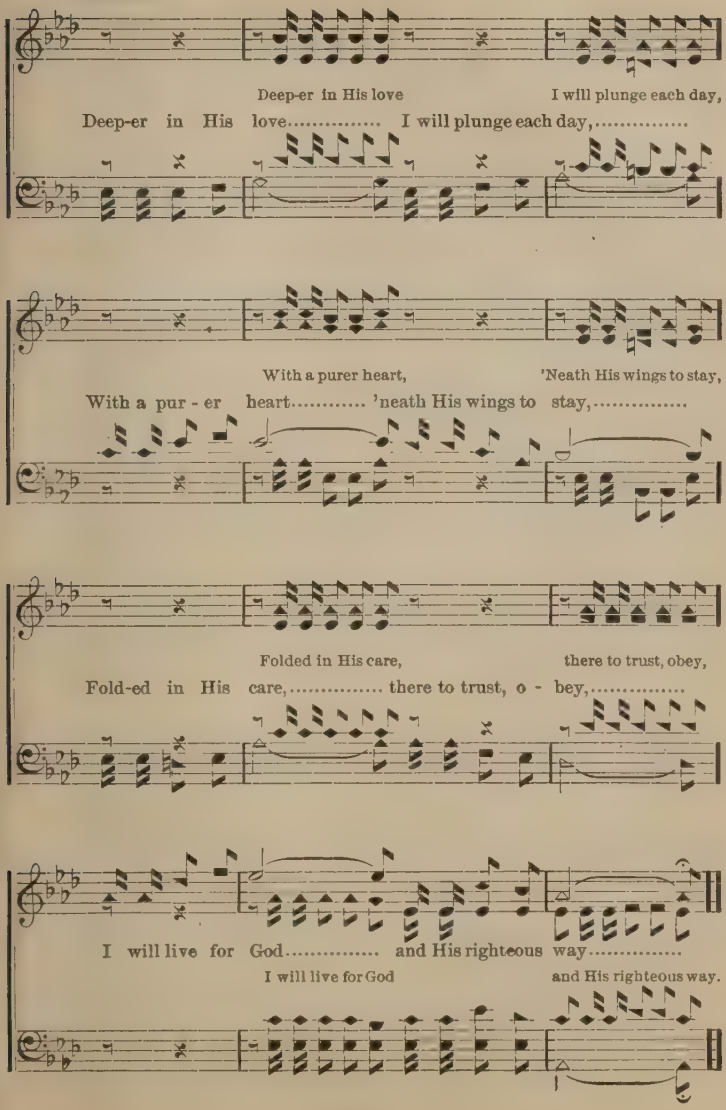
As I press the foe..... on the bat-tle field.....
Trust-ing Him to take..... me in safe-ty through.....
And He all the way..... with me gen-tly goes .....

As I press the foe on the bat-tle field.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

I WILL LIVE FOR GOD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 21

GUIDED FOOTSTEPS.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed By my Sav-iour's hand, All my paths be-
2. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed, Where still wa-ters flow, Where the summer
3. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed; Safe will be the way; When the Lord is
4. Ev - 'ry foot-step guid-ed, Bless-ing to be - stow; In the paths of

fore me. By His good-ness planned; Sweet-ly may I trust Him,
blos - soms By the way - side grow; Or, up on the mountains,
with me, Noth-ing need dis - may; For His eye, so watch - ful,
serv - ice, Sav-iour, I would go; Let me do Thy er - rands,

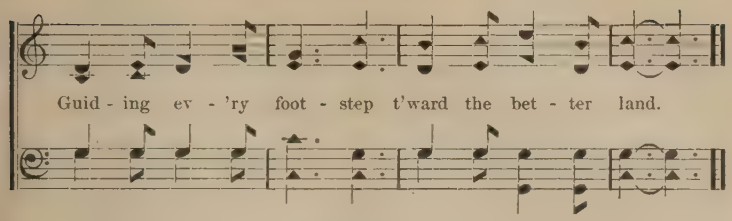
All the journey through, Trust His loving-kindness, And His wisdom too.
Steep and dark, and cold; He will bring me near-er To the heav'nly fold.
Sees the hid-den snare, And His ear, so read - y, Hears the whispered pray'r.
Let me tell Thy love, Spreading all a-round me, Sunshine from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Guide me, Sav - iour; keep me, night and day; Gent - ly guide me;

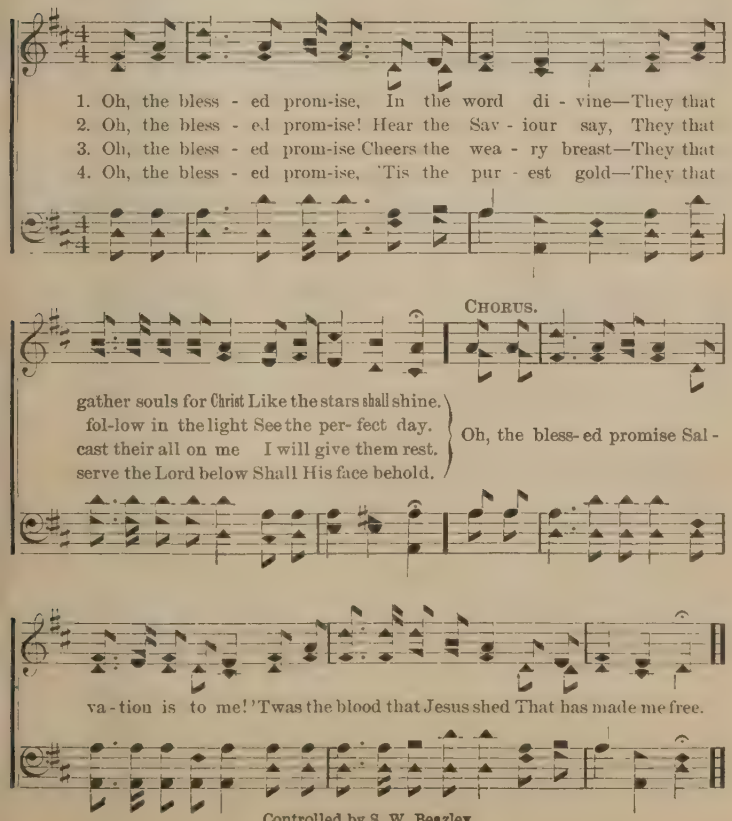
let me nev - er stray; Hold me, Sav - iour, by Thy pierced hand,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 22. THE BLESSED PROMISE.

EMMA PITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 23. HE IS OUR FRIEND.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. BURL P. CORLEY.

1. We can - not tell..... how much we owe,.....
2. We can - not tell..... what life would be,.....
3. We can - not tell..... how much He gave,.....
4. If un - to us..... He had not giv'n,.....

1. We can - not tell how much we owe,

To Him who is..... our dear - est friend;.....
Had we not heard..... the Mas- ter's voice;.....
To free from sin..... this world of ours:.....
The sa - cred hope..... of things di - vine;.....

To Him who is our dear - est friend;

What life with - out..... His love would grow,.....
But since His grace..... has made us free,.....
Nor what it meant..... a world to save,.....
Could life be - reft..... of tho'ts of heav'n,.....

What life with-out His love would grow,

Our spir - its scarce..... can com-pre - hend.....
In Him a - lone..... will we re - joice.....
Such love be - numbs..... our keen-est pow'rs.....
Fill with con - tent..... your heart or mine?.....

Our spir - its scarce can com- pre - hend, can com- pre-hend.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

HE IS OUR FRIEND.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

But this we know,..... He is our friend,.....
But this we know, He is our friend, our dear - est friend,

The dear - est friend..... our hearts can claim;.....
He is the dear - est friend our long - ing hearts can claim, can ev - er claim;

And souls that on..... His love de - pend,.....
And souls that on His love de - pend, in trust de - pend,

May find sal - va - - - tion in His name.....
May find sal - va - tion, find sal - va - tion, find sal - va - tion in His name.

No. 24. EVERY ONE IS WELCOME.

E. E. Hewitt. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Ev - 'ry one is wel-come to the feast of love; Here's an in - vi-
2. Ev - 'ry one is wel-come to the Father's heart; Full and sweet for-
3. Ev - 'ry one is wel-come to the Saviour's arms; Come a lit - tle

ta - tion from the King a-bove! Take the wed - ding gar - ment
give - ness He will now im-part; Grace to help you on - ward,
near - er, and be - hold His charms; He is gen - tly call - ing,

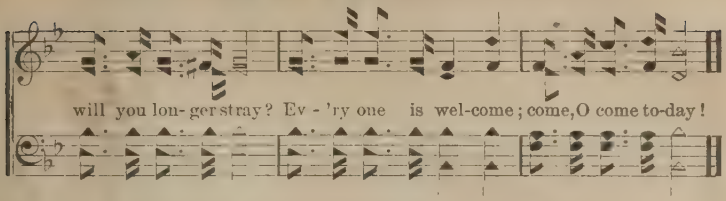
free - ly of-fered here; Ev - 'ry one is wel-come; come, and banish fear.
if you ask of Him; Light to clear your pathway from the shadows dim.
"come, O come to me;" Let us go to Je - sus, we shall welcome be.

Chorus.

Wel - come, wel - come, to the feast of love! Wel-come to the
Welcome, welcome, freely welcome,

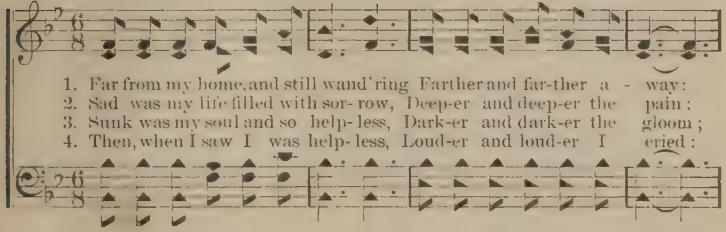
ta - ble of the King a - bove! In the des - ert
In the des - ert, drea - ry des - ert

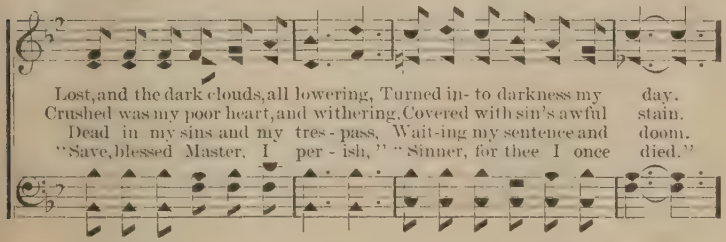
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



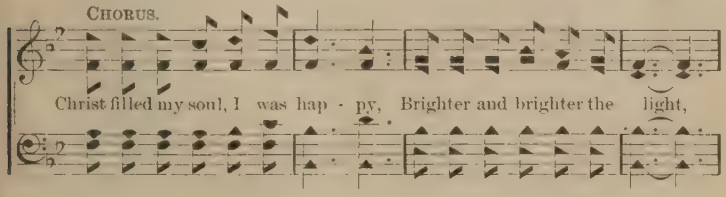
No. 25. THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

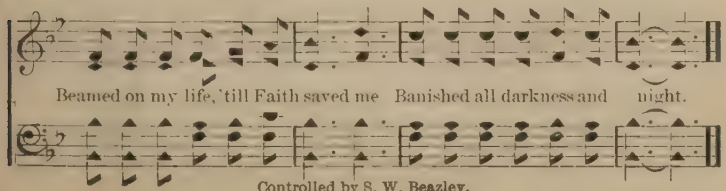
J. N. FRIES, A. M. JOHN M. CANTERBURY.





CHORUS.





Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 26. PRAISE THE LORD.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOE B. DUKES.

1. Praise the Lord who reigns above, Praise Him for His gifts of love, For the
2. Praise the Lord who reigns in hear'n, Praise the Lord whose grace has giv'n, Ev'ry
3. Praise the Lord who reigns in light, Praise the God of truth and right, Pouring

blessings He a-bout you has shed; Praise Him for life-giving pow'r, That made
good and perfect gift from His hand; Blessings are so richly pour'd, From the
out your thankful heart day by day; Think of all that He has giv'n, Sing of

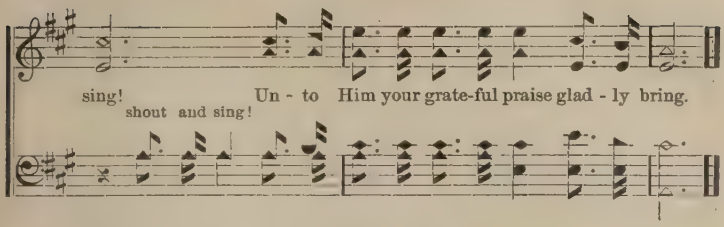
strong your weakest hour, That your hungry soul on man - na has fed.
store-house of the Lord, Heavens windows ev - er wide o - pen stand.
life and hope and heav'n, Sing the prais-es of your God all the way.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, bless His name! All His
Praise the Lord, bless His name!

lov - ing care and grace now proclaim; Praise the Lord, shout and
Praise the Lord,

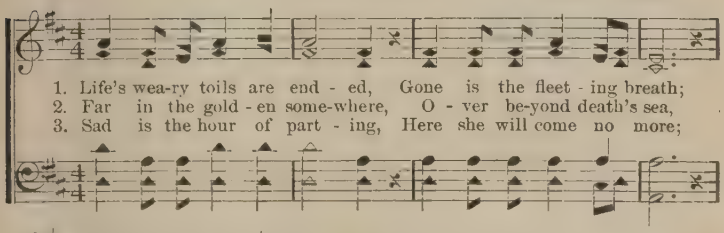
Controlled by S. W Beazley.

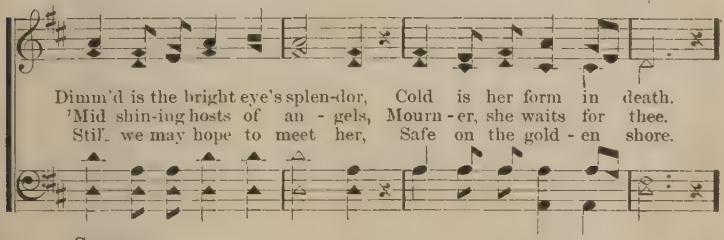


No. 27. THE LAST SLEEP.

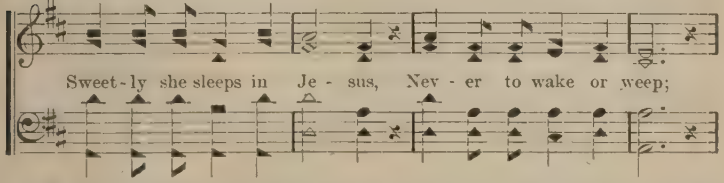
(In memory of sister Edith.)

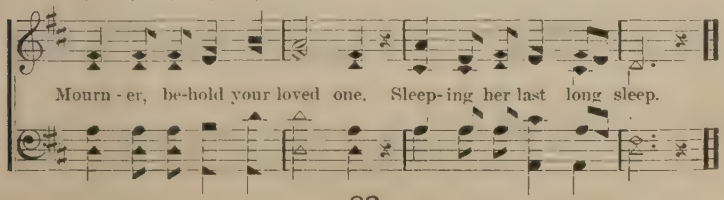
W. L. S. WALTER L. SANDS.





CHORUS.





No. 28. UPON A ROCK.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Up - on a rock, so firm and sure, That naught can shake it from its place, Our faith in Je - sus rests se - cure, For He has saved us by His grace.
2. Up - on this rock our faith shall rest, The man Di - vine is God's own Son, And thro' our faith we shall be blessed If we are worthy His "well done."
3. No doubt can take it from our hearts, We brave - ly meet each try - ing hour, This rock to us its strength imparts, For Christ has filled us with His power.
4. Up - on the rock! Oh, who would lose Safe - ty like this for shift - ing sand! Why should you His great gift refuse, When on the rock you too might stand!

CHORUS.

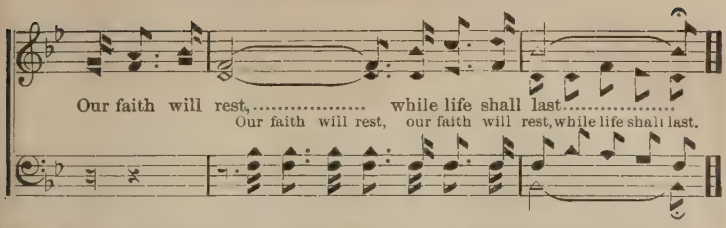
Up - on a rock..... so firm, so sure,.....
Up - on a rock so firm, so sure,

It fears no shock..... of storm or blast,.....
It fears no shock of storm and blast,

Up - on the rock..... that shall en - dure,.....
Up - on the rock that shall en - dure,

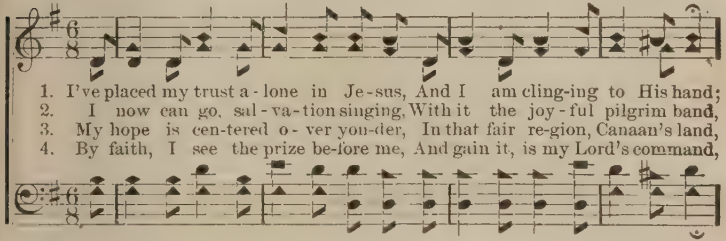
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

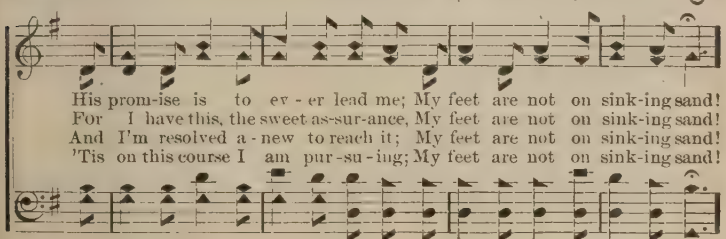
UPON A ROCK.—Concluded.



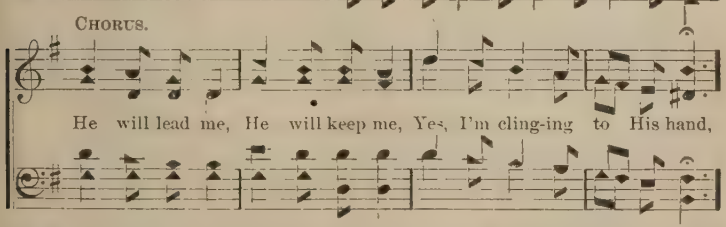
No. 29. MY FEET ARE NOT ON SINKING SAND.

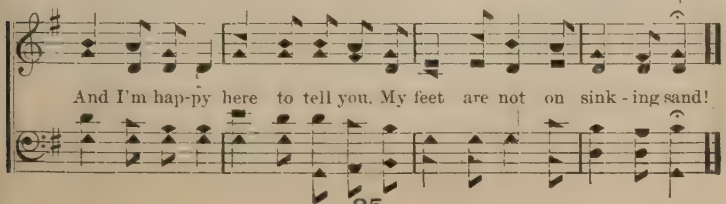
F. L. EILAND. J. J. BASS.





CHORUS.





No. 30. GOING HOME.

LAUBENE HIGHFIELD. I. J. TUCKER.

1. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Christ has bidden us all to come,
2. He will nev er leave us comfortless, Tho' we may not behold His face,
3. We are toil-ing in a for-eign land, And we know that our stay is brief,
4. Brave- ly toil-ing till the set of sun, Till the light leaves the golden west,

There the happiness of heav'n to share, He will bid us a welcome home.
He has promised all His own to bless, And for them has prepared a place.
Far a-way up-on the shin-ing strand Is our home, dear beyond re-lief.
We must la-bor till our work is done, Then we're all going home to rest.

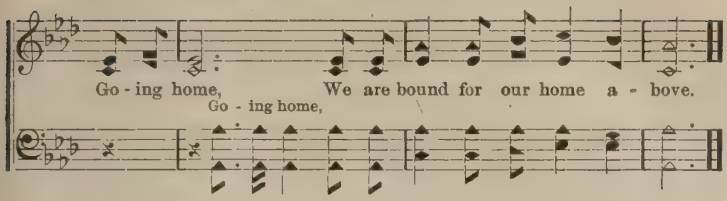
CHORUS.

Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go-ing home,
Go- ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home,

Go - ing home, To our home in the land of love,
Go - ing home,

Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go - ing home,
Go - ing home, Go - ing home, Go - ing home,

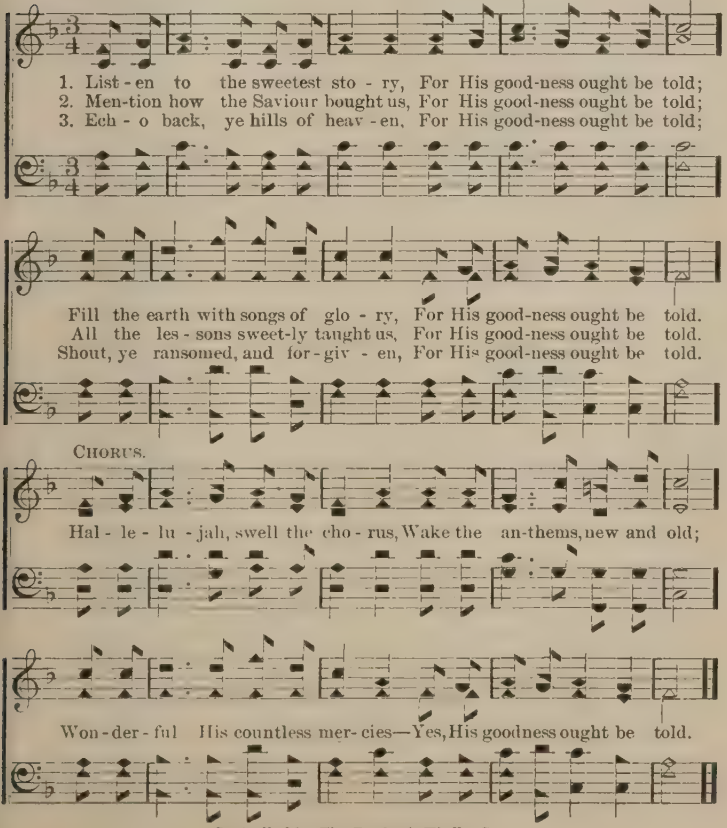
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 31. HIS GOODNESS OUGHT BE TOLD.

"Praise the Lord for his goodness."—Ps. 107 : 8.

GEO. P. HOTT. R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.



No. 32. I AM A PILGRIM.

D. A. C. D. A. CAMP.

1. I am a lone-ly pil-grim far, far a-way from home,
2. I know that Je-sus loves me, He shed His blood for me,
3. I mean to live a Chris-tian while in this land I stay,

But when my jour-ney's end-ed, and all my sor-row's gone,
He died up-on Mount Cal-v'ry, that all might ran-som'd be,
And when He bids me en-ter, in-to that land of day,

Then I shall be with Je-sus, whose reign shall nev-er cease,
He suf-fered scorn and ha-tred— yes, suf-fered this for me,
I'll sing and shout His prais-es, in realms of pure de-light,

And sing sweet songs of tri-umph and dwell with God in peace.
He is my lov-ing Sav-iour, to Him all praise shall be.
And walk the streets of glo-ry, with an-gels clad in white.

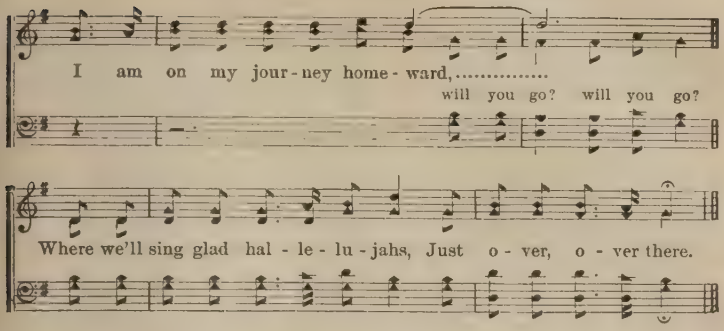
CHORUS.

I am on my jour-ney home-ward,.....
will you go? will you go?

To that place of end-less glo-ry, Just o-ver, o-ver there:

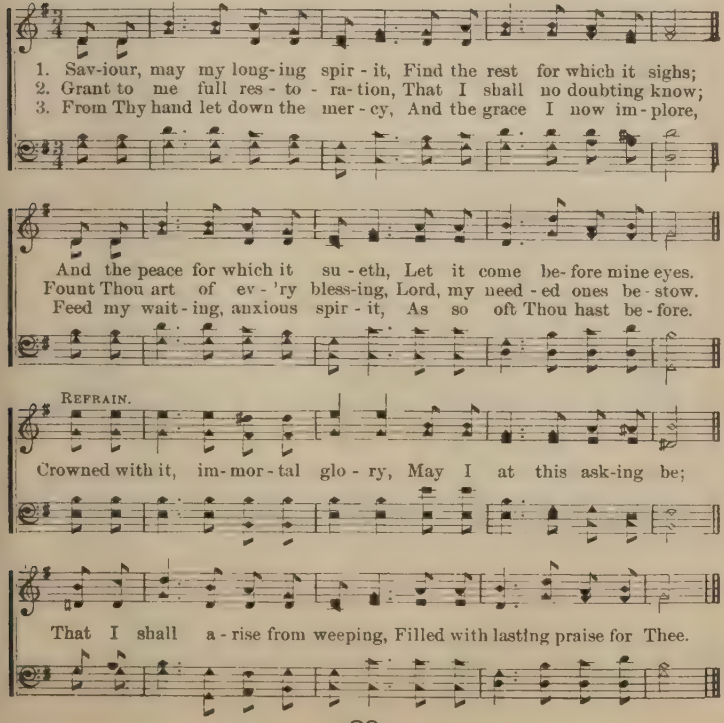
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

I AM A PILGRIM.—Concluded.



No. 33. CROWNED WITH GLORY.

F. L. EILAND. H. P. BLACKWELL.



No. 34. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

GEO. P. HOTT. D. N. BEARD.

1. Look-ing a - far, ... o - ver the sea, ...
2. O - ver the sea, ... o - ver the sea, ...
3. Mountains of peace, ... val-leys of flow'rs, ...

1. Looking, yes, looking afar, o-ver, yes, o-ver the sea,
2. O- ver, yes, -o-ver the sea, o-ver, yes, o-ver the sea,
3. Mountains, yes, mountains of peace. valleys of beautiful flow'rs,

Mansions of light ..... wait-ing for me, ...
Wait-ing for you, ... wait-ing for me, ...
Riv- ers of love, ... all shall be ours, ...

Mansions, yes, mansions of light waiting, yes, waiting for me,
Waiting, yes, waiting for you, waiting, yes, waiting for me,
Rivers, yes, rivers of love, all shall be ours, shall be ours.

Homes of the blest, ... there shall we rest, ...
Lov'd ones so fair, ... wel-come us there, ...
Streets of pure gold, ... rich - es un - told, ...

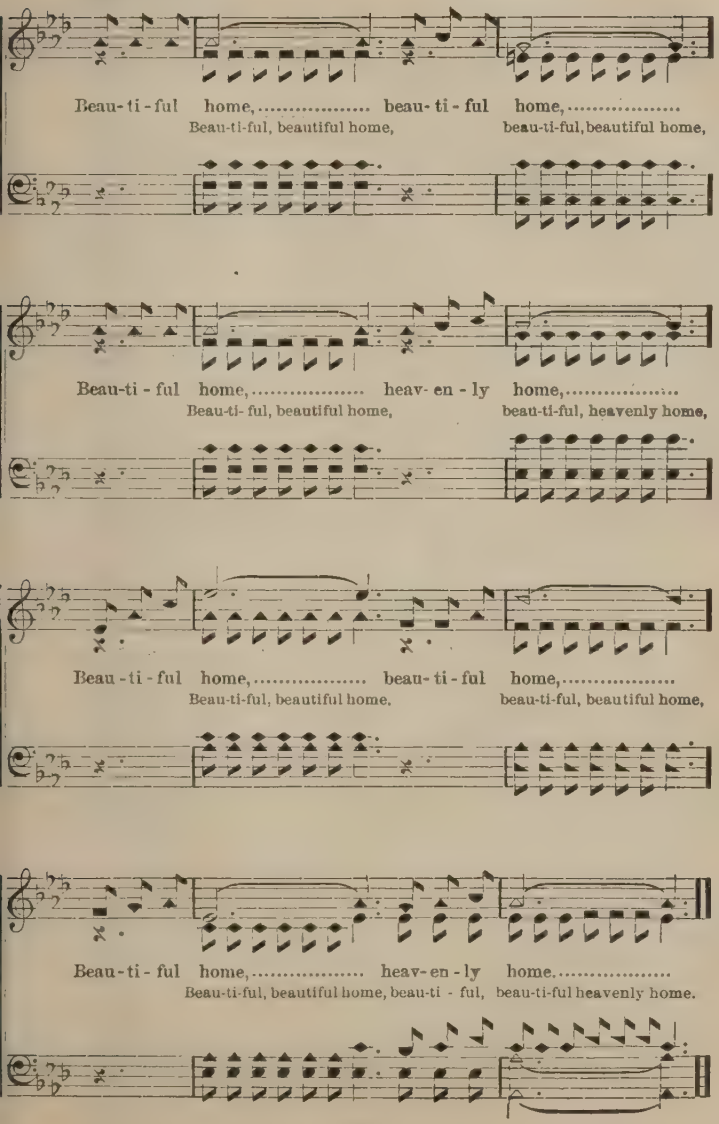
Homes of the fair and the blest, there shall we evermore rest,
Lov'd ones in glory so fair, welcome, yes, welcome us there,
Streets of pure, glittering gold, riches, yes, riches, untold,

Beau- ti - ful home, ... heav- en - ly home. .....

Beau-ti-ful, beautiful home, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, heavenly home.

BEAUTIFUL HOME—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 35. WILL THERE BE ANY ROOM FOR ME?

W. L. S. WALTER L. SANDS.

1. 'Mid the heav'nly hosts on high, Who from sor-row and sad-ness are free,
2. But I've sinned 'gainst God's just laws, Is there then an-y hope for me?
3. Lo! I come in sin and shame, He'll receive me and love me I know;

Oft I won-der if when I shall die, Will there be an-y room for me?
For my sins they are ma-ny and great, Will there be an-y room for me?
He will pardon my sins great and small, And He'll make me as white as snow.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's room, there for you and for me, There is room for the great and the small,

For our God loved the world and He gave His dear Son as a ran-som for all.

No. 36. MOTHER'S PRAYER.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

Chorus by C. C. C. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. When I was but a lit-tle child, My moth-er oft-en used to pray,
2. I sometimes wondered what she meant, And where my childish feet might go;
3. And thro' the years I heard her voice Re-peat this loving prayer for me,
4. When tri-als and temptations came And in for-bid-den paths I trod,
5. As on to heav'n my way I take, And in its glo-ries hope to share,

"Dear Fa-ther, lead my ba-by's feet, For-ev-er in Thy way."
Yet God seemed ver-y close and dear, Since moth-er loved Him so.
"My boy may stumble on the way, Guide him, dear Lord, to Thee."
I still could hear her simple prayer, It turned me back to God.
I cher-ish, with my mother's face The mem-'ry of her prayer.

CHORUS.

But now she's gone to heav'n a-bove, Where all is rest and love,

And I ex-pect to meet her there, In an-swer to her prayer.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 37. SOME SOUL MAY BE LOOKING.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. Rev. J. M. BELEW.

1. It may be some soul is look - ing to me, To see what a
2. And if I would show that Christ is di - vine, Like Him in His
3. It may be some heart o'er- burdened with grief Is long - ing for
4. It may be that hearts all calloused by sin By be - ing like

child of God should be; Such mer - cy and love my ac-tions must show,
beau - ty I must shine, Re - flect - ing His light and let - ting His grace
com - fort and re - lief, And crushed 'neath a load of an-guish and woe,
Je - sus, I could win, If in His dear name I lend them a hand

CHORUS.

That all whom I meet, my Sav-iour may know.
Il - lu- mine my life and glow in my face.
Is wait-ing for me Christ's pit- y to show.
His spir - it of love they may un-derstand.
It may be some soul is

look- ing to me, To see what a child of God should be: It may be some

soul is try - ing to learn, If Christ is a friend to whom He can turn.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 38. FLY AWAY TO JESUS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. H. D. ELLZEY.

1. When the win-try clouds hang heav - y o - ver head And your long-ing
2. When the storm as- sails you in its lowering rage, And its sweeping
3. Are your hopes de- part-ing as the dy - ing day And the darkening

:8:

spir - it sighs for bright - er days, Lift your heart to Je - sus,
blast casts o'er your soul a gloom, Fly a- way to Je - sus,
shad - ows gath-'ring round you drear? Turn your face to Je - sus,

D.S.—He's a blest pro-tec - tor

FINE.

He will clear the sky And will make the sun-shine flood your dreary ways.
He'll a ref- uge be, Fly a- way to Je - sus, He will make you room.
Fly a- way to Him, He'll receive you glad - ly and will give you cheer.

and a shield from sin, He will make His pres-ence fill your soul with-in.

CHORUS.

Fly to Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,
Fly, fly a - way fly a - way to Je - sus,

D.S.

Fly, fly to His lov - ing arms;
Fly, fly a - way,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 39. WE'LL LIVE AGAIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. GEO. S. WARE.

1. Why sink-ing dread..... when tho'ts of death,.....
2. In that some-where..... thro' ceaseless years,.....
3. We'll live a - gain,..... why sad thy heart?.....

1. Why sink-ing dread, when tho'ts of death,

Come to you on..... your up-ward way?.....
We'll roam a - mid..... the ver - dant flow'rs;.....
When God Him - self..... up there will be;.....

Come to you on your up - ward way?

Let not the tho't..... dis-tress im - part,.....
They'll spring and bloom..... on ei - ther hand,.....
'Twill be the goal..... we long have sought,.....

Let not the tho't dis- tress im - part,

For we shall live..... a-gain some day.....
And there will be..... no lone - ly hours.....
To dwell with Him..... e - ter - nal - ly.....

For we shall live a-gain some day.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WE'LL LIVE AGAIN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We'll live a-gain in realms unknown,
We'll live a - gain..... in realms un - known,.....

When God shall call us one by one;
When God shall call..... us one by one;.....

We'll live a-gain I know not where,
We'll live a - gain..... I know not where,.....

But this I know..... that He'll be there.....
But this I know that He'll be there.

No. 40. COME UNTO ME.

R. E. S. R. E. SMITH.

1. Come, ye wea - ry one, to-day, And His precious word obey, While the
2. Bring your troubles, one by one, And then leave them all with Him, While He
3. Come, ye meek and low-ly ones, For He has prepared a home, And it

Lord in mercy waits for your soul, Hear His ten-der pleading voice,
says He will forgive ev - 'ry one, Come, and at the al - tar bow,
is His will for it to be thine, Come, and let us ev - 'ry one
for your soul.

Saying, make of me your choice, And when all of life is o'er, reach the goal.
Ask the Lord to save you now, And be-lieve His promise true, then 'tis done.
Join that great and happy throng, And in heav-en ev - er-more we will shine.

CHORUS.

Come..... ye un - to me,.....
Come ye un - to me, come ye un - to me,

COME UNTO ME.—Concluded.

I..... will make you free,.....
I will make you free, yes, I will make you free, Then, oh,

Come,..... and en - ter in,..... .....
Come, and en - ter in, yes, come and en - ter in,

I'll..... for-give your sin, ... I've a
I'll for-give your sin, yes, I'll for-give your sin,

home..... pre-pared for you,.....
I've a home prepared for you,

Come then,

Come..... to Je - sus true.....
Come then to the Sav - iour true, to Je - sus true.

come..... to Je - sus true..... .....

No. 41. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD. W. H. SIMMONS.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,

1. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....
2. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....
3. Sweet hour of pray'r,..... sweet hour of pray'r,.....

That calls me from a world of care,

That calls me from..... a world of care,.....
Thy wings shall my..... pe - ti - tion bear.....
May I thy con - - - so - la - tion share,.....

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne

And bids me at..... my Fa - ther's throne.....
To Him whose truth..... and faith - ful - ness.....
Till from Mount Pis - - - gah's loft - y height,.....

Make all my wants and wish - es known.

Make all my wants..... and wish - es known.....
En - gage the wait - - - ing soul to bless.....
I view my home..... and take my flight.....

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.—Concluded.

In sea - sons of..... dis - tress and grief,.....
And since He bids..... me seek His face,.....
This robe of flesh..... I'll drop, and rise, ...
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief,

My soul has oft - - - en found re - lief,.....
Be - lieve His word,..... and trust His grace, ...
To seize the ev - - - er - last - ing prize,.....
My soul has oft - - - - en found re - lief,

And oft es - caped..... the tempt - er's snare,.....
I'll cast on Him..... my ev - 'ry care,.....
And shout, while pass - - - ing thro' the air,.....
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare,

By thy re - turn,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
And wait for thee,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
Fare - well, fare - well,..... sweet hour of pray'r.....
By thy re - turn sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 42. GOD GIVETH THE HARVEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. H. B. GREEN.

1. God giv-eth the har - vest, The seed is His word, The truths of the
2. Some falls by the way-side, Some where is no soil, Foes al-ways are
3. God giv-eth the har - vest, His word will not fail, Though it to our

bi - ble, Must ev - er be heard; 'Tis our part to scat - ter,
wait - ing, The fields to de - spoil; Some hearts are so hard - ened,
blind - ness, Seems naught to a - vail; Hearts wait to re-ceive it,

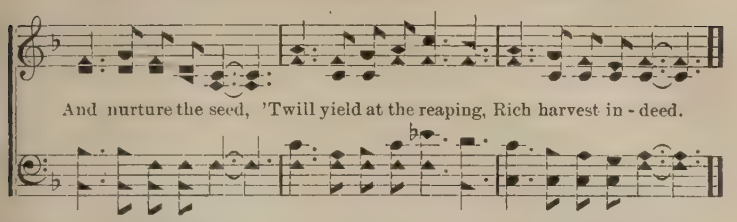
The seed as we pray, "God bless us in sow-ing, Thy truth by the way."
They feel not their need, Yet still we must scatter, The life-bear-ing seed.
This seed as of old, Will yield at the reap-ing, Rich har-vest un-told.

CHORUS.

God giv- eth the har - vest, We but sow the seed; God giv-eth the

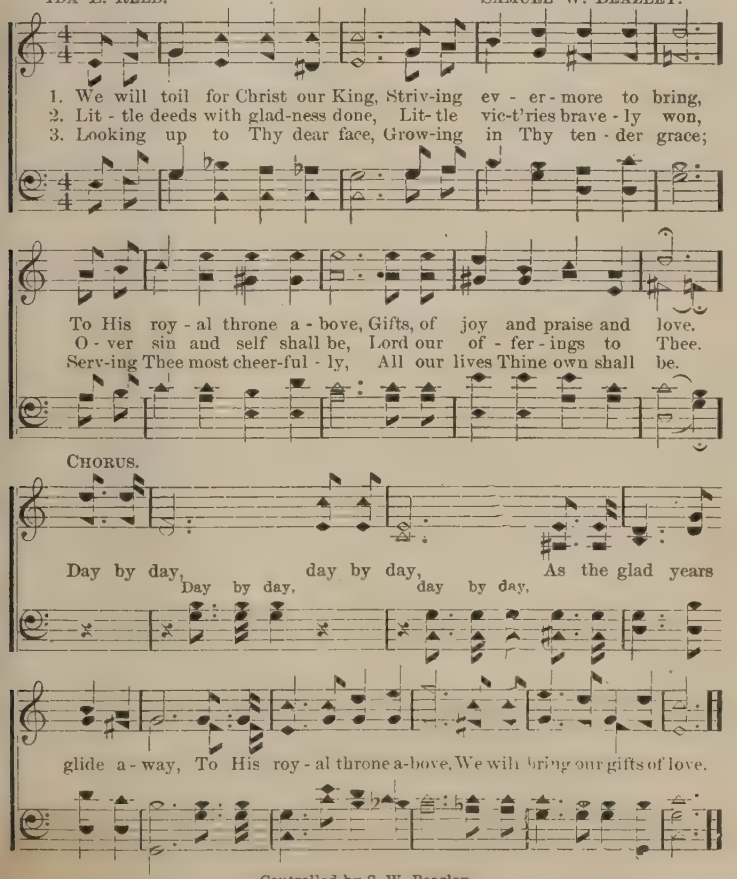
har - vest, His bless-ing we plead; If He bless the sow - ing,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 43. WE WILL TOIL FOR CHRIST OUR KING.

IDA L. REED. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 44. SOUL-SUNSHINE.

EBEN E. REXFORD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

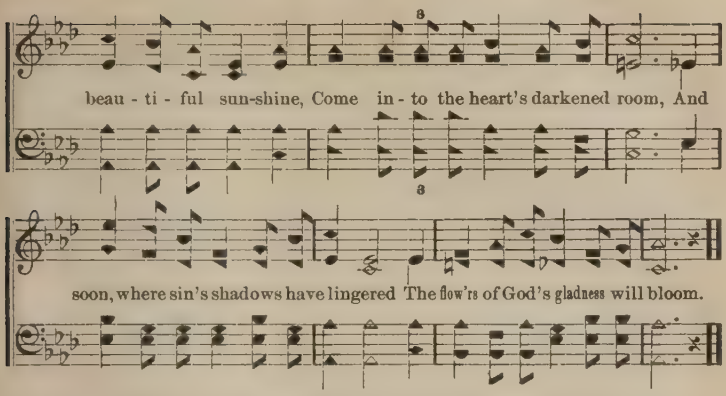
1. O - pen the door to the sun-shine That's flooding God's bright world to-day, Let it drive out the shadows that gath - er And chase all that's gloom - y a - way. And o - pen the heart's door, my comrade, On shad-ows of sor - row and sin, And they will depart when the
2. O - pen your life to the sun-shine Of kind words and good deeds, I pray, You will find them like flow'rs by the roadside, They wait to be gath-ered to-day. And when your heart brims and runs o - ver With bless-ings the Fa - ther has giv'n, Share them all with some need-i - er
3. O - pen the soul to the sun-shine That God's blessed love show-ers down, Let it drive a-way fret-ful re - pin - ing, And ban - ish the tear and the frown. Let it flood thro' the heart like a riv - er And wash all its driftwood a - way. And make it a place where the

CHORUS.

an - gel Of God's blessed sunshine comes in.
broth- er And earth will be sun - ny as heav'n.
an - gels Of God will be will- ing to stay.
} O beau-ti- ful sunshine,

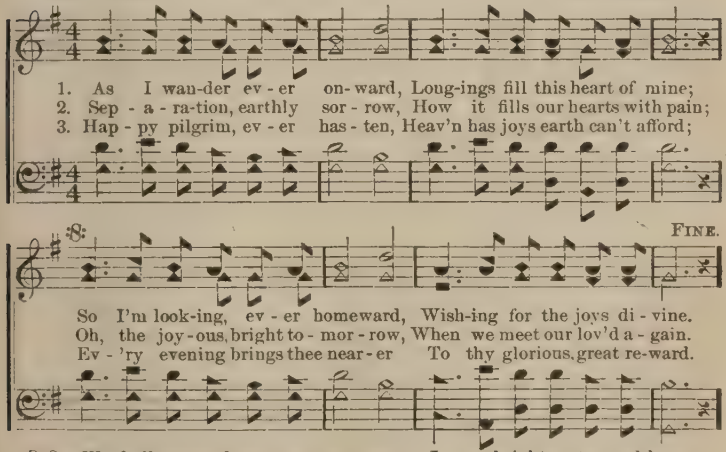
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

SOUL-SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

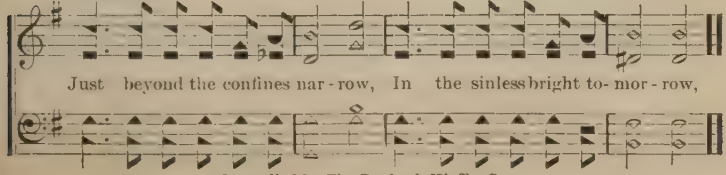


No. 45. THE SINLESS, BRIGHT TO-MORROW.

GEO. P. HOTT. R. LEWIS GREEN.



CHORUS. D. S.



No. 46. WE SHALL SEE HIM IN HIS GLORY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. JOHN M. CANTERBURY.

1. We shall see Him in His glo - ry when He comes to earth a - gain,
2. 'Tis a true and bless- ed prom-ise that to earth He'll come a - gain,
3. Yes, He's com- ing in a day and time of which we do not know,

In the rift - ed clouds de - scend - ing from on high,
Not in man - ger low - ly as He did be - fore,
Ev'n the an - gels of His king - dom can - not tell;

With the my- riad hosts of heav- en bear- ing palms of vic - to - ry;
But He'll come a King of glo - ry, robes of light He then shall wear,
But a day of great re - joic - ing it will be to all His own,

Com - ing in ma - jes - tic splen - dor by and by.
On His brow a crown of beau - ty all a - glow.
Who have sought with - in His love to safe - ly dwell

CHORUS.

We shall see..... Him when He comes In His
when He comes yes, when He comes,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WE SHALL SEE HIM, etc.—Concluded.

glo - - ry from on high; On the res - ur- rec-tion morning,
In His glo- ry yes, from on high;

When the dead in Christ shall rise, We shall see..... Him in the skies.
We shall see Him coming in the skies.

No. 47. PARTING SONG.

D. A. C. D. A. CAMP.

1. We know that there must part - ings be, While here on earth we roam;
2. Then let us each trust in His name, While here we all re - main,
3. And now, dear friends, both old and young, We bid you now a - dieu,

FINE.

But may we meet some gold - en day, In that bright heav'nly home.
And praise His love in sweet - est songs, Un - til we heav - en gain.
And if we meet on earth no more, In heav'n we shall meet you.

D.S.—Where we shall sing a glad new song And part- ings come no more.

CHORUS.

May we meet, may we meet, On that bright heaven- ly shore.
May we meet, may we meet.

No. 48. MORNING-LAND OF SONG.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. D. PITTS.

1. In this world where sin is known, Oft of bet-ter days we dream, When we
2. Know we on - ly here in part, In these low - ly lands of time, What a -
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry we shall sing, When we pass a-cross the line, To be

shall have crossed the tide, To a brighter morning gleam; Fair must be the
waits us o - ver there, Where se-raphic strains doth chime; But the day is
ev - er at His feet, And be - fore His presence shine; Priceless blessing

blessed place, Where they feel no pangs of wrong, O - ver on the oth - er shore,
coming soon, Which we've waited for so long, Just to see Him as He is,
it will be, To be numbered with that throng, Praising Him forev - er-more,

CHORUS.

In that morn-ing-land of song. Bless - - - ed, gold-en
Bless - ed, gold - en morn-ing, bless-ed

morn - - ing, We shall see thy radiant glow some hap- py
morn - ing-land of song,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

day; We shall ev-er blessed be, Dwelling with that hea'nly throng,
some hap-py day;

O - ver on the oth - er side, In that morn-ing-land of song.

No. 49. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. W. G. BROCK.

Slow. FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. }
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;

No. 50. SINCE JESUS CAME.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. JOHN M. CANTERBURY.

1. On des-ert wild..... and bleak and bare,..... No hope of
2. On mountian rough ..... and bar-ren shore..... I wandered
3. The sto-ry I'll..... re-peat a-bove;..... In bet-ter

1. On des-ert wild and bleak and bare,

love..... I dared to claim,..... When Je-sus
long ..... in sin's dark night,..... Till Je-sus
climes..... than this I know; ..... The sto-ry

No hope of love I dare to claim,

came ..... and found me there,..... All cov-ered
song ..... me o'er and o'er,..... And brought me
of..... a Saviour's love,..... That saves and

When Je-sus came and found us there,

CHORUS.

with..... the robe of shame.
back..... to view the light.
keeps..... me ev-er-more.

Since Je-sus came.....

All cov-ered with Since Je-sus came

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

a flood of joy,..... Sweeps o'er my soul..... without al-
a flood of joy, Sweeps o'er my soul

loy;.....
with-out al - loy; And now I praise..... His ho - ly
And now I praise

His holy name, In strains of love..... since Je- sus came.....
name,.....
In strains of love since Je - sus came.

No. 51. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Let all the na- tions on the earth, Come praise the God that gave them birth;
2. Praise God the Fa-ther's glorious name, Praise God the Son, our Priest and King;

Let ev-'ry tongue a- wake and sing, Sing praises to our God and King.
Praise God the Ho-ly Ghost, these Three, Praise, praise them to eter-ni - ty.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 52. STEP IN THE LIGHT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. D. PITTS.

1. Beau-ti - ful light of love, Coming from Him a - bove, Step in the light of
2. Prod-i - gal ones in sin, Bet-ter re- solves be - gin, Step in the light of
3. Nothing but joy 'twill bring, Rapturous songs you'll sing, Step in the light of

God, beauti - ful light; Beaming in ho - ly rays, Lighting the dreary days,
God, beauti - ful light; O-pen the windows wide, Let the light shine inside,
God, beauti - ful light; Bet-ter than earthly fame, If He shall call your name,

D.S.—Brighter it shin- eth on, From His il-lum- ed throne,

FINE. CHORUS.

Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light. Step in the light,
Step in the light,
Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light.

D.S.

Beau- ti - ful light, Step in the light of God, beau-ti - ful light.
Beau-ti - ful light,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 53.

GOD'S CARE.

(Good as Quartet.)

* * *

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. O wea- ry, burden'd child of God, With cares and sor- row press'd;
2. For in His word He bids you cast On Him your need and care;
3. If God the fowls of heav- en feed, And clothes the lil - ies fair;
3. O when your heart, with grief is sad Your eyes with tears are dim;

To God com-mit your heav - y load, And He will give you rest.
Tho' in your life they crowd so fast, Yet all of them he'll bear.
He sure - ly will sup- ply your need, Much more for you He'll care.
'Tis God a - lone, can make you glad, Go tell your woes to Him.

CHORUS.

God cares for you, He cares for me, To Him com-mit your care;
your care;

rit. dim.

God cares for you, He cares for me, Our burd - ens He will bear.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 54. HE WILL MEET ME.

W. L. S. WALTER L. SANDS.

1. When the last fare-well is spok - en, And my eyes have closed in death,
2. Oh, what joy in that blest moment, When I meet my Saviour dear,

When the sil - ver chord is brok - en, And my spir - it is released;
And to meet a- gain my lost ones, Whom on earth I loved so dear;

I shall see His smile of wel-come, I shall hear His lov- ing voice,
Then 'mid shin- ing hosts of an - gels, I'll for - ev - er be at rest,

:S: FINE.

In the realms of end-less glo - ry, He will bid my soul re-joice.
Shel-tered from all care and sor - row, Safe - ly on my Saviour's breast.

D.S.—And He'll bid my soul be wel-come, To the bright and hap-py land.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

He will meet me, He will greet me, He will clasp me by the hand:

No. 55. WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. Music and Chorus by ROBERT K. OBE.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup- ply,

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

CHORUS.

Go wash in that fount-ain to - day,..... Go wash in that

to-day,

fount - ain. to - day;..... That fount - ain doth flow for

to - day;

all who will go, And wash in that fount-ain to - day.

No. 56. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. J. D. PURVIS.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

From ma - ny an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.

No. 57. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL STAR.

A. D. ADAM DAVENPORT.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful star di - rect-ing the soul, Thro' the tri - als of earth to its heav-enly goal, Giving light on the way that leads to that home,
2. Ma- ny millions have seen the light of this star, 'And it's guiding them to that cit - y a - far, Ma-ny millions are out, still out in the cold,
3. May the light of this star grow brighter each day, While the world shall roll on, in its wonderful way, Till all nations of earth, in darkness of night,

D. S.—All the nations shall see its won-der-ful light,

FINE. CHORUS.

Where there's comfort and peace and pleasures un- told.
Of this beau- ti - ful star have nev - er been told.
Shall come out of the gloom and walk in its light.
} Oh, this beauti - ful

And it nev - er shall pass, pass out from their sight.

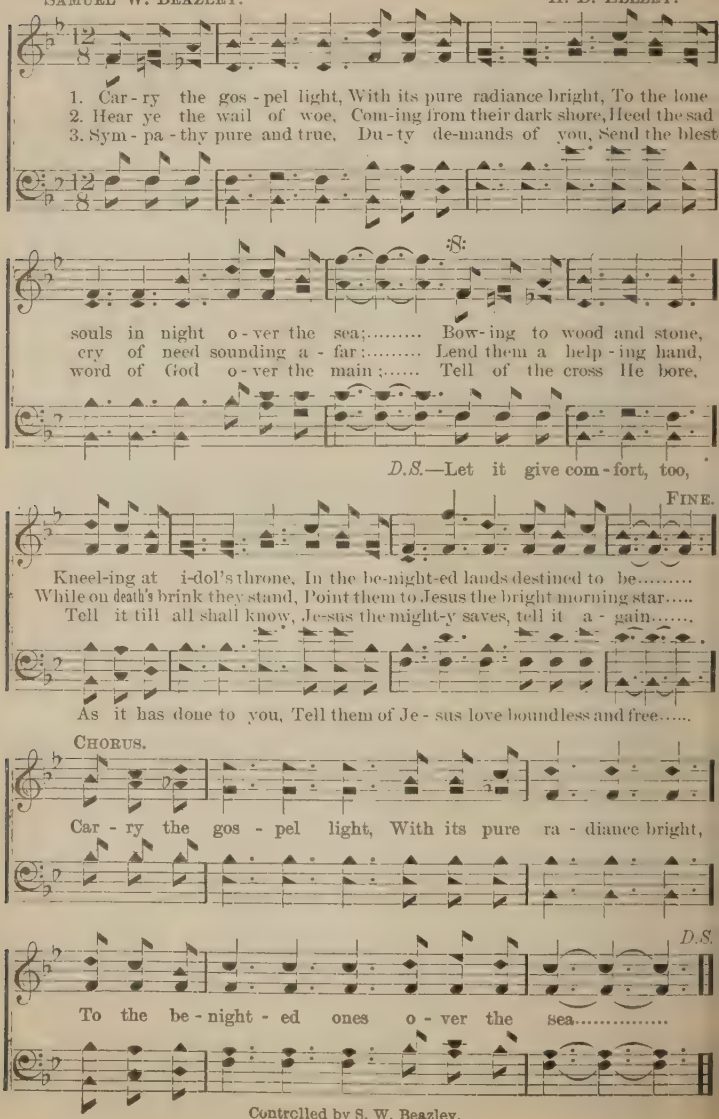
star, ... shall ev - er shine bright, ... While the
Oh, this beau-ti - ful star, shall ev - er shine bright,

D. S.

world shall roll on ..... In its mys-ti-cal flight. .....
While the world shall roll on, In its mys-ti-cal flight.

No. 58. CARRY THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. H. D. ELLZEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 59. TO THE ROCK.

D. N. B. D. N. BEARD.

1. When pass-ing thro' shadows so dark and so drear, My soul is up-
2. I've wandered in sin and in dark-ness so long, A-way on the
3. I'll fly to the rock that is high-er than I The rock that is

lift-ed to Thee, The thought ev-er comes my poor spir-it to cheer;
mount-ains so cold, But Je-sus so ten-der-ly calls from a-bove;
cleft there for me, And sing with the an-gels for-ev-er and aye,

CHORUS.

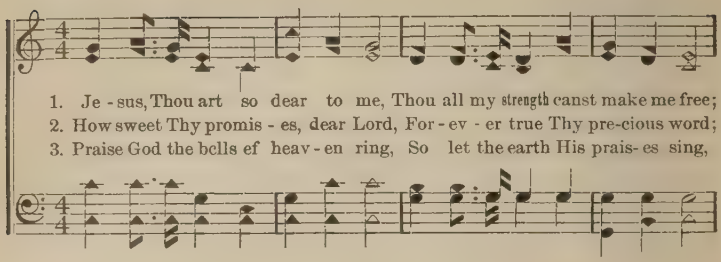
My Sav-iour is pi-lot-ing me.
Oh, will you not turn to the fold.
With Je-sus for-ev-er I'll be.

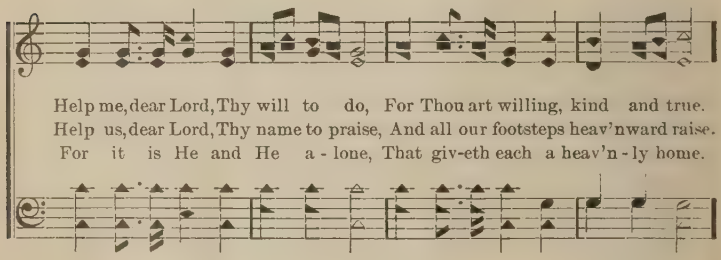
Fly to the rock, the rock,..... Fly to the rock,..... And sing with the
bless-ed rock, Fly to the rock, the rock di-vine,

an-gels for-ev-er and aye, With Je-sus for-ev-er I'll be.....

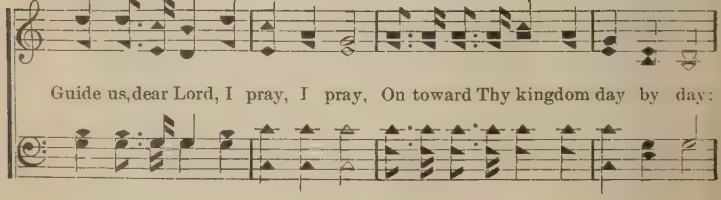
No. 60. LONGING FOR HOME.

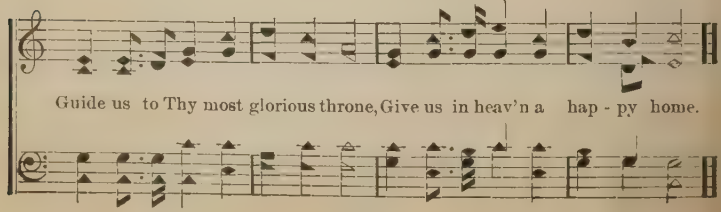
W. G. L. W. G. LAUVER.





CHORUS.





No. 61. WILL YOU HEAR?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. A. BURKS.

1. Will you hear what Je - sus says to you? "Come weak, weary one to me;"
2. Will you heed love's patient ten-der call, And yield to His fond ca - ress?
3. Don't you want to go with Him sometime, To live in that glo-rious home?

The day of His grace may pass, And lone - - ly you'll be.
He's wait - ing and long - ing now, Your sad heart to bless.
Then give up your-self to Him, And no lon - ger roam.

lone - ly of heart you will be.
sad, wea - ry heart to bless.
no lon - ger, no lon - ger roam.

CHORUS.

Will you hear what He says? "Come
Will you hear what He says?

now to the fold;" His won - - der - ful
Come to-day to the fold, His won - der - ful love, His

love can nev - - er be told.
won - der - ful love can nev - er be told, can nev - er be told.

be told.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 62. AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. N. M. CORDELL.

1. At the cross there is rest for the sin - la - den one, There is rest at the
2. I am clos - er each day to my Saviour and friend, When I kneel at the
3. Blessed fountain of life free- ly o-pened for all, Who will come to the

foot of the cross, God has o- pened the way through His only dear Son;
foot of the cross, I can doubt Him no more for His love will de-fend,
foot of the cross, He will hear ev- 'ry pray'r and will answer each call,

D.S.—I can share His sweet peace, and He gives me re-lease;

FINE. CHORUS.

There is rest at the foot of the cross. There is rest, at the
When I come to the foot of the cross.
If we come to the foot of the cross.
There is rest,

When I kneel at the foot of the cross.

D.S.

cross..... There is rest at the foot of the cross.....
at the cross, the cross.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 63. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. L. MATHEWS.

1. What can wash the stains of sin from my soul? What can cleanse my heart and
2. What can keep me close to Him ev-'ry hour? What can keep me safe from
3. What can help me claim new life freely giv'n? What can take me home when

make me ful - ly whole? What can make the peace of heav'n o'er me roll?
sin's il- lu-sive pow'r? What can bring a new love's sweet refreshing show'r?
earth- ties all are riven? What can fit my soul for glo- ry in heav-en?

D.S.—What can cleanse my heart from sin's guilty stains?

FINE. CHORUS.

Noth- ing but the blood of the Lamb. Noth - - ing but the

Nothing but the blood, the

Noth- ing but the blood of the Lamb.

D.S.

blood, Noth - - ing but the blood.

blood of the Lamb, Nothing but the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 64. HE IS RISEN.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en, An-gels guard an emp-ty grave,
2. Christ is ris en, He is ris - en, From the darkness as He said,
3. Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, He by dy - ing conquered death;
4. Christ is ris - en, He is ris - en, Light from heav'n shines thro' the tomb,

From the si - lence and the shad- ow, Ris'n with pow'r a world to save.
Round the cav-ern where they laid Him, Life and light their glo - ries shed.
In His tri-umph mor-tals shar- ing, Fear no more its chill-ing breath.
See, its guid - ing ray, un - fad-ing, Makes a path-way thro' the gloom.

CHORUS.

An - gel - ic voic - es re-peat the sto - ry,
An - gel - ic voic - es re - peat a - gain,

The Lord is ris'n in triumph from the grave, The Lord is ris - en to
The Lord is ris - en,

reign in glo - ry, He conquered death a world to save.
He lives to reign,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 65. SAILING HOME.

W. H. M — W. H. MILFORD.

1. We are sail - ing a-way To our beau-ti - ful home, Blessed Je - sus has
2. Tho' our frail bark be toss'd, By sin's wild, reckless foam, Still in Je-sus our
3. Saints of God shout and sing, Sweet deliv'rance He brings To the soul who by
4. In that beau- ti-ful home, Where no sorrow can come, Blessed tho't I shall

:S:

gone to pre-pare; Soon on heav-en's bright shore, We will rest ev - er-more,
faith will a - bide, By His love kept se-cure, By His hand guided o'er,
faith trusts in Him; May our song ev - er be, Praise the Lord I am free,
soon reach the shore! There to be with the blest, In the sweet home of rest,

D.S.—Tho' the bil-lows may roll In the home of the soul,

FINE. CHORUS.

Sweet-ly sing- ing His praise o - ver there. Sail-ing home,
We will land safe on Canaan's bright shore.
Saved by grace thro' the dear Saviour's name.
With my Sav - iour to dwell ev - er - more.

sail - ing home,

We'll be land - ed to rest ev - er - more.

D.S.

Sail-ing home,..... Safe - ly guid - ed by Je - sus our King;

sail- ing home,

No. 66. LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

E. E. Hewitt. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Lord, to whom shall we go, to be whit - er than snow, But to
2. Lord, to whom shall we go, when the cold winds shall blow, And the
3. Lord, to whom shall we go, all the ful - ness to know Of the

Thee who hast suf- fered and died? Thou hast ris - en a - bove, yet, in
bil - lows of life wild - ly roll? Un - to Thee shall we flee, Thou who
life that is hid on Thy breast; Thou hast said, "Come to Me," and thy

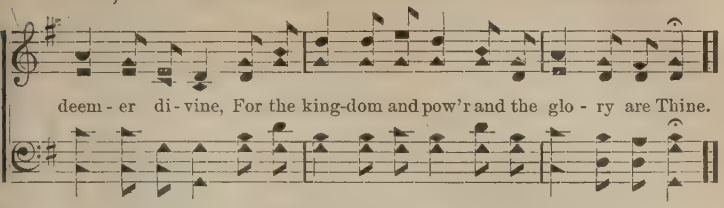
ten - der - est love, With the low - ly of heart will a - bide.
calm - est the sea, And Thy word shall bring peace to the soul.
Spir - it shall be, Pledge of free - dom, and vic - t'ry and rest.

Chorus.

Lord, to Thee will we go, yes, to Thee, we will go, For the blood of the

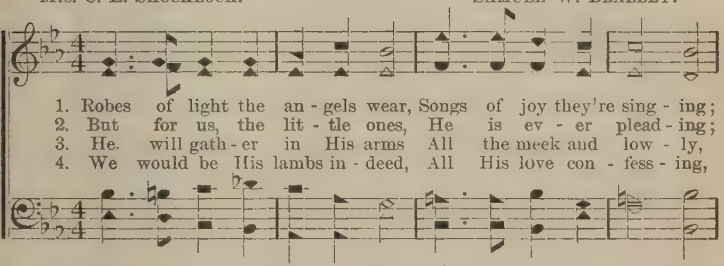
Lamb cleanseth whit - er than snow; Lord, to Thee will we go, our Re -

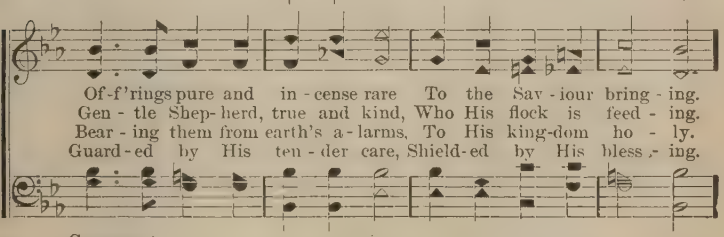
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



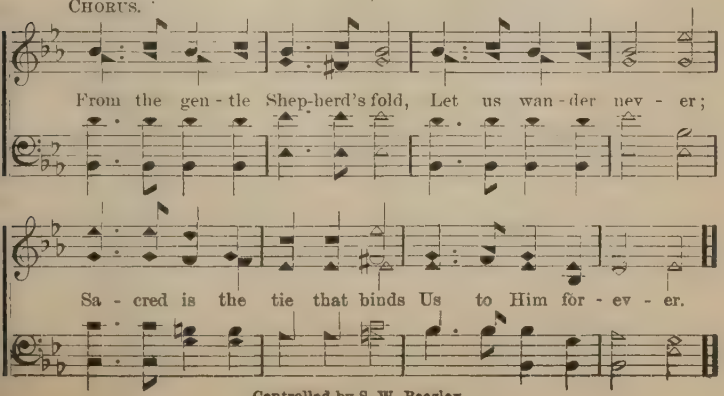
No. 67. OUR SHEPHERD.

Mrs. C. L. Shocklock. Samuel W. Beazley.





Chorus.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 68. JESUS LIVES.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. B. P. CORLEY.

1. Since the dear Sav-iour died for the sins of the world, All the
2. Je - sus died on the cross, and His friends bow'd with grief, Turn'd a-
3. Je - sus died on the cross, as a crimi - nal might die, To the
4. Je - sus died on the cross yet the light that He gave To the

world might be shrouded in gloom, Had He lain where His lov'd ones His
way from the cross with a sigh; They had tho't it was He who their
Fa - ther His spir - it He gave, And His heart-brok - en friends did not
world, nev - er-more shall grow dim; Since He rose from the dead, King of

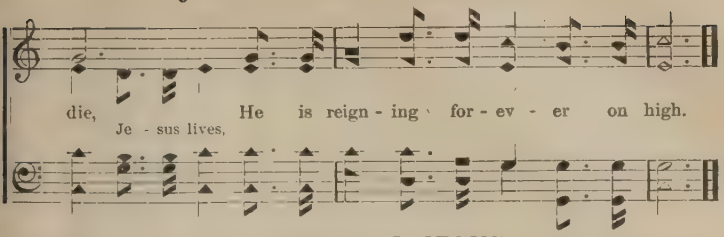
form gent - ly plac'd, In the si - lent con - fines of the tomb.
land could re-deem, They knew not that their King had to die.
know that their God Would not leave His dear Son in the grave.
life, men may know They may live by a - bid - ing in Him.

CHORUS.

Je - sus lives, ... He reigns a - bove, Je - sus
Je - sus lives, Je - sus lives,

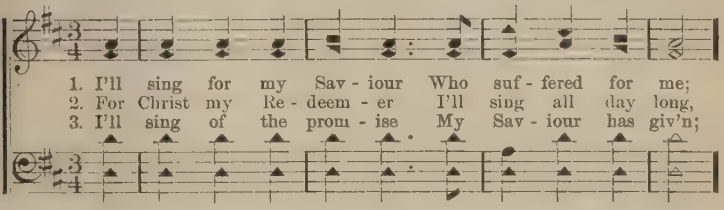
lives, Je - sus lives, Je- sus lives..... no more to
cloth'd in light, crown'd with love, Je- sus lives

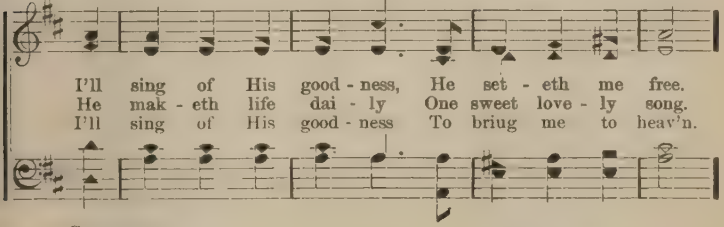
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

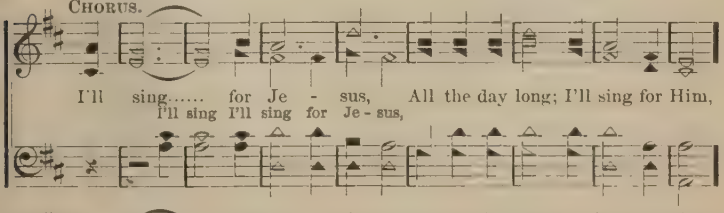


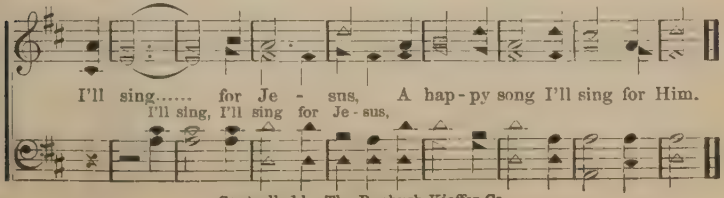
No. 69. I'LL SING FOR JESUS.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. P. Blakeney.









No. 70. THE UNFAILING LOVE.

EBEN E. REXFORD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Strong with a trust in God a - bove His own good time I wait,
2. Our Fa-ther's arm is strong and sure, His heart is O, so kind,
3. I feel the pres- ence of His love A - bout me all the time,

Con-tent to fol - low in the path That leads home, soon or late.
As those who lean up - on His love, And trust Him most will find.
I nev - er seem to be a - lone. As up life's hill I climb.

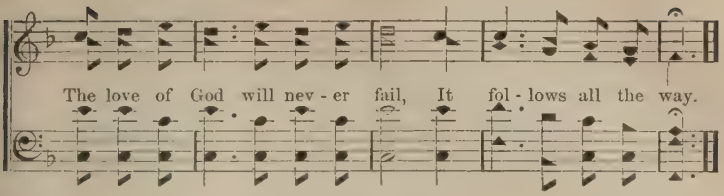
So with a faith that fal- ters not, I sing, as best I can,
How deep, how true, His friendship is You can - not know or guess,
He cheers me when I wea - ry grow, By ten - der words and sweet,

The song of love that fail - eth not, The love of God to man.
Un - til you take Him at His word, And prove His prom- is - es.
And roughest roads are pleas-ant ways, Where earth and heav- en meet.

CHORUS.

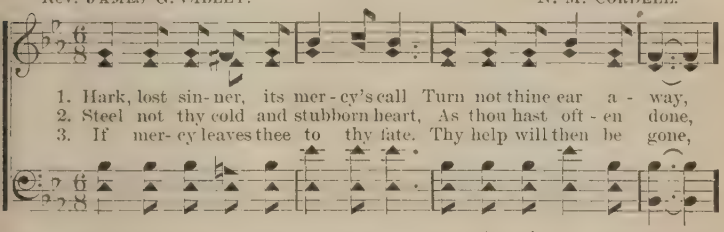
O, is there sweet- er thought than this To cheer us, day by day?

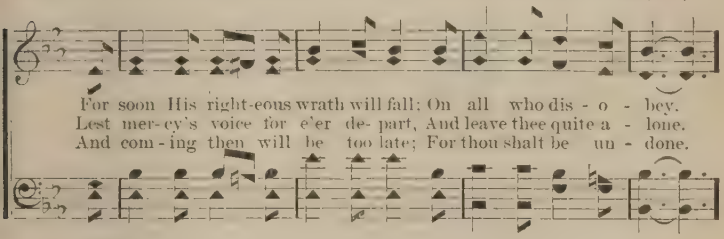
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



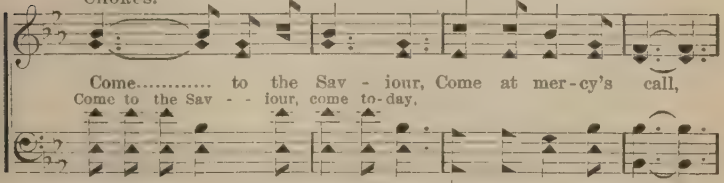
No. 71. MERCY'S CALL.

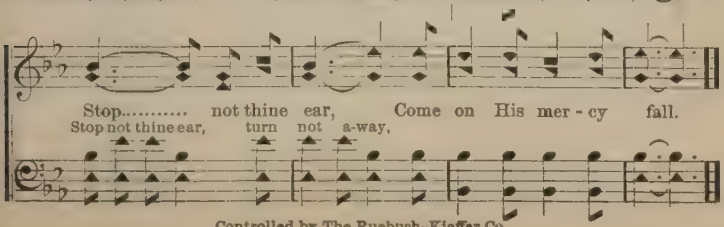
Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY. N. M. CORDELL.





CHORUS.





Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 72. WORD OF GOD'S FREE LOVE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Roll-ing a-long the plain, Hear it re-sound a - gain, Word of the
2. Won-der-ful works He's done, Sending His own dear Son, Tell of the
3. Nations of all earth's span, Hear of sal - va-tion's plan, Tidings of

Lord's free love, boun - ti - ful love;..... Winning its way a - long,
Lord's free love, boun - ti - ful love;..... Loud-ly His praise pro-claim,
God's free love, boun - ti - ful love;..... Mar-vel-ous words are they,

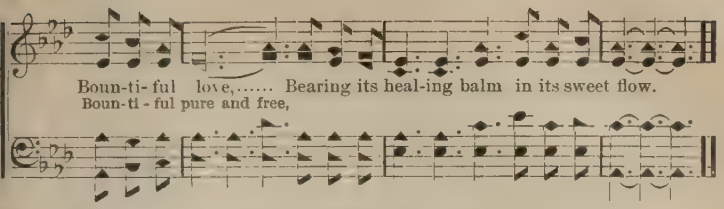
Righting the world's great wrong, Word of the Lord's free love, bountiful love.
Laud and ex - tol His name, Sing of the Lord's free love, bountiful love.....
Teaching all tongues to say, Bless-ed is God's free love, bountiful love.....

CHORUS.

Word of His love,..... Boun - ti - ful love..... Win-ning its
Word of the Lord's great love, Boun - ti - ful, pure and free,

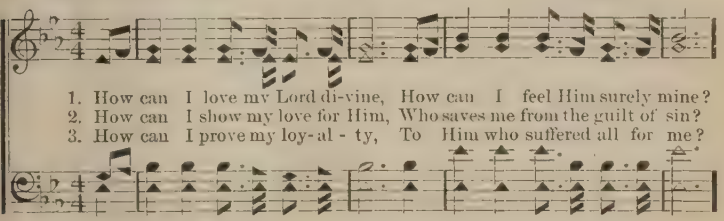
way a - long earth's barren shore;..... Word of His love,.....
Word of the Lord's great love,

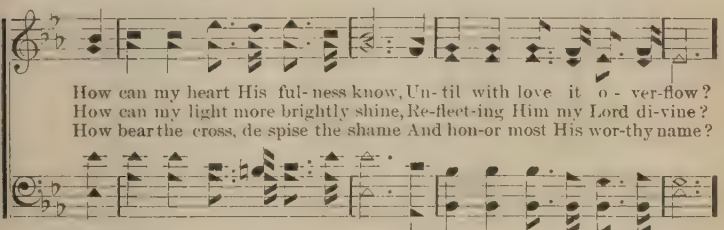
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



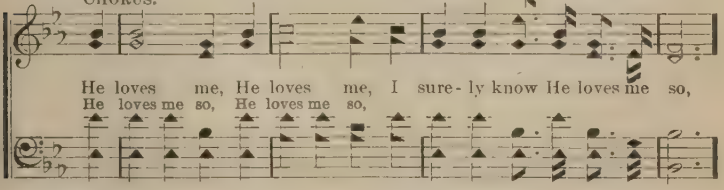
No. 73. HE LOVES ME SO.

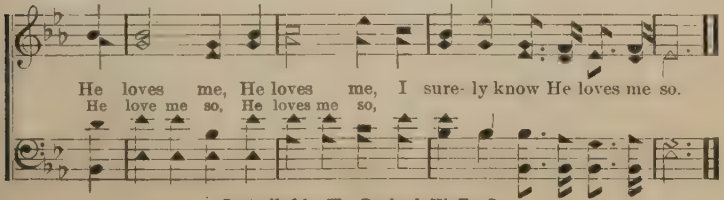
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. P. Blakeney.





Chorus.





No. 74. WEARY ONE LOOK ABOVE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. MARION T. HILL.

1. Wea - ry one are you sad and lone - ly? Do your steps fal - ter
2. Wea - ry trav - ler up - on life's jour ney, Is your path one of
3. Is your life o - ver-cast with shad-ows? Do you doubt when the

on the road? Lift your eyes to the light that's breaking On your
steep in - cline? Ask the Sav - iour to give you cour - age, On the
clouds hang low? Look a - bove to the God of heav - en, His great

:8: FINE. CHORUS.

way as you car - ry the load. Wea-ry one, lift your
way He will make light to shine.
mer - cy and love you shall know. Wea - ry one,

D.S.—God all the fir - ma - ment fills.

eyes, See the light break-ing on the hills;
lift your eyes, on the hills;

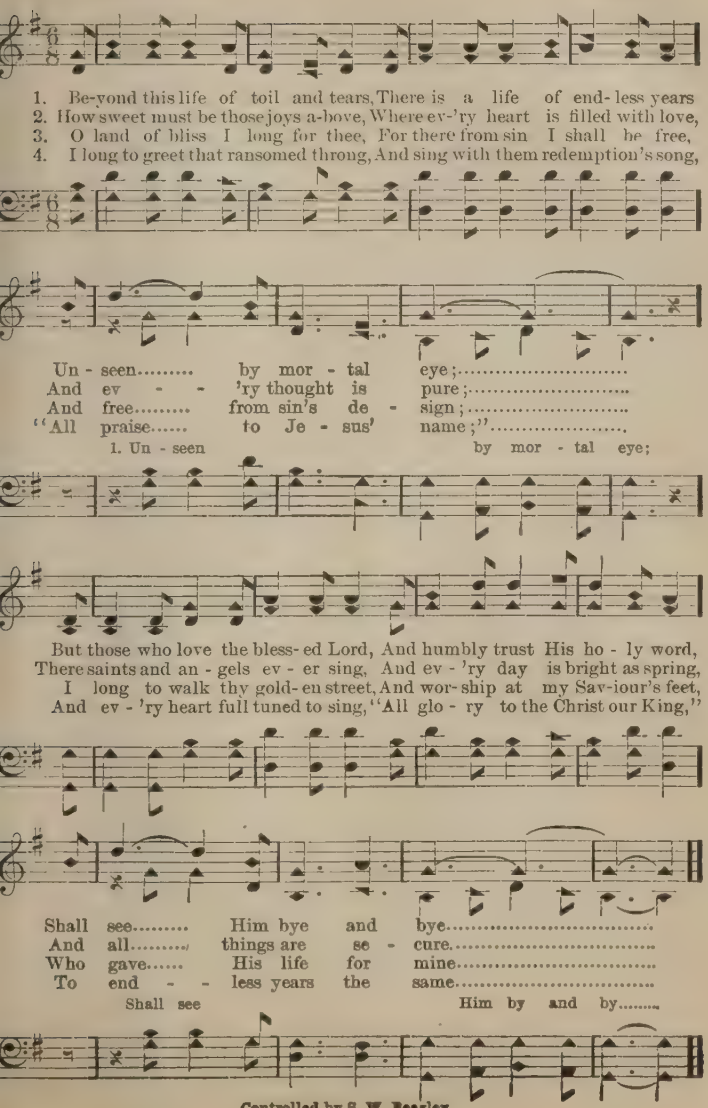
D.S.

Bur - dened soul, look a - bove, Light of
bur - dened soul, look a - bove,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 75. LIFE BEYOND.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY. W. P. BLAKENEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 76. DAY BY DAY.

C. C. C. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. At the Saviour's feet I kneel Day by day, day by day;
2. Keep me, Saviour, near Thy side, Day by day, day by day;
3. Marching to a bet- ter land, Day by day, day by day;
4. Come, my brother, go with me Day by day, day by day;
5. Glo- ry, glo- ry to the Lamb Day by day, day by day;

Day by day, day by day;

There my bur- dens to re - veal, On the way, on the way.
In Thy lov - ing arms a - bide, On the way, on the way.
Come and join the hap - py band, On the way, on the way.
And dear Je - sus we will see, On the way, on the way.
Sing- ing prais - es to His name, On the way, on the way.

On the way,

CHORUS.

Take my life..... and let it be, con - se -

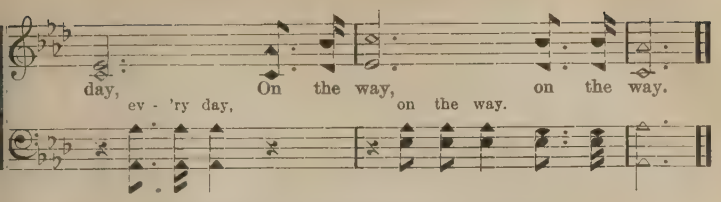
Take my life and let it be,

cra - - ted, Lord, to Thee, Sav- iour, guide..... me ev - 'ry

Con- se- cra- ted, Lord, to Thee, Saviour, guide me

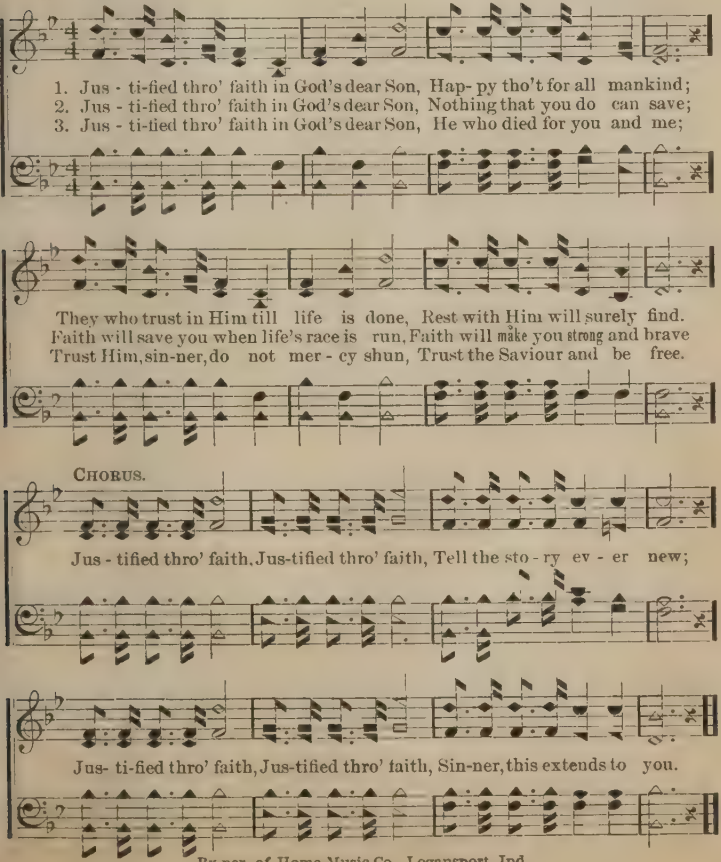
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

DAY BY DAY.—Concluded.



No. 77. JUSTIFIED THROUGH FAITH.

S. W. B. S. W. BEAZLEY.



By per. of Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

No. 78. SINLESS LAND.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. E. PEACOCK.

1. They tell me of a sin-less, sum-mer land, Just o - ver on that
2. They tell me of sweet rest a- wait-ing there, For those whose hearts are
3. I'll reach that sin-less, summer land some day, And there with blessed

bright and golden strand, Where sweetest flowers bloom for - ev - er- more,
bow'd with grief and care, A balm for ev - 'ry wounded sin- sick soul,
Je - sus I shall stay To ev - er dwell be-neath His shin-ing face,

CHORUS.

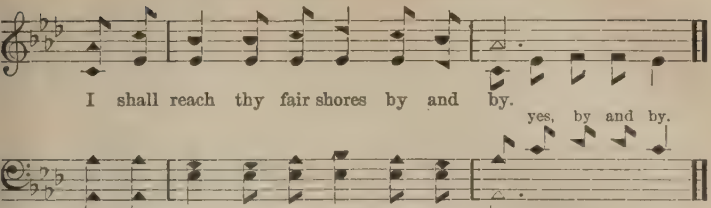
And the wa- ters of life free- ly flow.
Where the wa- ters of life free- ly roll.
Prais-ing Him for His mer - cy and grace.
} Sinless land, summer land, I shall reach Thy fair shores by and by,

Sinless land, summer land, by and by,

Sin - less land, sum - mer land,

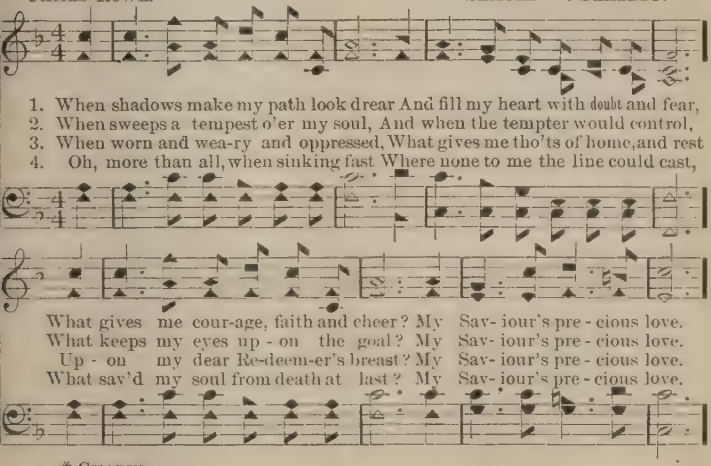
Sin - less land, sum - mer land,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

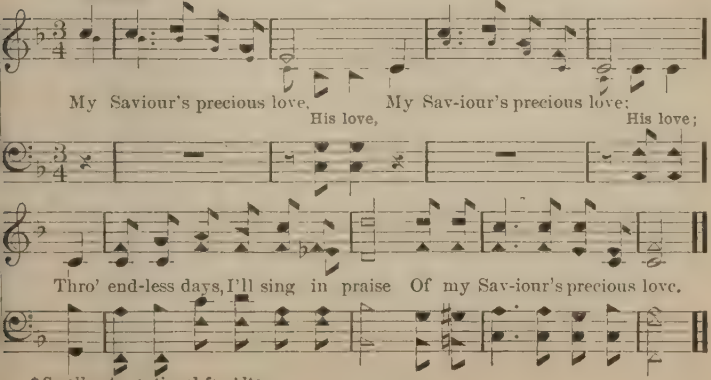


No. 79. MY SAVIOUR'S PRECIOUS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



* CHORUS.



* Small notes optional for Alto.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 80. THE MIGHTY ARM OF GOD.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. W. O. FLOWERS.

1. I am rest - ing now in His love se - cure, On the
2. Nothing but His love doth my song em - ploy On the
3. I will fear no e - vil while here I live, On the
4. I shall leave these shores in His own good time, On the

might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; And my hope in
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; For my heart is
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; Need-ed bless-ing
might-y arm of God, the might-y arm of God; And with Him I'll

Him is su-preme-ly sure, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
full, full of heav-en's joy, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
now He doth free - ly give, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.
dwell in that world sublime, On the might-y, mighty arm of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Might-y arm, arm of love,
Might-y arm, arm of love! I can lean on the

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

THE MIGHTY ARM OF GOD.—Concluded.

arm of God; Might - y arm,
might-y arm of God; Might-y arm, arm of

love! arm of love! I am safe on the mighty arm of God. arm of God.

No. 81. DEAR MOTHER.

A. J. D. A. J. DUNCAN.

1. Dear moth-er now from us has gone, Un - to her Long E - ter-nal Home,
2. Oh, why should I lament and mourn Since God our Saviour tho't it best!
3. Here many friends are seat-ed round, A wait - ing for God's trumpt's sound,

Her smil- ing face we see no more, Un - til we reach the shin-ing shore.
To take her from this world of sin, In - to a world of hap - pi-ness.
That they may rise and soar a - way, And meet dear mother in that day.

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ She's gone, she's gone, And you and I must fol- low on. }
{ She's gone, she's gone, Un - to her Long E-(*Omit.*)..... } ternal Home.
Yes, gone, yes, gone,

No. 82. OVER THERE.

GEO. P. HOLT. W. A. SMITH.

1. There are mansions bright and fair, Ev-er wait-ing o-ver there, In the
2. On that bright and sinless shore, Loved ones dwell for-ever-more, And the
3. We must bide a while be-low, Till our time shall come to go, And wit

sun-light of the dear Sav-iour's smiles; There the "house not made with hands,"
prais-es of His name ev er sing; They en-joy their ris-en Lord
rapt-ure join the saints ov-er there, Then we'll sing the glad new song

In its beau-ty ev-er stands, Nothing sin-ful e'er de-spoils or de-files.
List'ning sweetly to His Word, And their trophies to His feet ev-er bring
While the a-ges roll a-long, In the cit-y of the King bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O-ver there, O-ver there, Oh, the
O-ver there, O-ver there,

bright, gold-en scenes are there, O-ver there, O-ver
O-ver there,

Controlled by Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

there, Oh, what joy there will be, O - ver there.
O - ver there, O - ver there.

No. 83. I ASKED THE LORD.

A. J. D. A. J. DUNCAN.

1. I asked the Lord that I might know His truth and law for - ev - er-more,
2. 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray, And He I trust has answered prayer,
3. I hoped that in some fav-ored hour At once He'd an-swer my re-quest,

Might more of His sal - va- tion see, His grace more earn-est-ly im-plore.
But it has been in such a way As al-most drove me to de-spair.
And by His love's constraining power, Sub-due my sins and give me rest.

REFRAIN.

I want to see my Sav-iour's face, And more of His sal - va - tion know,

I want to feel His love and grace, And more un - to His like-ness grow.

No. 84. COME TO ME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Mat. 11: 28.

GEO. P. HOTT. RICHARD T. WARE.

1. Je - sus is the life, the way, And is call - ing day by day;
2. All the wea - ry and oppressed, May in Him find per - fect rest,
3. Come, ye heav - y - la - den, come, He's pre - pared for you a home,

Will you lon - ger from Him stray, In the paths of world - ly sin?
And in life en - joy the best, That this world can ev - er give;
And for all there's am - ple room, Who will heed the lov - ing call;

He is plead - ing with you still, Wont you now o - bey His will;
For all dark - ness and dis - pair, Tho'ts a - wait - ing ev - 'ry-where,
Why not lay your bur - dens down, And take up the vic - tor's crown,

He'll your life with rap - ture fill, And will give you peace with-in.
Dis - ap - pears when Christ is there, And the soul finds grace to live.
And se - cure the heav - 'nly home, That His love pre-pared for all.

CHORUS.

Come to me,..... oh, come to me,..... Je - sus
Come to me, oh, come to me,

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

says to ev - 'ry-one come to me; Come to me,..... oh, come to
Come to me,

me, ... Won't you heed the in - vi - ta - tion and come?
Oh, come to me,

No. 85. LIFTED UP.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. S. G. Simmons.

1. "Lift - ed up" my God and Sav - iour, On the cross to bleed and die:
2. Ris - ing from the dead with pow - er, An - gels lin - ger at the grave:
3. "Lift - ed up" the gates of glo - ry, O - pen wide at His com-mand,

That I might be with Him for - e'er, Lift - ed up to live on high.
And from that tri-umph-ant hour, Tell the world His pow'r to save.
Saints and an-gels tell the sto - ry, Gathered home from ev - 'ry land.

Chorus.

Lift - ed up, be - hold, be - hold Him, On the cross or on the throne.

Lift - ed up by ev - 'ry na - tion, Look to Him and Him a - lone.

No. 86. SEND THE LIGHT.

J. H. M. J. H. MAYS.

1. Do you hear the Sav iour call to day? Send the light,
2. Will you tell the sto - ry of his love, Send the light,
3. Will you send the light to dis- tant lands? Send the light,

Send the light,

Send the light, Ma - ny souls are wait-ing for a cheer-ing ray,
Send the light, How He left His glo-rious home in heav'n a-bove?
Send the light, Will you help the fall - en, lift the wea - ry hands?

Send the light,

Send the light,..... O send the light.
Send the light, send the light.

CHORUS.

Send the light, Send the light To bright-en up the
Send the light, Send the light,

way that leads to end- less day, Send the light. send the
Send the light,

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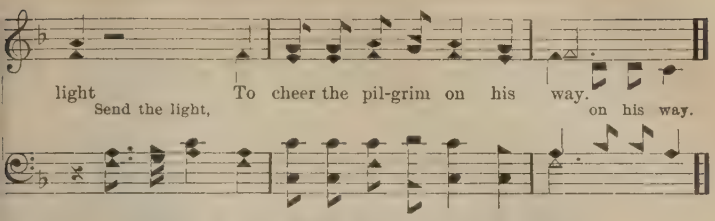
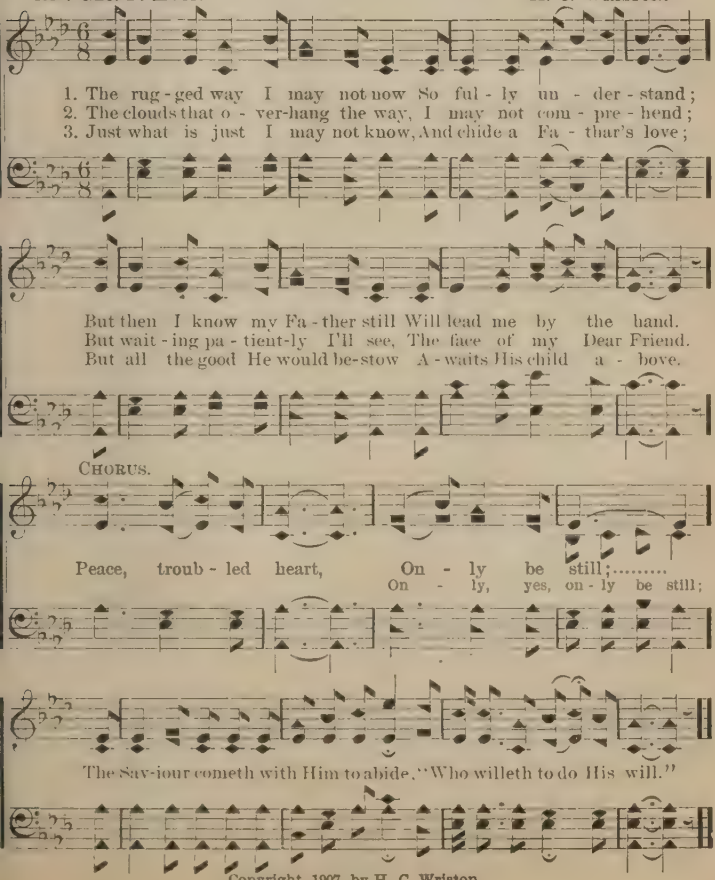


No. 87. WHO WILLETH TO DO HIS WILL.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. H. C. Wriston.



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No. 88. WHEN THOU MAKEST UP THY JEWELS.

Words arr. by S. W. B. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Lord, those ra - diant le - gions fair,
2. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Those who've made the poor their care,
3. When Thou makest up Thy jew-els, Those who've won by faith and pray'r,

Call - est home from East and West, Those who've loved and served Thee best,
To the hung - ry brok - en bread, Some sweet word of com - fort said,
Those who've couquered in the fight, Those who walk with Thee in white,

Nev - er shunned to own Thy name, Tak - en cross and tak - en shame,
Brought re - lief to pris - on doom Wiped the eyes, with sor- rows sore,
As the stars in glo - ry shine, In Thy fir - ma- ment di - vine,

rit.

Shall I be there?..... I ask my- self, shall I be there?
Shall I be there?

CHORUS.

Shall I be there?..... shall I be there?.....
Shall I be there? shall I be there?

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

WHEN THOU MAKEST, etc.—Concluded.

When Thou mak - est up Thy jew - els won- drous fair,.....
Shall I be there?

When Thine own Thou call - est home, Nev - er more on earth to roam,

rit.

Shall I be there?..... I ask my-self, shall I be there?
Shall I be there?

No. 89. DON'T STEP THERE!

Words taken from the "Children's Friend." J. H. HALL.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,
2. Some i - dle hab - it word or thought, Some sin how - ev - er small,
3. Our fel - low trav-'lers on the road, We'll watch with anx- ious care,

Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis- grace;
May make us stum - ble in the path, And stum-bling we may fall.
And when they reach some dan- g'rous spot, We'll warn them, "Don't stop there!"

Don't step there! Don't step there! Don't step there!
Don't step, don't step there!

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No. 90. BY THE CROSS WE'LL STAND.

W. H. M — W. HENRY MILFORD.

1. In Je - sus' love shall my soul a - bide, He keeps me day by day;
2. Tempta-tions oft - en be - set my way, But Christ is with me then:
3. Thro' shadows dark my soul must pass, But what have I to fear;
4. Then when the chil - ly waves we've cross'd, And safe in E - den fair;

My wand'ring footsteps gen - tly guides, And leads me all the way.
The temp- ter then must flee a - way, For Je - sus will de- fend.
With Je - sus there to com - fort me, I'll fear no dan - ger near,
Oh, love di- vine, how sweet the song, We'll sing it o - ver there.

CHORUS,

Though the way be rough and steep, Je - sus will guide our wea - ry feet, Safe - ly o'er life's sink - ing sand; ..... When the cares of life op-press, We know in Him we shall find rest, By the cross..... of Christ we'll stand.

Safe - ly o'er life's sink - ing sand, sink - ing sand;

life's sink - ing sand;

By the cross

No. 91. JESUS SAYS WELCOME.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. L. MATHEWS.

1. Je - sus now is say - ing wel-come to the home-fold, Wea - ry, heav - y -
2. Dark your way has been then, wan-der there no lon- ger, Heed the wel- come
3. Pleasures you have sought for, with them you have lingered, Car - ing not for

lad - en one with sin oppressed; Standing at the threshold wait - ing
call that Je - sus gives to - day: Leave the way of sin - ners, seek the
bet - ter things that Je - sus gives; Lin - ger there no lon - ger, hear the

D.S.—Je - sus now is say - ing, wel- come

FINE.

your re turn - ing, Wel- come, He is say - ing "I will give you rest."
home- fold ear - ly, Lend a list'ning ear to Him, do not de - lay.
Sav - iour call - ing, Turn your footsteps homeward, and He will for - give.

to the home- fold, Welcome, wea - ry pil-grim, there's a place for you.

CHORUS.

Wel - - - come to the fold, Je- sus is
Wel - come. to the home - fold, Wel-come, hear Him say,

D.S.

say - - - ing, wel-come, come;
say - ing wel-come to - day, Come, wel- come, wel-come to - day.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 92. HE IS ALWAYS WILLING.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. D. PITTS.

1. God will nev - er turn a- way a sin - ner who re- pent-ing comes;
2. Do you fear to ven - ture out up - on the prom- is - es of God?
3. Troubled one, with sin a wea - ry, there's a prom- ise true for you,

To a throne of mer-cy seeking pardoning love; He is al-ways read - y,
Let your fears and doubts be far removed to-day; They have borne their many
It is: "I will not forsake thee" hear Him say; Give your fears and doubtings

will- ing to re - cieve a brok - en heart, And will lis - ten from His
millions and are strong to bear you too, Do not fal - ter in your
o - ver, lift your eyes and look to Him, Come re - turn- ing as a

CHORUS.

dwell - ing place a - bove. } He is al - - ways
weak - ness and dis- may.
wea - ry sin - ner may.

will-ing, al-ways will- ing, He is

will - - ing, Nev - er yet has He re-fused to hear a pray'r;
will- ing, al-ways will- ing,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

HE IS ALWAYS WILLING.—Concluded.

He is al - - ways will - - ing
will - ing, al - ways will - ing, He is will - ing, al - ways will - ing,

A re - pent - ing one may find Him an - y - where.

No. 93. SAFELY HIDE ME.

GEO. P. HOTT. W. T. GRAYSON.

1. Let me cling to Thee, O Sav - iour, When the tempests round me roll,
2. Near to Thee, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Let me find a place of rest,
3. When the evening shad - ows gath - er, When the twi-light fades a - way,

:8: FINE

Give me shel - ter, Rock of A - ges, On - ly ref - uge of my soul.
And when life of cares grow wea - ry, Lean my head up - on Thy breast.
In the swelling of the riv - er Be Thou there my strength and stay.

D.S.—Give me shel - ter Rock of A - ges, On - ly ref - uge of my soul.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Safe - ly hide me, bless - ed Re-deem - er; As the Shepherd of the fold;

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 94. MY HAPPY HOME.

R. K. O. — ROBT. K. ORR.

1. My Re-deem-er's gone be-fore, And a-bides for-ev-er-more,
2. Je-sus left His book of truth, For the a-ged and the youth,
3. Friend and sin-ner, O pre-pare, For those mansions bright and fair,

In the cit-y of bright mansions in the sky, (in the sky,)
And He tells us He's pre-pared a home on high, (home on high,)
And be read-y up-on snow-y wings to fly, (wings to fly,)

Come and join the blood-washed throne, And be hap-py all day long,
We will sing re-deem-ing love, In that hap-py home a-bove
With the white-robed an-gel band, Go to join them hand in hand,

And we'll see our dear Re-deem-er by and by.
And it all will then be glo-ry by and by.
And at home we'll sing for-ev-er by and by.

CHORUS.

Oh, that home of the blest,
Oh, that home-land of the blest, Hap-py home-land of the blest,

MY HAPPY HOME.—Concluded.

Where we ev - - - er - more shall rest,
Where we ev - er more shall rest, Where we ev - er more shall rest,

And its glo - - - ries we shall share,
And its glo - ries we shall share, And its glo - ries we shall share,

With the Sav - - iour o - - ver there.
With our Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour o - ver there, o - ver there.

No. 95. WHITE TO THE HARVEST.

"They are white already to harvest."—Jno. 4 : 35.

GEO. P. HOTT. S. G. SIMMONS.

1. The har - vests of the Mast - er, On val - ley hill and plain:
2. Like Ruth, go glean the har - vest, Where oth - ers' feet have trod:
3. We'll toil from morn till eve - ning, And then our Lord will come,

S. FINE

Are call - ing loud for reap - ers To gar - ner gold - en grain.
'Twill earn a crown of glo - ry, To gar - ner sheaves for God.
To give the sow'r and reap - er The joys of "har - vest home."

Go toil a- mong the reap - ers, The Mast- er's call - ing you.

CHORUS. D.S.

The fields are white to har - vest, And yet the la - b'rers few:

No. 96. I AM COMING HOME TO-DAY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. GEORGE S. WARE.

1. I have wandered long in sin drift-ing far from mer-cy's fold,
2. Lov-ing-ly I hear His voice in its ac-cents sweet and low,
3. News has reached the heav'nly shrine of a way-ward soul's re-turn,

Spurn-ing oft His prof-fered love hear-ing oft sal-va-tion told:
Call-ing me a-way from sin, say-ing: "wan-der there no more:"
And the an-gels all re-joice while they for my com-ing yearn;

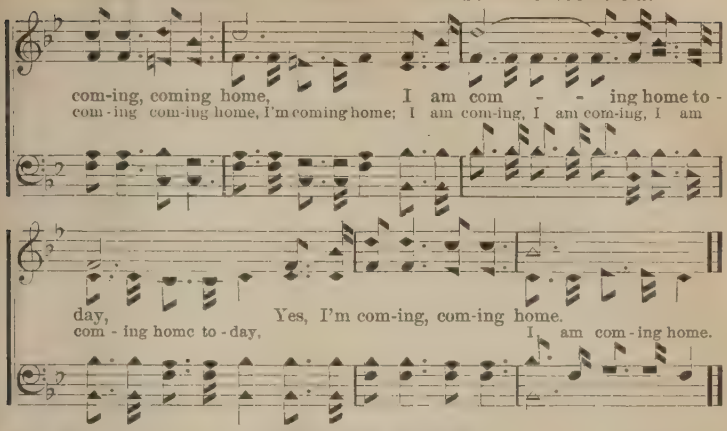
Yet, no list-'ning ear I lent on my drear-y, down-ward way,
I am turn-ing to Him now, for His par-don I will pray,
He will fold me to His breast and will hold me there to stay,

Of sin's cup I free-ly drank, but I'm com-ing home to-day.
And I feel His fond em-brace, for I'm com-ing home to-day.
For He bids me to Him fly, and I'm com-ing home to-day.

CHORUS.

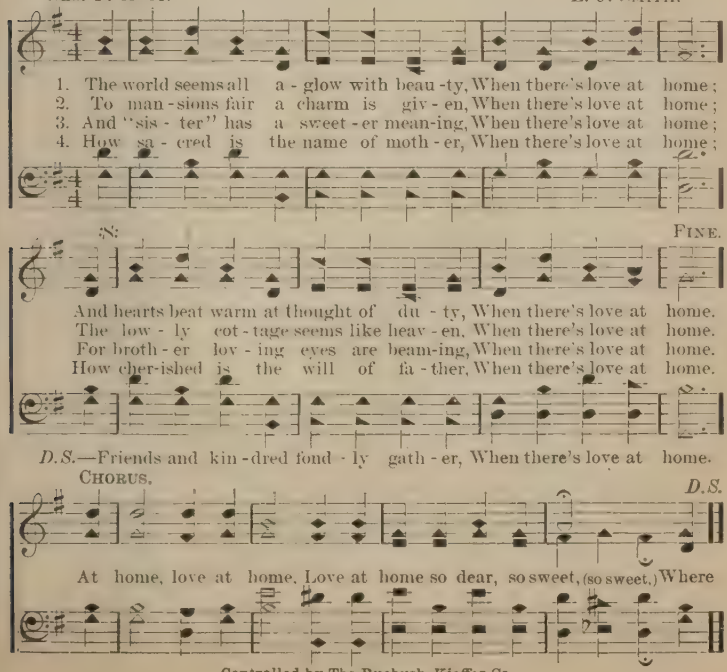
I am com - - - ing home to-day, Yes, I'm
I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am com-ing home to-day,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 97. LOVE AT HOME.

GEO. P. HOTT. L. J. SMITH.



No. 98. THEY ARE SINGING O'ER THE RIVER.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. T. L. DAVIS.

1. They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er, And their songs I love to hear, For they
2. They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er, Some ser- aph - ic song of love, While their
3. Nev - er sweet-er sounds could thrill me In these earthly lowlands here, Than are

tell me of that country far a - way, And I lis- ten more in-tent- ly
voic- es greet me on my up-ward road. I am list'ning to their voic-es
com-ing from that far and dis-tant shore, Now their voic-es gent-ly call me

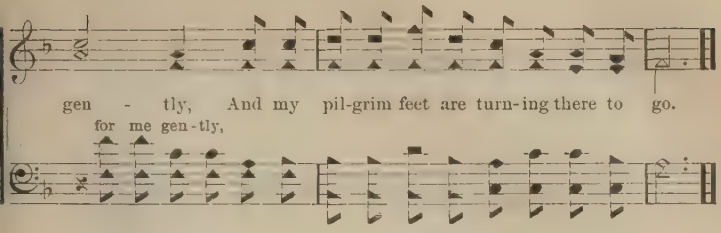
While their music fills the air, And my heart is tun'd to join them some glad day.
As I journey on the way, And their singing lightens oft the wea- ry load.
And I'm looking for the day, When a summons sweetly calls me there to go.

CHORUS.

They are sing - - ing o'er the riv - - er, And their
They are sing-ing o'er the riv - er,

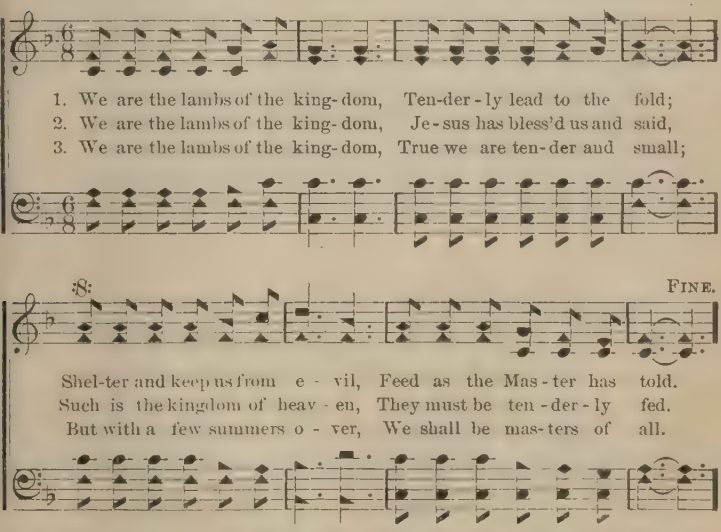
songs are sweeping earth's green fields below, They are call - - ing for me
They are call-ing

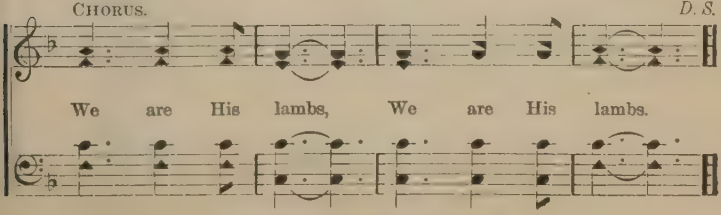
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 99. LAMBS OF THE KINGDOM.

GEO. P. HOTT. GEORGE S. WARE.





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No. 100. CLOTHE US WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS

LAURENE HIGHFIELD — SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. We would be like Je - sus, Spot - less pure and sweet,
2. We would be like Je - sus, Shin - ing with His light,
3. We would be like Je - sus, Clothed in right- eous - ness,

Teach-ing each day new les - sons, Learned at His dear feet;
Bear- ing to dark- ened spir - its, Love of truth and right,
Brave-ly with-stand - ing e - vils That a - bout us press;

We would show to oth - ers, His com - pas - sion true,
We would serve our Mast - er, Serve in per - fect trust,
We would teach this les - son All a - long life's way,

Grow-ing each day more like Him, As His will we do.
Ev - er by faith pro-claim - ing, He is wise and just.
Hap - pi - ness comes by serv - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

CLOTHE US WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Clothe us with right-eousness, Help us to serve our King,

Clothe us dear Father in right-eous-ness, Help us, we pray Thee, to serve our King,

That by our lives, we may show forth His love,

In all our lives, help us each day Help us to show forth His wonderful love

Clothe us with righteousness, Good from each ser- vice bring,

Clothe us, dear Father, with right-eous-ness, Good from each service we ren - der bring,

That we may lead oth- er souls to Him a - bove.

Help us in love, help us to lead

No. 101. BEHOLD HE COMETH.

Anon. S. W. Beazley.

1. He is com-ing,—O how pre-cious! Till earth's shadows flee a-way;
2. Yes, we know that He is com-ing, For 'tis prom-ised in His word,
3. An-gels lis-ten to the sto-ry Of our dear Re-deemer's love,

How this hope should soothe and cheer us As we tread our pil-grim way
How our hearts should then be long-ing For our faith-ful, lov-ing Lord,
Then He shall have all the glo-ry, All the praise from choirs a-bove;

Thro' the des-ert, thro' the des-ert, To the land of end-less day!
Ev-er watching, ev-er watching, That His foot-steps may be heard;
And for-ev-er, and for-ev-er We His lov-ing kindness prove;

How this hope should soothe and cheer us As we tread our pil-grim way.
Yes, we know that He is com-ing, For 'tis prom-ised in His word.
An-gels lis-ten to the sto-ry Of our dear Re-deem-er's love.

Chorus.

O the joy..... of that glad morn-ing,
joy of that glad morn-ing, O the joy of that glad morn-ing,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

When we see..... Him face to face,.....
see Him face to face, When we see Him face to face,

In His beau - - - ti - ful a - dorn - ing,
beau - ti - ful a - dorn - ing, In His beau - ti - ful a - dorn - ing,

Know the full - ness of His grace.....
full - ness of His grace, yes, know the full - ness of His grace.

No. 102. SWELL THE ANTHEM.

NATHAN STRONG, D. D. J. H. HALL.

1. Swell the an-them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;
2. Bless-ings from His lib - 'ral hand, Flow thro'-out this hap - py land;
3. Now the voice of na - ture sings, Prais - es to the King of kings,

Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais - es to our heav'n-ly King.
Kept by Him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate - ful notes pro - long.

No. 103. SWEETLY THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

GEO. P. HOTT. S. G. SIMMONS.

1. List - en, sweet- ly the heav-ens are tell - ing, Hear their
2. Hear them tell - ing their beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Plain - tive
3. Why not join in the beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Tell it

voic- es a- bove, List - en, sweet-ly the heavens are tell - ing,
voice like the dove Tell - ing sweet-ly the won-der-ful sto - ry,
all the world round, Hearts a - wea- ry are wait-ing to hear it,

CHORUS.

Tell- ing their sto - ry of love.
Sto - ry of heav- en - ly love.
Ech - o the sweet gos - pel sound.

Sweet - ly they're tell - ing
Sweetly, the beautiful heavens are tell -

The beau-ti - ful heavens are tell - ing; Sweet - ly
ing, Sweet-ly the won- der - ful sto - ry of love, Sweet-ly the beau - ti - ful

tell - - ing, The won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
heav - ens are tell - ing,

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 104. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. H. C. Wriston.

1. Have faith in God what-e'er be - tide Up - on His grace re - ly;
2. Have faith in God when all goes ill; Do not His good-ness doubt;
3. Have faith in God when all goes well; For - get not, then, His love,
4. Have faith in God when foes as - sail; Up - on His grace de - pend;
5. Have faith in God each day and hour, And trust Him for your all;

The Lord will jour-ney by your side, And all your needs sup - ply.
Tho' hard may seem His sovereign will, Yet trust and mur-mur not.
When mer-cies more than tongue can tell, Come down from heav'n a - bove.
They can-not o - ver Go.l pre - vail; He will His own de - fend.
While un - der His con - trol - ing pow'r, No e - vil can be - fall.

Chorus.

Have faith in God, have faith in God, Tho' He His own may chide;

Have faith in God, have faith in God, What - ev - er may be - tide.

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No. 105. WAITING OVER THERE.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. (To my mother A. M. P.)
Last verse by A. M. P. A. M. Pace.

Duet Sop. and Tenor.

1. They are pass - ing day by day, Our friends and kin-dred dear,
2. They are rest - ing 'neath the shade Of the trees on that blest shore,
3. It is hard to see them go, We shall miss them all the way,
4. Yes, we'll meet them by and by, On that bright and hap - py shore,

From our yearn - ing sight a - way, Nev - er - more to greet us here.
Where there's naught to make a - fraid, When the toils of life are o'er.
But 'tis sweet for us to know, We shall join them some glad day.
Where no tears can dim the eye, And sad part - ing comes no more.

Refrain.

They are wait - - ing ov - er there, By the
They are wait-ing sweet - ly wait - ing o - ver there, o - ver there, By the

tree..... of life so fair, Soon, ah
tree, beau - ti - ful trees of life so fair, life so fair, Soon, ah

soon..... we'll join with them, And their
soon praise the Lord we'll join with them, join with them, And those

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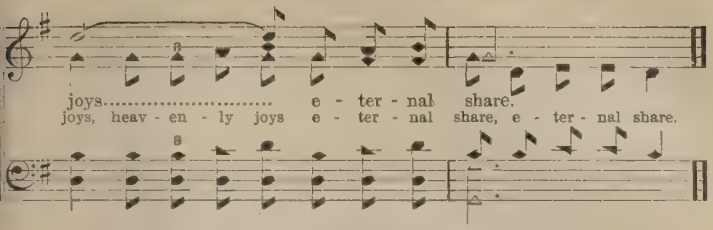
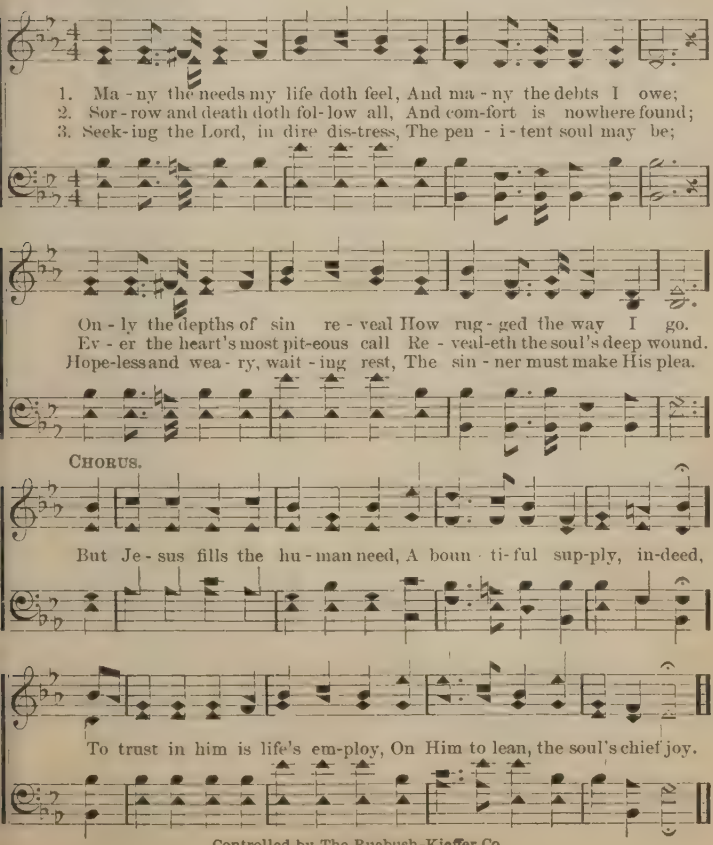


No. 106. JESUS FILLS THE HUMAN NEED.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. B. Rushing.



No. 107. SOMETHING TO DO HERE.

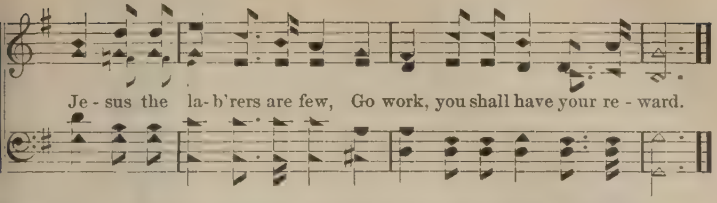
D. B. WATKINS. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There is some-thing on earth for be-liev - ers to do, In the vin-yard of Je - sus their Lord; For the har-vest is great, but the la - b'rers are few, Go work, you shall have your re-ward.
2. There are les - sons to learn from His life - giv - ing word, In which wis-dom and truth doth a-bound: But un - less we be - gin with the fear of the Lord, True wis - dom will nev - er be found.
3. Then why i - dle stand here all the day long? There is work all a-round you to do; Come now, while you're youthful, and ac - tive and strong And the Mas - ter is call - ing for you.

CHORUS.

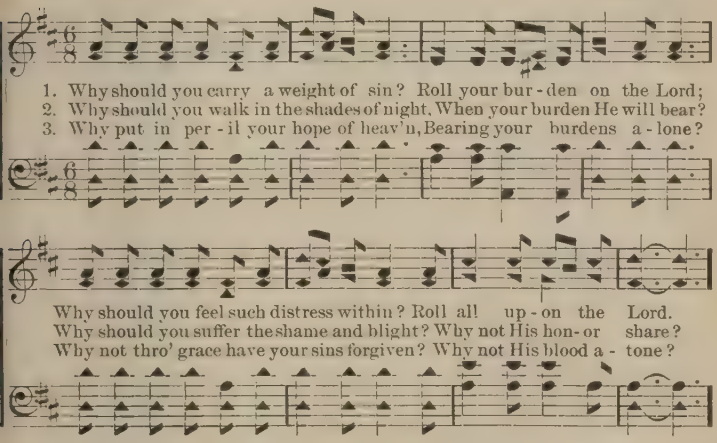
There is some-thing to do, There is some-thing to do, There is work for be-liev - ers to do, In the vine - yard of to do.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

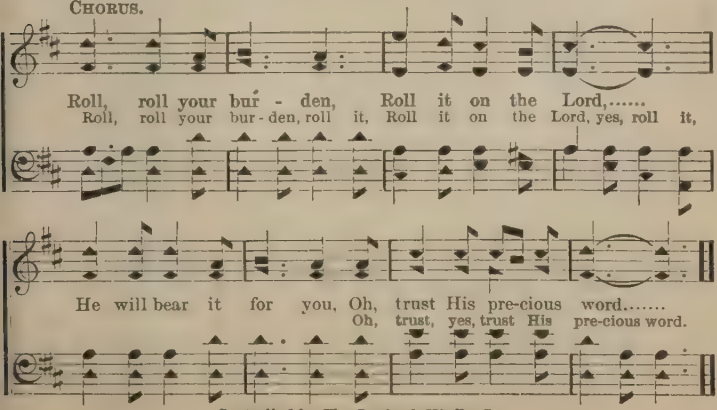


No. 108. ROLL YOUR BURDEN ON THE LORD.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. B. RUSHING.



CHORUS.



Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 109. TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED SAVIOUR.

MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Trust- ing in the ear - ly morn- ing, Trust-ing at the close of day,
2. Trust in hours of peace and pleasure, Trust in hours of toil and care,
3. Trust- ing in the bless-ed Sav - iour, Trust-ing in His love and pow'r,

Trust- ing thro' the gold-en noon- tide, Trust-ing in the Lord al - way.
Trust in hours of pain and sor - row, Trust in Him and ne'er de-spair.
Trust- ing in His ten- der mer - cy, Trust-ing Je - sus ev - 'ry hour.

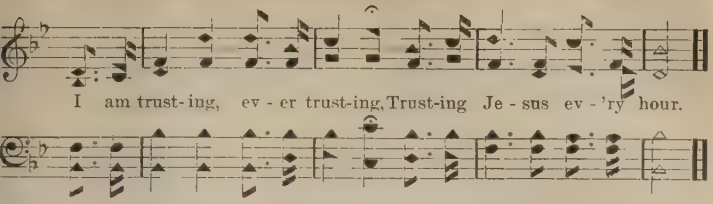
Trust a - mid the gloom and darkness, Trust when skies are bright and fair,
Trust-ing still in pain or sick- ness, Trusting still in joy and health,
Trust-ing in His lov - ing kind-ness, Trusting in His promise sweet,

Trust - ing still thro' doubt and dan-ger, Trust in Je - sus ev - 'ry-where.
Trust in pov - er - ty and weak-ness, In pros-per - i - ty and wealth.
Trust - ing Him for strength and guidance; Till life's journey is com-plete.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing, Trust-ing in His love and pow'r;

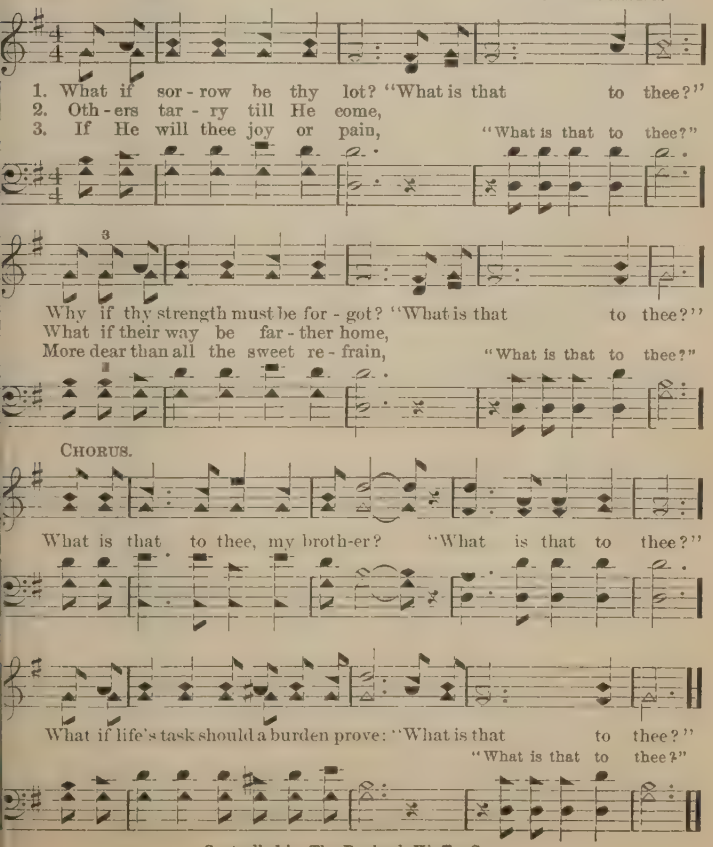
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 110. "WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

"What is that to thee; follow thou me?"—Jno. 21 : 22.

Rev. G. P. Hott. J. B. Rushing.



No. 111. VISION OF REST.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. I'm a lone - ly pilgrim here, Vexed with many doubts and fears, As I
2. Here the des - ert wilds ex-pand, Round a-bout on ei - ther hand, But I'm
3. When the wil - der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how

jour-ney a - long by the way; But I hope at last to stand, On fair
near-ing the Jor-dan you see; And beyond that nar-row stream, Endless
hap-py my poor soul will be; With the glo - ri-fied to stand, On that

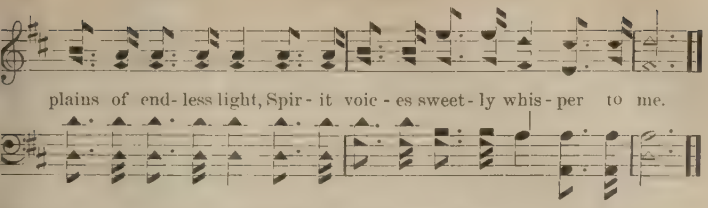
Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor - row and from doubt and dis - may.
bow'rs of bless - ing beam, They are blooming there for you and for me.
glit-t'ring glo - ry land, And my Sav-iour, lov - ing Sav - iour to see.

CHORUS.

Oh, I know there's rest beyond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in

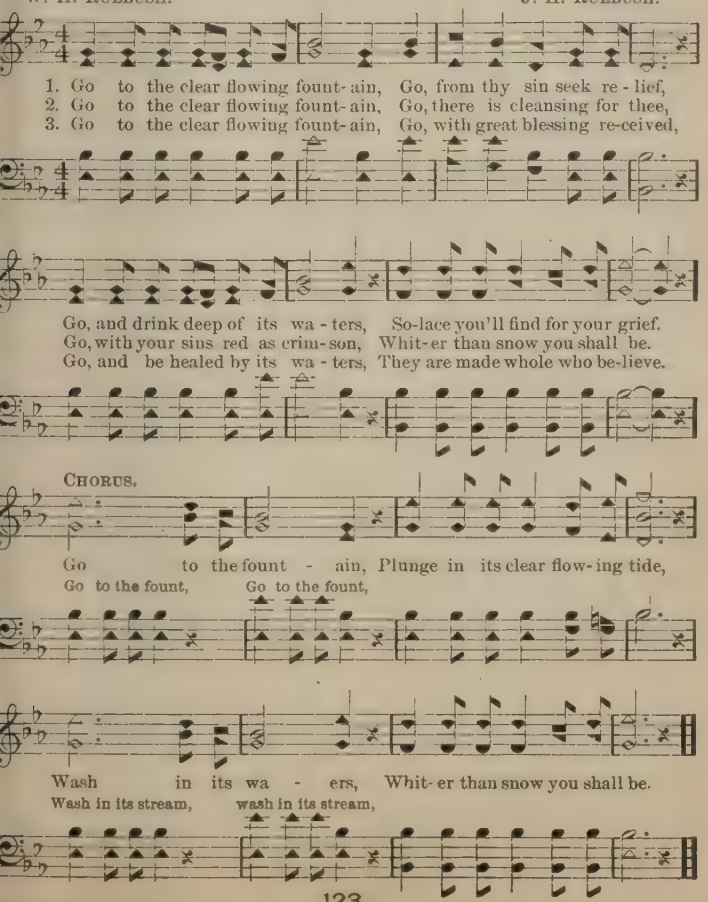
vis- ions their fa - ces I see; Thro' the still - y hours of night, From the

By per. of S. W. Beazley.



No. 112. GO TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.



No. 113. Do You Love the Saviour best of all?

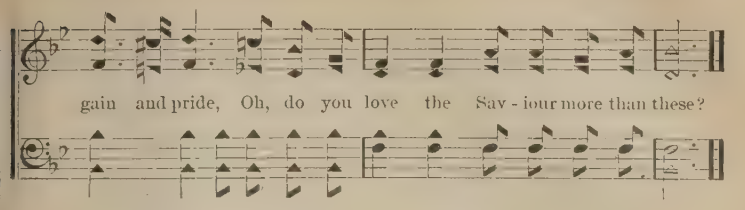
LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When the Mas - ter speaks do you list - en glad- ly To the words that from His dear lips fall, Do you put a - side all the cares that vex you And give place to Je - sus first of all?
2. Do you love the Lord more than earth - ly treas-ure, Do you al - ways heed His lov- ing call; In His ser - vice find - ing your sweet - est pleas- ure, Do you love the Sav- iour best of all?
3. When by bit - ter an - guish your heart is riv - en And with blind- ing tears your eyes are dim; Will you bring re - proach on the King of heav - en By a seem - ing lack of faith in Him?
4. Do you love the Lord who will bear your sor-row, Have you cast on Him each fret-ting care! Do you trust His grace for each com - ing mor- row Trust the love that will your tri - als share?

CHORUS.

Do you love the Lord? is His ho - ly word The sa - cred fount to which your spir- it flees? Will you cast a - side world- ly

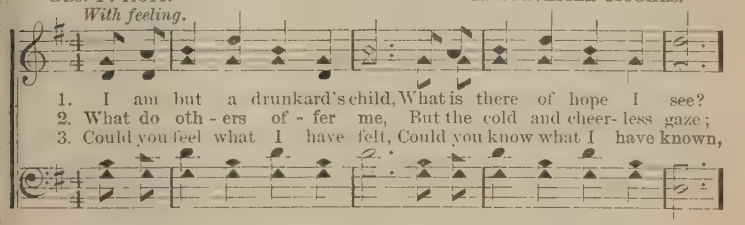
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

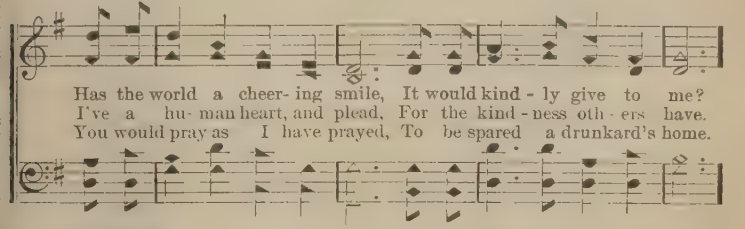


No. 114. A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

GEO. P. HOTT. R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

With feeling.





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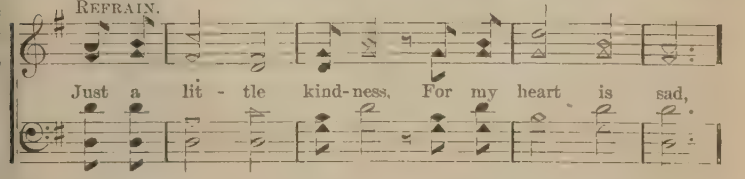
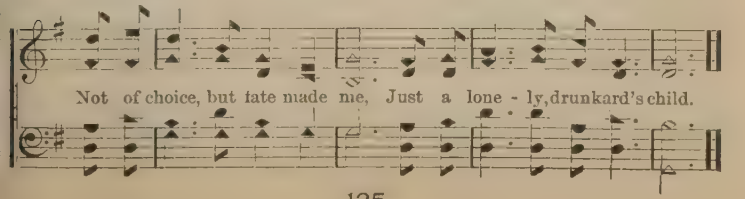




No. 115. "COME UNTO ME."

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. B. Rushing.

1. Sorrowful one, "Come unto me," Heed the Sav-iour's dy-ing love;
2. Lay down your guilt, Christ came to save, Hopeless wand'ring, sinful men;
3. Yield, yield your heart, yield, yield to-day, Why an ex - ile longer roam?

Come with your heart burdened with sin, All mer - cies of - fers prove.
He pleads to - day? why still de - lay? On Him your hopes de - pend.
Come to the feast, for you pre-pared, Je - sus in-vites you "Come."

Chorus.

"Come un - to me,"..... "come un - to me,"..... Hear the
"Come un - to me," "come un - to me,"

Sav - iour's gen-tle voice; "Come un - to me,"..... "come un- to
"Come un - to me,"

me,"..... ..... Thou art my heart's dear choice.
"Come un - to me,"

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 116. ANCHORED WITHIN THE VEIL.

"An anchor of the soul."—Heb. 6: 19.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Geo. W. Lassiter.

With expression.

1. My bark is drift-ing up-on the sea, While storms are breaking up-
2. A-bout are rag-ing the threat'ning waves, Beneath are yawning the
3. Be yond earth's sorrows and fleet-ing years, Beyond earth's tri-als and

on the lea; But calm with-in my heart shall be, For I'm
wa-t'ry graves, But ev-er watching is Christ who saves; And I'm
bit-ter tears, I'll rest in heav-en se-cure from fears, For I'm

Chorus.

anchored with-in the veil. Anchored with-in the veil,..... in the veil,

Anchored with-in the veil;..... in the veil; My heart is sure, my

hope se-cure, For I'm anchored with-in the veil..... the veil.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 117. LET THEM COME.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. C. WRISTON.

1. In the sun - light and smiles of a won - der - ful face, Shines
2. When the sum - mer sun wanes and the au-tumn ev - er comes, And
3. When the low murm'ring voice in the val - ley I hear, And

:S:

bright - ly His love ev - er free, And the voice of the Mas - ter in
life seems a bur - den to be, When a - wea - ry and sad He my
shad- ows a- round me are driv'n, I shall lis - ten to hear from the

D. S.—And the voice of the Mas - ter in

FINE.

ac - cents of grace, Gives a wel - come to you and to me.
heart mak - eth glad, 'Mong the fair He's the fair - est to me.
arch - es on high, A sweet wel - come to home, rest and heav'n.

ac - cents of grace, Gives a wel - come to you and to me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Let them come un-to me, Let the wea-ry ones come unto me,
Let them come un-to me,

Copyright, 1907, by H. C. Wriston.

No. 118. BE SOWING.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Be sow - ing the seed at the break of the morning, Pre- par - ing the
2. Be sow - ing the seed till the shades of the ev'n-ing Pro-claim to the
3. Be sow - ing the seed for sure is the har-vest, And they that went

field with your play'rs. The prospects seem dreary, the ground rough and stony,
wea- ry one rest, The dew of God's blessing re-fresh-eth the sowing,
sow-ing in tears, Shall come with rejoic-ing for joy at the harvest,

CHORUS.

Some wheat will spring up by the tares.
And work of the toil - er is blest.
From fields that seem'd fruitless for years.

Be sow-ing,..... be
Be sow-ing the seed, be

sow - ing,..... Rich grain to the har - vest will come Be
sow - ing the seed,

sow-ing,..... be sow-ing,..... And welcome the call harvest home.
sow-ing the seed, be sowing the seed,

No. 119. I HAVE A GUIDE.

S. W. B. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. I have a Guide..... who's good and true,.....
2. He takes my hand..... with - in His own,.....
3. A source of light..... He is to me,.....

1. I have a Guide who's good and true,

Who leads me all..... my jour - ney through,.....
And holds it with..... a love un - known;.....
A guid - ing star..... where-e'er I be,.....

Who leads me all my jour-ney through,

:S:

And bears me up when prone to
And bears me up..... when prone to fall;.....
His touch di - vine..... makes glad the way,.....
Il - lum - in - ing..... my path - way home,.....

D.S.—And lifts the clouds..... of dread and pall;.....

D.S.—And lifts the clouds of dread and

FINE.

fall; 'Tis lov - ing Je - sus,
..... 'Tis lov - ing Je - - - - sus, Lord of all.....
..... As on I press..... from day to day.....
..... Where sins of earth..... can nev - er come...

pall; 'Tis bless - ed Je - - - - sus, Lord of all.....

'Tis bless - ed Je - sus,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

I HAVE A GUIDE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I have a guide,..... a ten - der guide,..... I have a Guide a ten - der Guide,

D. S.

Who keeps me near..... His lov - ing side..... Who keeps me near His lov - ing side.

No. 120. MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

GEO. P. HOTT. GEORGE S. WARE.

1. I would tell the sto - ry Of moth-er's love, E're she went to glo - ry,
2. How she toiled and suffered, Long night and day, How she oft wept o'er me,
3. Could my dearest mother Come back to me, I would show how tender

D. S.—Mem'ry has no pict - ure,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Blest home a - bove.
Ceased not to pray.
My love could be.
} Mother's love, my mother's love, Boundless as the sea;

More dear to me.

No. 121. BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. RICHARD T. WARE.

1. There's a war wag - ing strong, 'Tween the right and the wrong,
2. Take His word as your shield, To the foe nev - er yield,
3. Sa - tan's hosts o - ver - ride, With our brave, strong and tried,

Will you help on the side of right? You are need - ed to-day,
Strike a blow for the cause we love; With a true stead - y aim,
Cour - age great God will lend to endue, Vic - to - ry to His own,

In the heat of the fray, Join and urge on the ho - ly fight.
Bring our ranks might- y fame, Look-ing ev - er to Him a - bove.
He will give from His throne, If we fol - low our Cap - tain true.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching on, Vic - to - ry for the

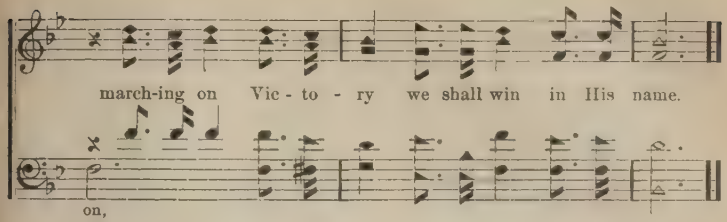
March-ing on, stead-i - ly on

right we shall claim, March-ing on,

we shall claim,

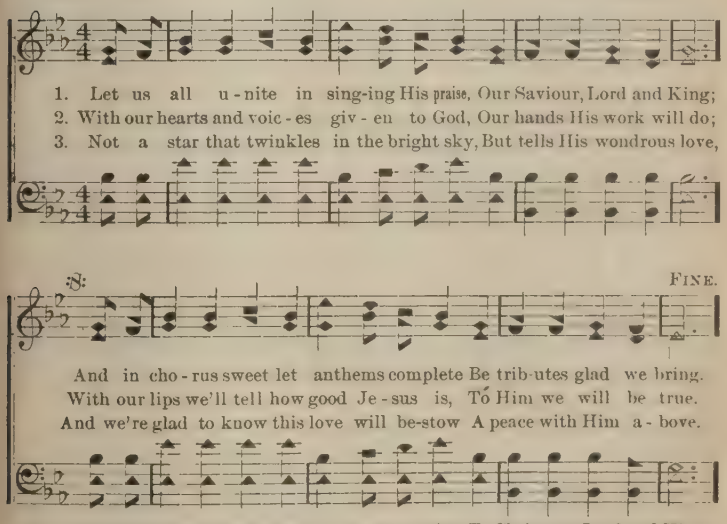
March-ing on, stead - i - ly

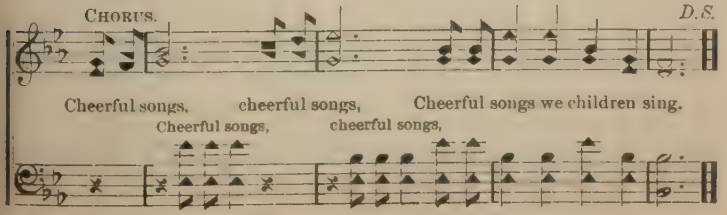
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 122. CHEERFUL SONGS.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. D. ELLZEY.





No. 123. COME AND GO WITH ME

Dedicated to the Music Teachers of South Ga.

J. C. L. J. C. LENDERMAN.

1. I am on my way to that home a - bove, Come and go with
2. Sweeter songs of praise we will ev - er sing, Come and go with
3. We will meet our friends who have gone be - fore, Come and go with
4. There will be sweet rest in that hap- py land, Come and go with

:8:

me,.....Come and go with me; To a land of light and a
me,.....Come and go with me; We will make the heav - en - ly
me,.....Come and go with me; There we'll be with Je - sus for -
me,.....Come and go with me; And we'll sing sweet songs with the

Come and go with me,

D.S.—We will be with Christ there for-

FINE.

land of love, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
arch-es ring, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
ev - er more, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.
an - gel band, Come and go with me,.....come and go with me.

come and go with me.

ev - er - more, Come and go with me, come and go with me.

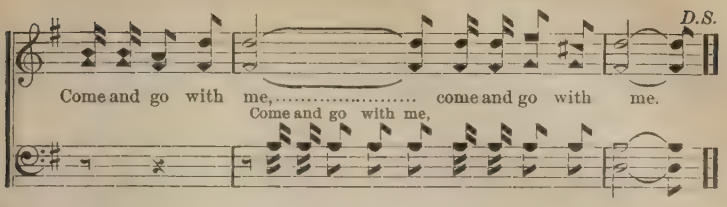
CHORUS.

Come and go with me,..... to that shining shore,.....

Come and go with me, to that shining shore,

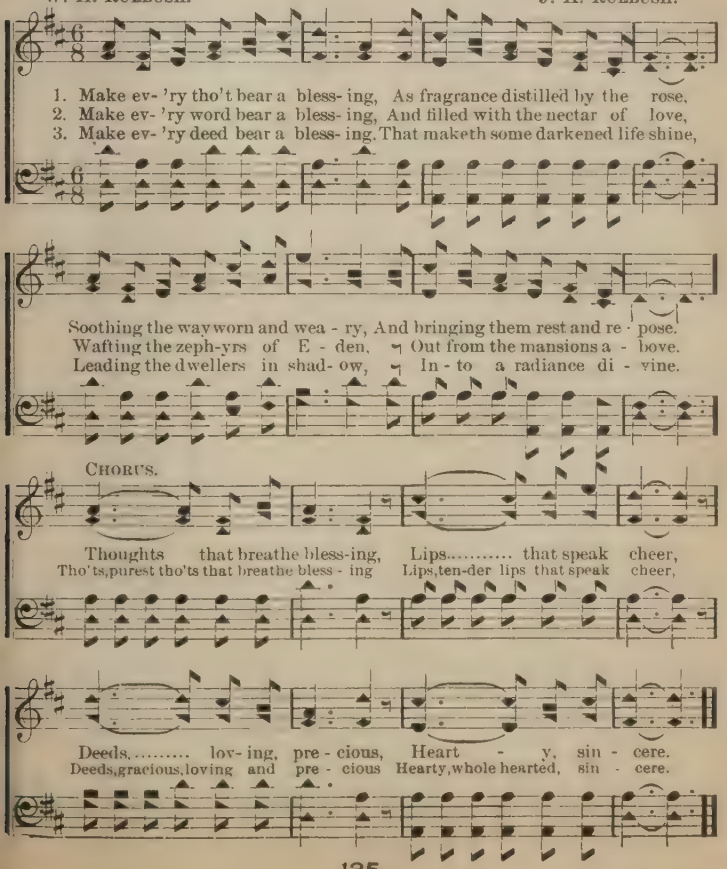
Copyright, 1907, by J. C. Lenderman.

COME AND GO WITH ME.—Concluded.



No. 124. BEAR A BLESSING.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.



No. 125. I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. D. PITTS.

1. I have found here be - low a di - vine Friend I know, Who doth
2. He sup - plies all my needs and I go where He leads, With my
3. I am hap - py and blest, lean - ing there on His breast, Ne'er mo -

guard me and keep me from all harm; He is near when I
hand in His own I doubt no more; On His word I de -
lest - ed by sin's as - sail - ing pow'r; There He whis - pers to

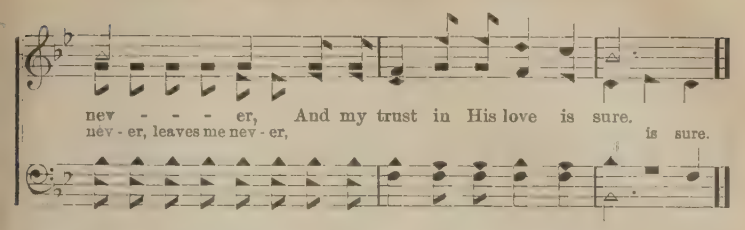
call, bears me up when I fall, And I lean hard up - on His arm.
pend and I know He'll de - fend, Thus in His keep - ing on I go.
me, and His smile I can see, While His love fills me ev - 'ry hour.

CHORUS.

Ev - er hid - - ing, naught be - ti - - ding, I am
Ev - er hid - ing, ev - er hid - ing, naught be - ti - ding, naught be - ti - ding,

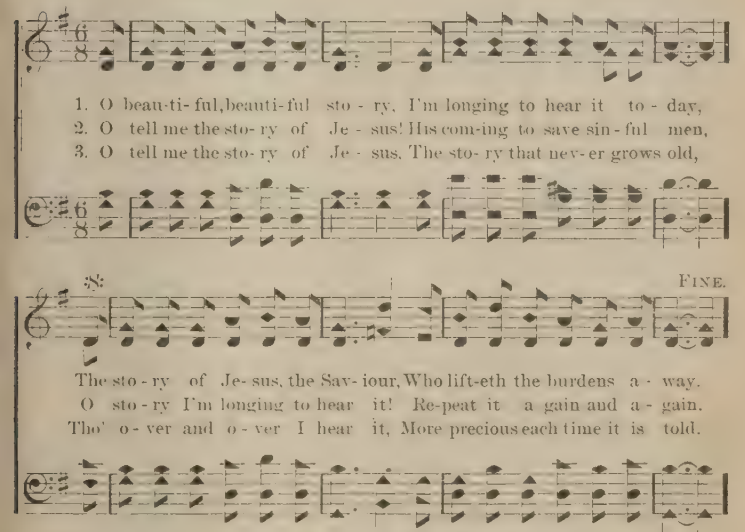
sheltered beneath His wing se - cure; Guides me ev - - er, leaves me
Guides me ev - er, guides me ev - er, leaves me

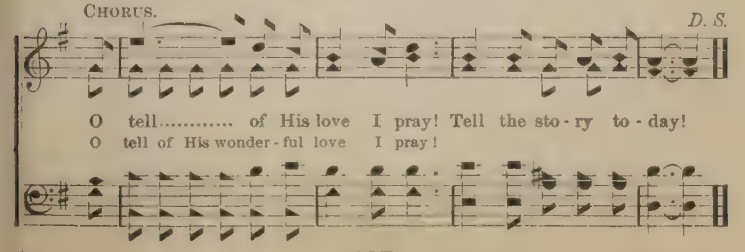
Controlled S. W. Beazley.



No. 126. BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Rev. T. C. HARPER. G. W. SMITH, Jr.





No. 127. SHOW THEM THE WAY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. MC. D. BAKER.

1. Out in the world a - way from God, Wand'ring in paths of sin,
2. Out on the mountains wild and bare, Stray - ing a - way from home;
3. Darkness is deep'ning o'er their way, Night's stormy clouds hang low;

Ma - ny are des - o - late and lone; Gath - er the lost ones in.
Hun - gry and cold they've lost their way, Dy - ing and yet they roam.
Death knells are peal - ing sol - emn - ly—Show them the way to go.

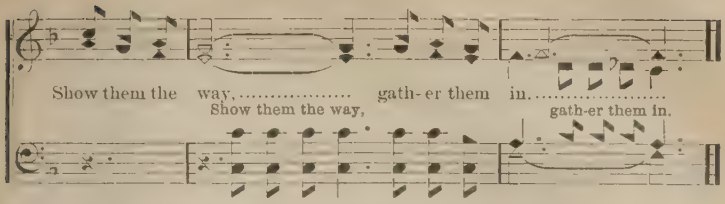
CHORUS.

Back to the fold, ... lead them in love, ...
Back to the fold, lead them in love,

Point to the crown ..... wait-ing a - bove; .....
Point to the crown wait- ing a - bove;

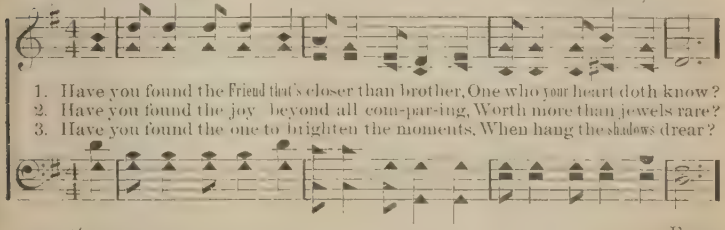
Lone-ly their hearts, ... cov-ered with sin, ...
Lone - ly their hearts, cov-ered with sin,

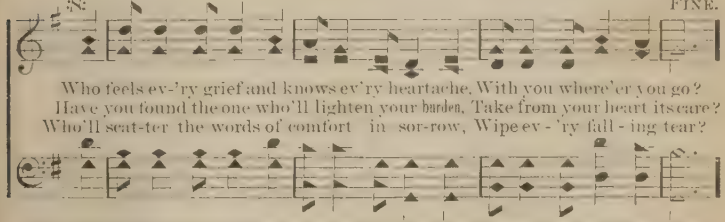
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

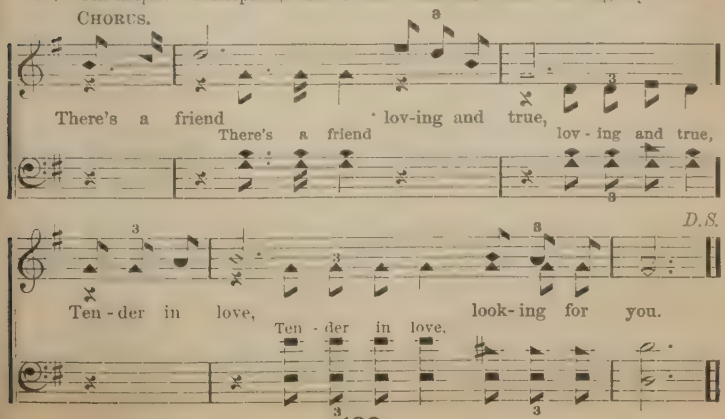


No. 128. HAVE YOU FOUND THE ONE?

Rev. T. C. Harper. G. W. Smith, Jr.







No. 129. ARE YOU WORKING?

W. L. S. WALTER L. SANDS.

1. Are you do - ing your best for the Mas - ter? Are you working in His
2. When He comes to re- ward all His work - ers, All the gladness of the
3. Let us an - swer the call of the Mas - ter Let us la - bor till the

vineyard faithful-ly? Are you pointing the lost to the Sav- iour? Are you
blessed you shall know, If you've been in His vineyard a work - er, If with
set-ting of the sun, Then when life's weary tri- als are end - ed, We'll re-

CHORUS.

serv -ing Him with lov - ing loy - al - ty.
glad-ness you have served Him here be - low.
ceive a great re - ward for what we've done.

Are you work - ing

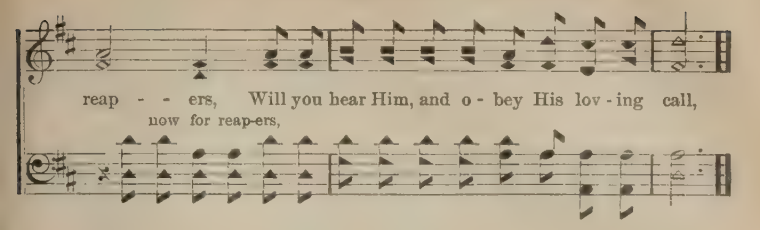
Are you work-ing

in His vine - yard? Will He find you when the shades of ev - 'ning

In His vine-yard?

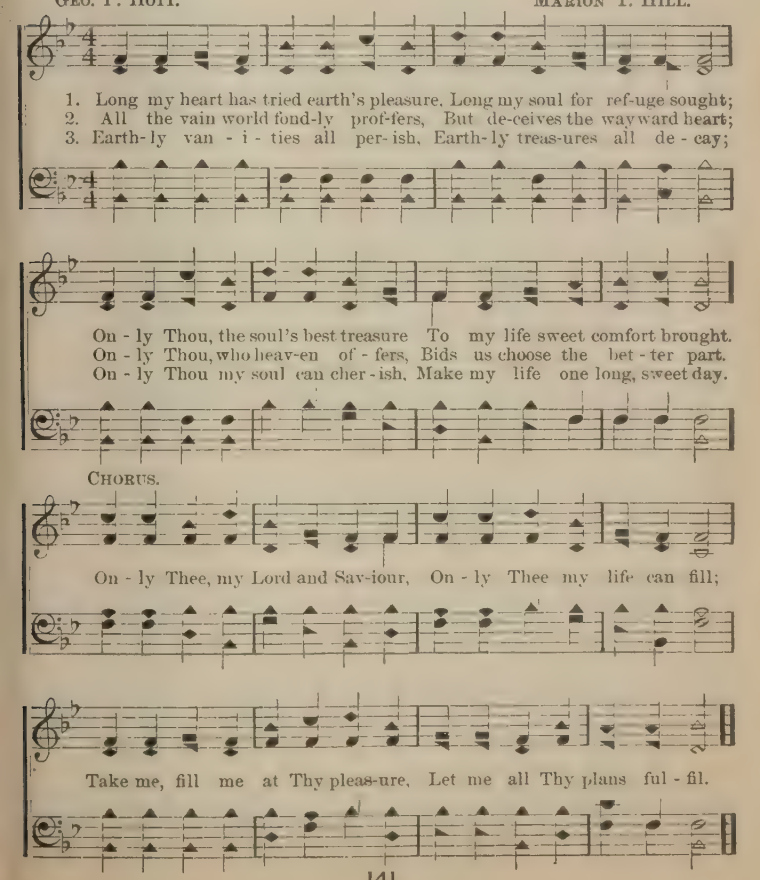
fall, He is call - - ing now for

He is call - ing now for reap - ers,



No. 130. ONLY THEE.

GEO. P. HOTT. MARION T. HILL.



No. 131. BY THE GATES.

Mrs. E. Greer Floyd. N. M. Cordell.

1. When life is o - ver And its wea - ry day is done, Then shall we
2. Here we are long-ing For the day of rest to come, When we shall
3. Soon shall we join them O- ver on that shining shore, Where death and

gath - er, Round the Father's throne. There the great Redeem - er, With our
greet them, In the soul's bright home. Greet the bless - ed Sav-iour And the
part - ing There shall be no more There we'll joyf'ly wan-der In the

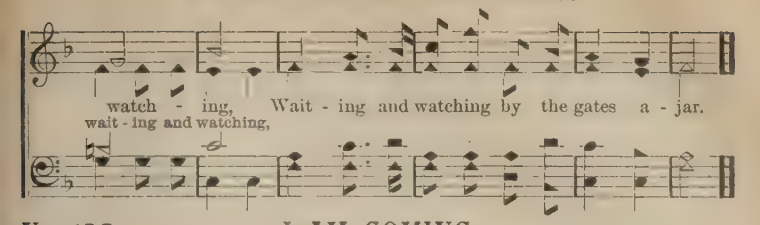
loved ones gone be-fore, Waits to bid us wel-come, On the oth- er shore.
ransomed waiting there, Freed from ev - 'ry sor- row, Safe from ev- 'ry care.
peaceful, heav'nly ways, Sing-ing praise to Je - sus Thro' bright endless days.

Chorus.

Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Wait - ing and
Wait - ing and watch-ing by the gates a - jar!

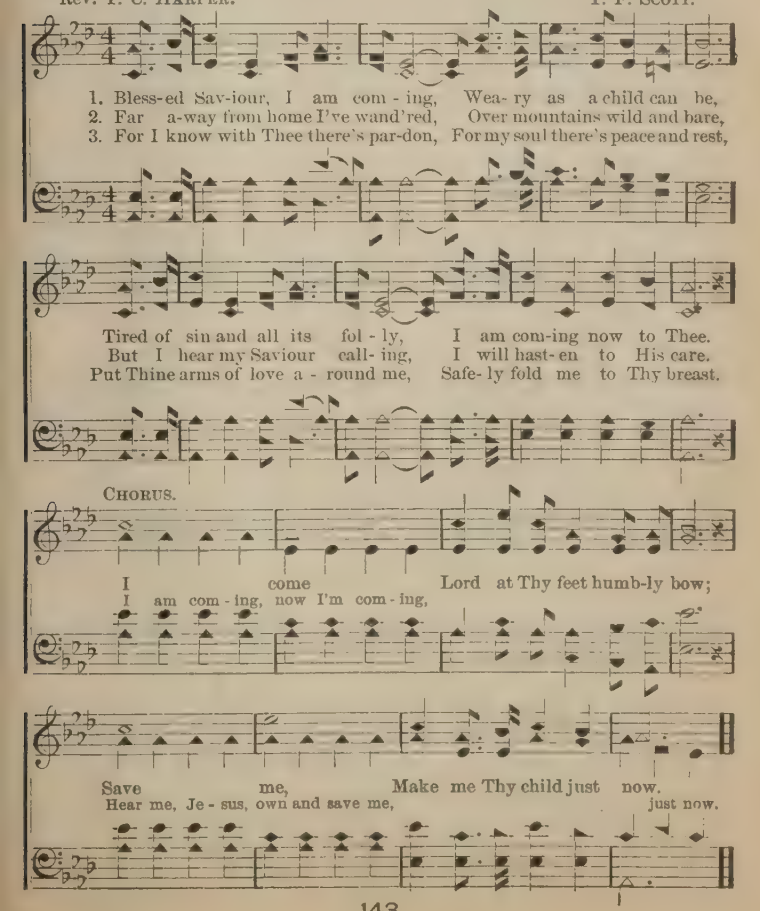
watching, now they call us from a - far! Wait - - ing and
Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



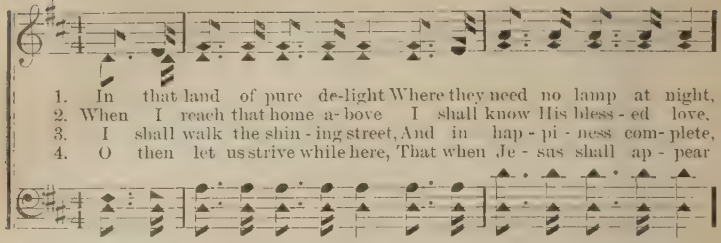
No. 132. I AM COMING.

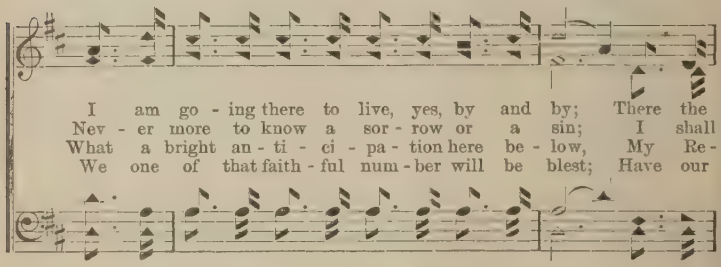
Rev. T. C. Harper. T. F. Scott.

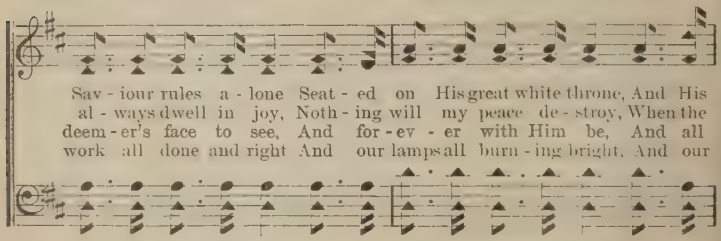


No. 133. A HOME ABOVE.

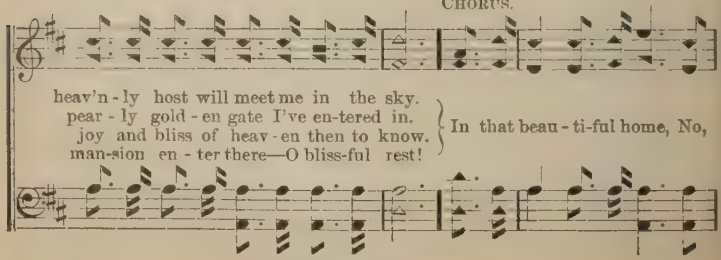
MILT. ADDISON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.





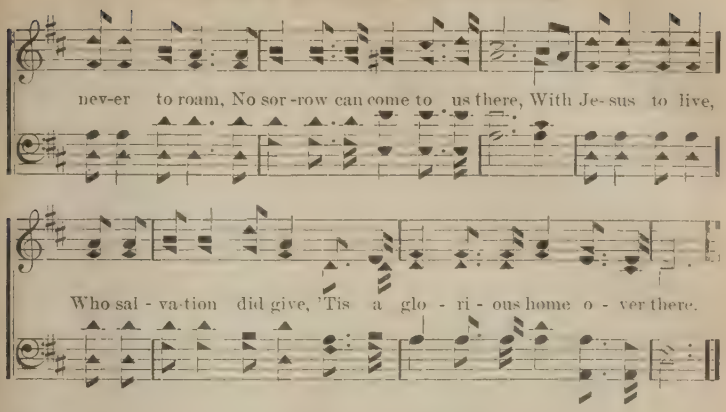


CHORUS.



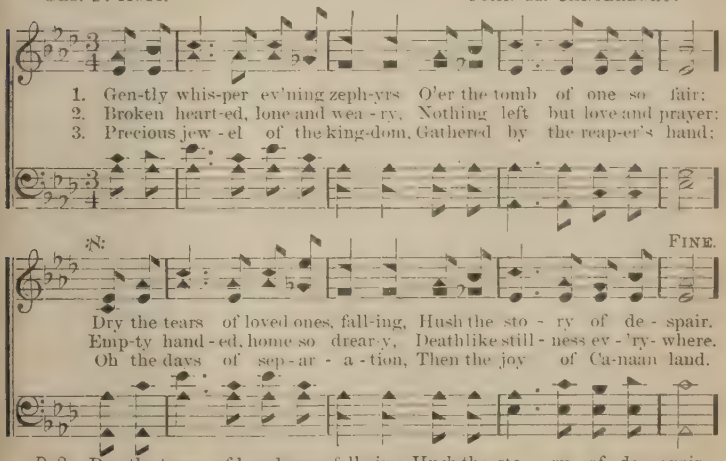
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

A HOME ABOVE.—Concluded.



No. 134. BROKEN HEARTED.

GEO. P. HOTT. JOHN M. CANTERBURY.



No. 135. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. N. L. Robertson. H. P. Blackwell.

1. When storms a- rise and tempests blow, Je- sus can give you rest;
2. When wea - ry on life's toilsome road, Je- sus can give you rest;
3. When age comes on with trembling steps, Je- sus can give you rest;

When thun- ders roll and lightnings glow, Je - sus can give you rest.
When heav - y la - den with sin's load, Je - sus can give you rest.
When pleas-ures fly and tri - fles fret, Je - sus can give you rest.

The Christian has a safe re-treat, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat,
'Tis then we have a sure re- lief, It is the wondrous mercy-seat,
Yet still remains your soul to greet, The Saviour's precious mercy-seat,

There He your wea - ry soul will meet, There He will give you rest.
Where God and man can lov - ing meet, There He will give you rest.
There He will give you com - fort sweet, There He will give you rest.

Chorus.

There He will give you rest, There He will give you rest;

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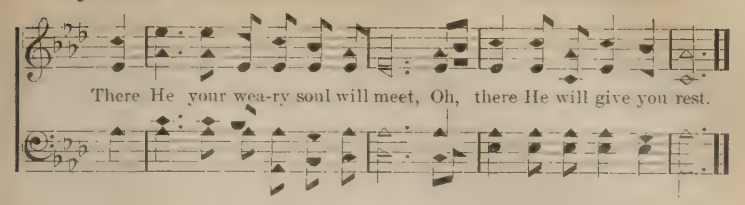
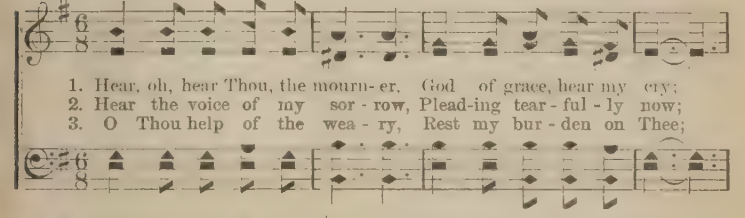
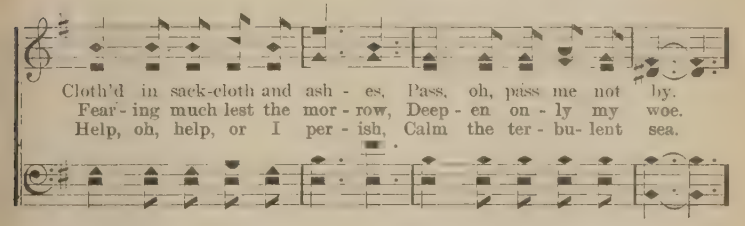


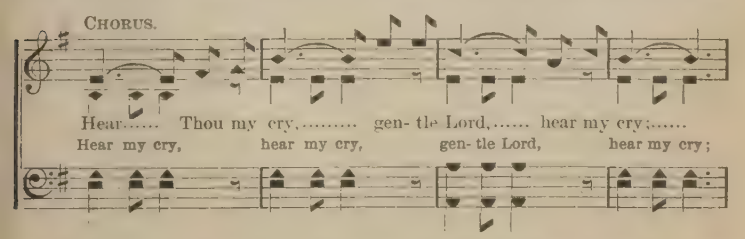
No. 136. THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

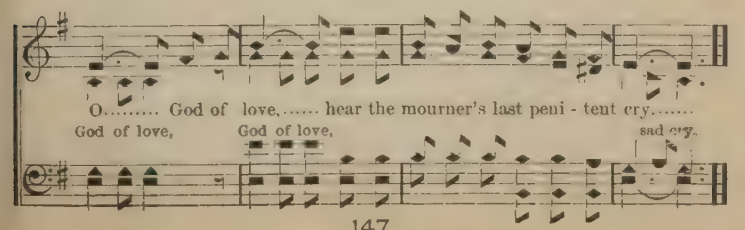
GEO. P. HOTT. R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.





CHORUS.





No. 137. HAPPY CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. P. J. Wriston.

1. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es make the sweet - est mel - o - dy,
2. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es wake the sweet - est notes of praise,
3. 'Tis the hap - py children's voic - es fill the world with sweet - est song,

For their hearts are full of cheer - ful - ness and love; All the
For the Sav - iour loves and bless - es ev - 'ry day; Hear the
Warb - ling like the birds their Mak - er's tru - est praise; Ev - er

air seems full of mu - sic and all na - ture blithe and free, And their
rich ho - san - nas ring - ing as their cheer - ful voic - es raise, How they
deep'ning and in - creas - ing as the a - ges roll a - long,—Join the

Chorus.

car - ols come like blessings from a - bove.
cheer and bless us on our up - ward way.
cho - rus and all hearts to heav - en raise.
} Hap - py children's voic - es

chant - ing mel - o - dies of praise, Hap - py children's voices, sweetest anthems

By permission.

ev - er raise, Cheer - ful hearts and voic - es sing - ing heav-en;

sweet- est lays Join the car - ols of joy to Christ our King, our King.

No. 138. GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. L. MATHEWS.

1. God our con-stant tho't shall be, Fill - ing mind and heart each hour;
2. Home, the sweetest ac - cent heard, Next to moth- er, dear to me;
3. Na - tive land, I love thee, fair, Father's home and sis - ter's love;

:S: FINE.

All our hope and com - fort He, Constant source of life and pow'r.
Home, the type of heav'n on earth, Home and heav'n a - like should be.
Ev - er thou shalt have my pray'r, Ev - er point my heart a - bove.

D.S.—Peace and plen - ty here a - bound, Earth and heav'n, His will ful - fill.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

God and home and na - tive land, All my soul with rap-tures thrill;

No. 139. I NEED THEE ALL THE TIME.

G. W. L. GEO. W. LASSITER.

1. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Thou shalt
2. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, When the
3. Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Be Thou

be my Guard and Guide the whole day long. I am naught without Thy
temp-ter seeks, my path-way to be-guile. Give me strength dear Lord to
near me when there's woe a-long my way. Give me grace to scat-ter

kind and lov-ing fa-vor, Thou canst help me when I'm tempted to do wrong.
shel-ter in Thy fa-vor, And to turn a-way from e-vil all the while.
sunshine now and ev-er, Help me Lord and give me pow'r from day to day.

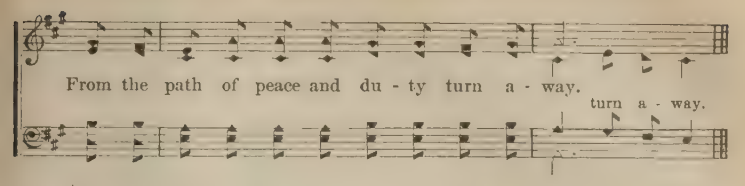
CHORUS.

Oh, I need Thee all the time, my bless-ed Sav-iour.

Be Thou with me Lord in all I do or say.

do or say.

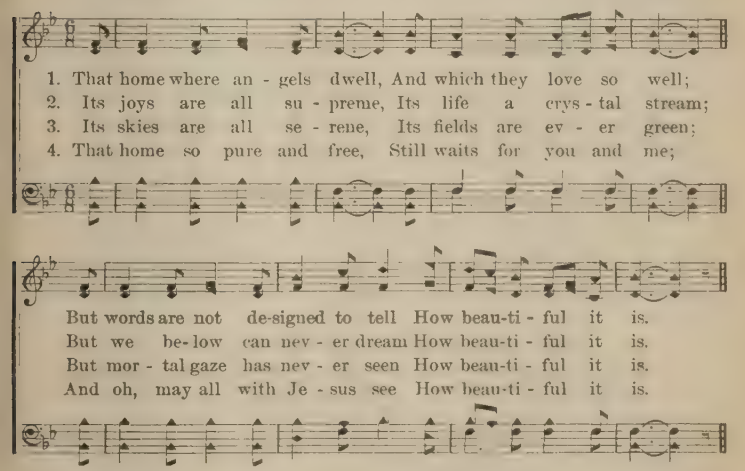
Guide my foot-steps and for-bid that I should ev-er

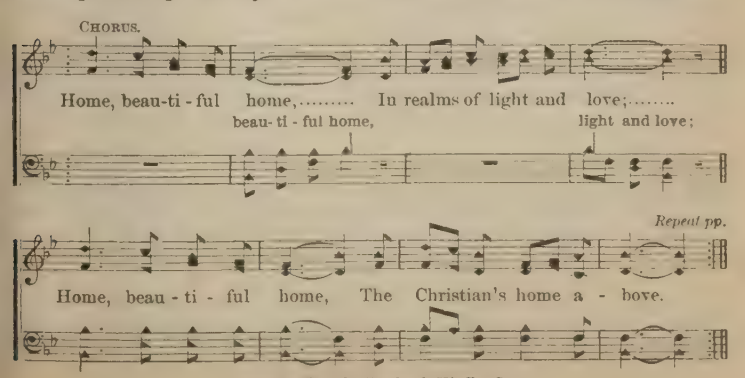


No. 140. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"Which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. 2: 7.

E. A. BARNES. J. H. HALL.





No. 141. COME KNEELING DOWN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Burdened heart with sin af-flict- ed, Be of cheer for Je-sus lives, Lives your
2. See His proffered hands extended, Do not pierce them o'er anew; Turn your
3. Cast your sins up - on the Sav-iour, He will not re-ject your plea, He will

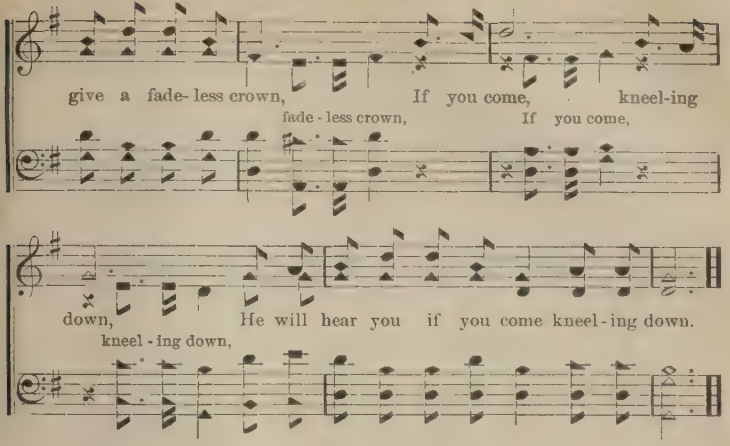
lost and sink-ing spir - it to re- lieve; Ask Him for His gen- tle peace,
face and see Him sym- pa - thiz- ing stand, Waiting for you now to yield,
save you from the death that nev - er dies; He will fold you to His breast,

He will give your soul release, If you come up - on your knees He will receive.
Waiting your lone soul to shield, Waiting loving- ly- to take your weary hand.
Give your weary soul sweet rest, And will take you to your mansion in the skies.

CHORUS.

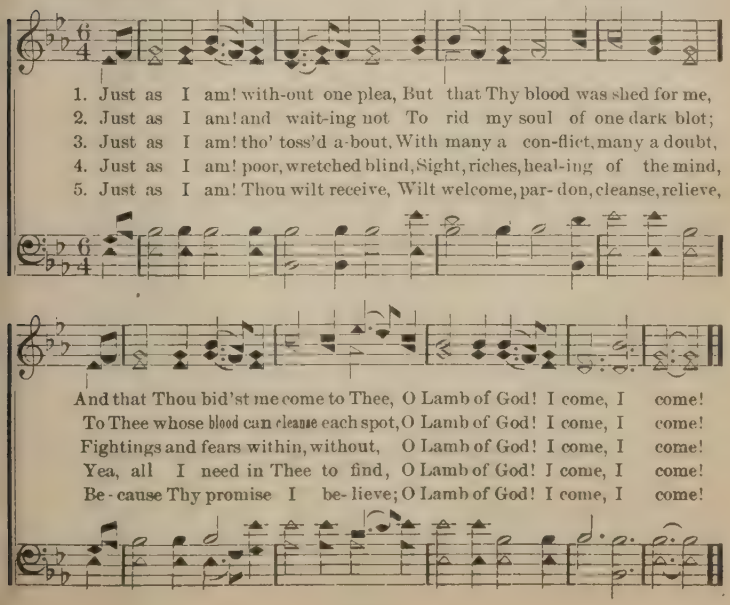
If you come, kneel-ing down, He'll re- ceive you and will
If you come, kneel-ing down,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



No. 142. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



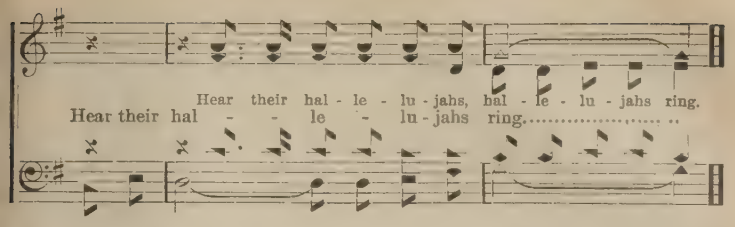
No. 143. GOD IS LOVE.

G. W. L. G. W. LASSITER.

1. God is love.....and love is pow-er, That can save..... a sin-ful soul; God in love..... exceeds all oth-er, Safe-ly shel - ter in His fold.
2. Love is first.....among God's jewels, To be per - fect is to love; Je-sus suf - fered death to save us, And now reigns..... in heav'n a - bove.
3. On - ly love.....can ev - er save us—Bring sal - va - tion to the soul; Precious love,..... the love of Je - sus, Makes the wretch - ed sin-ner whole.

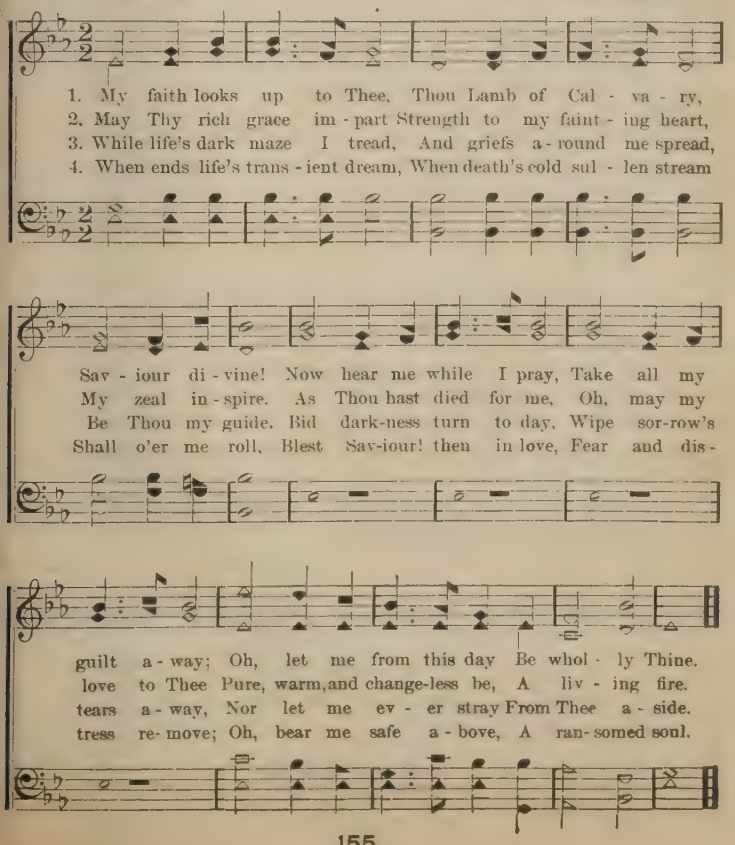
CHORUS.

God is love and love is heav - en, God is love,..... and love is heav - en, Where the an - gels sweet - ly sing, yes, sweet - ly sing, Where the an - - gels sweet-ly sing,..... Peace, good-will to men is giv - en..... Peace, good - will..... to men is giv - en,.....



No. 144. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 145. BENEATH THE TREES OF HEALING.

Rev. 22: 2.

JENNIE WILSON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing where waves of crys - tal glide,
2. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing where none can e'er mo - lest,
3. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing un - fad - ing flow - ers bloom,
4. Be - neath the trees of heal - ing float songs of sweet - est joy,

Our Sav-iour's like-ness bear - ing we shall be sat - is - fied;
Be - yond our time of toil - ing will come e - ter - nal rest;
And on ce - les - tial breez - es ex - hale their rich per - fume;
Tri- umph-ant strains of rap - ture that nev - er knows al - loy;

With ev - 'ry sor - row o - ver, where earth - ly tri - als cease,
No more will tem- pests gath - er to break that per - fect calm,
Their beau - ty ne'er is blight - ed by an - y chill - ing breath,
To us it shall be giv - en if here we faith - ful prove,

Un - to our long - ing spir - its is prom - ised end - less peace.
And there each grief and heart - ache will find a ho - ly balm.
For by those liv - ing wa - ters is felt no touch of death.
To join there in the cho - rus of vic - to - ry and love.

CHORUS.

Fair trees that God has plant - ed by life's re- fresh- ing stream,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

How wel-come to the wea - ry Thy shade di-vine will seem!

O trees that heal the na - tion of all their woe and pain,

At last thro' faith in Je - sus thy bless- ing we shall gain.

No. 146. MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT — From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet,
6. Since from Thy bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,

His head with ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
For me He bore the sin - ful cross, And car- ried all my grief.
He makes me tri-umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys com - plete.
Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 147. RETURNING HOME.

"He calleth together his friends."—Luke 15 : 6.

H. P. B. H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. Wand'ring far..... from home and heav'n,
2. Soon the dear..... ones we will meet
3. Sin - ner, now..... the Sav - iour calls

Wand-'ring far from home and heav'n,

I was found by His love; I was
In our home far a - way, And their
To a home up on high, And with

I was found by His love;

peace..... and par - don giv'n, I was saved
friend - ship we will greet Some sweet day,
Him..... we ev - er dwell In that home

I was peace and pardon giv'n,

CHORUS.

through His blood.
some sweet day. } Some bright day, some bright
by and by.

through His blood. Some bright day,

Copyright, 1907, by H. P. Blackwell.

RETURNING HOME.—Concluded.

day, When the shad - ows of earth fade a -
some bright day,

way; In the light of His
fade a - way; In the light

love, With our friends we will meet some bright day.
of His love,

No. 148. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 149. WE WILL GATHER YONDER.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. When the clouds that hov-er ov-er, And the mists have cleared a-way,
2. Just a lit-tle while we're waiting For the mes-sen-ger to come,

And the sun in all its beau-ty Ush-ers in the hap-py day;
With the Mas-ter's bless-ed ti-dings, Bid-ding us to hur-ry home;

And we leave be-hind the sor-rows That our hearts have burdened here;
Just a lit-tle while we lin-ger In the qui-et of the shore,

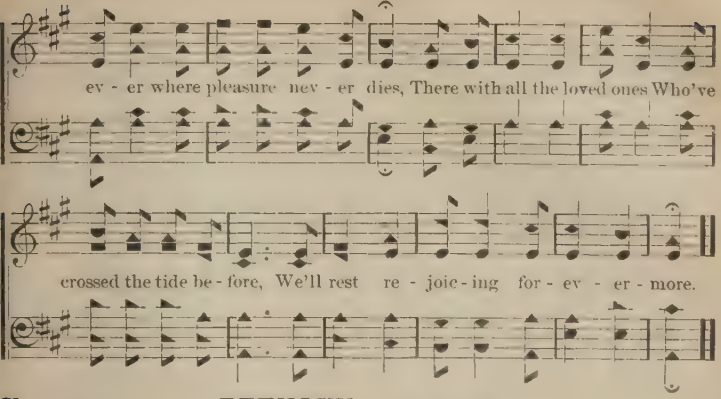
In the brightness of His glo-ry, In His pres-ence we'll ap-pear.
As we list-en to the mu-sic Of the boat-man com-ing o'er.

CHORUS.

We will gath-er yon-der be-yond the star-lit skies, And sing for-

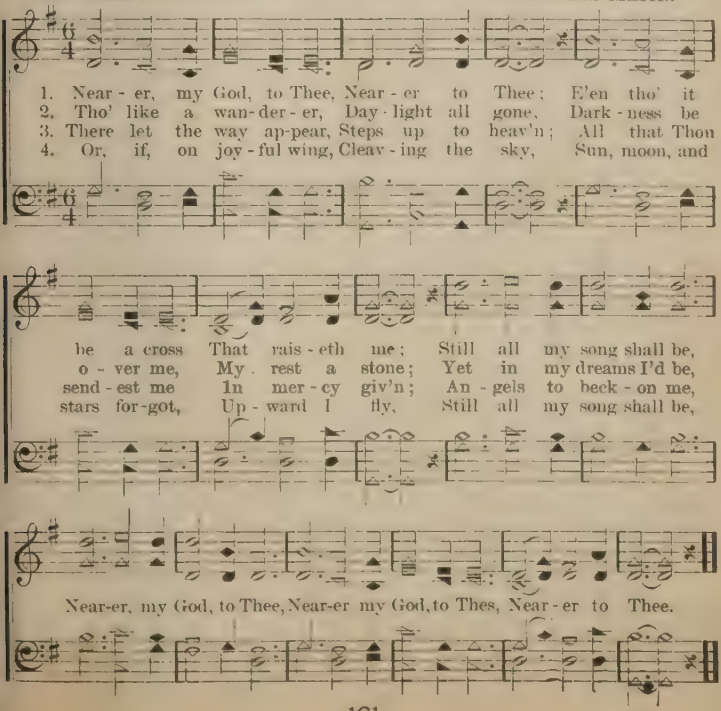
Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

WE WILL GATHER YONDER.—Concluded.



No. 150. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 151. AT THY DOOR.

J. N. FRIES. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. See the Sav- iour meek-ly stand-ing At thy thresh-old night and day;
2. Hear the Sav- iour gen - tly call - ing To the souls with sin oppress'd:
3. Hear the bless - ed Sav- iour say - ing, "Son, re- pent, give Me thine heart!

Hear Him gen - tly rap- ping, rap- ping, Hear His plead- ing, hear Him say:
"Come to Me, ye heav - y - la - den, Come, and I will give you rest.
Turn thee, turn thee from thy stray-ing, From the paths of sin de- part!

"At thy door- way I am knocking For ad - mit-tance full and free;
Take My eas - y yoke up - on you, Bear My bur - den, learn of Me;
And to thee I'll be a faith- ful Friend, and Comfort - er, and Guide;

If thou hear My voice, and o - pen, I'll come in, and sup with thee."
And to you I'll give re-fresh-ing Strength, and pow'r, and vic-to - ry."
I'll go with thee thro' the Val- ley, To thy home be-yond the tide."

CHORUS.

Knock - - ing, ev - er knock - - ing, Wait - ing
knock- ing, ev - er knock- ing, knock-ing, knock- ing, ev - er knock- ing.

By per. of Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

at thy o - pen door; O - -
knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing, O - pen, quick - ly

pen, quick-ly o - - pen, Lest the Sav - iour knock no more.
o - pen, o - pen, o - pen, quickly o - pen,

No. 152. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di vine im - plore.
Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bove.

No. 153. HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE WITH GOD.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Geo. W. Lassiter.

1. Oh, how beau - ti - ful to be with my Cre - a - tor, And the won-ders of His skill - ful hand to see; How the mountains rise and call, and list'ning val - leys Ech - o back the tones so sweet, so lov - ing - ly.

2. Oh, how beau - ti - ful to be with Christ my Sav - iour, As I jour - ney on to feel Him ev - er near; Oh, how sweet to lay on Him my ev - 'ry bur - den, And to feel the per-fect love that casts out fear.

3. Oh, how sweet to be at home with Him for - ev - er, Ev - 'ry rough and rug - ged path - way safe - ly trod; From my heart there's none His love can ev - er sev - er, Oh, how beau-ti - ful it is to be with God.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful har - mo - ny, beau - ti - ful char - i - ty, Look - ing up in faith while 'neath the chast'ning rod; And be - chast'ning rod;

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hold - ing in His face sweet - est ev - i - dence of grace,

Sing, how beau - ti - ful it is to be with God.

to be with God.

No. 154. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar.

D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.— May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o- bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning to Thy breast,

No. 155. "ENTER YE IN AT THE STRAIGHT GATE."

G. Luke 13: 24. GEO. W. LASSITER.

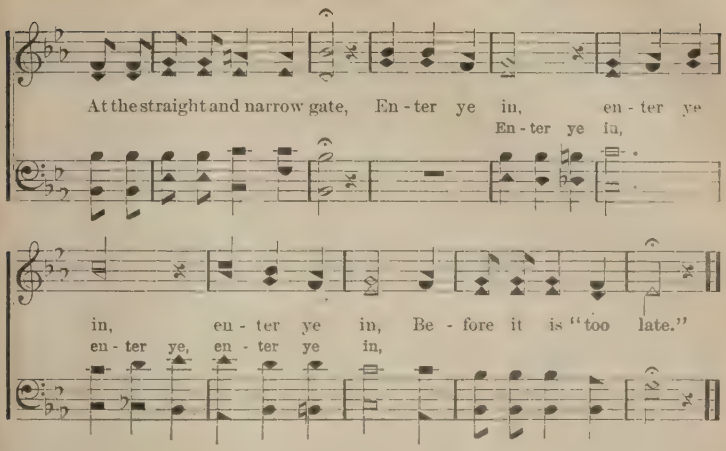
1. En - ter ye in at the straight and narrow gate, Haste, ere you fal - ter and meet e - ter - nal fate, Je - sus our Sav - iour is standing there to - day, Read- y to help you to walk the narrow way.

2. Life's road seems broad now as here we walk be - low, While on in sin and darkness we may go, Oh! there's a way that is more se-rene than this, Leading the wand'rer at last to joy and bliss.

3. Strive now to en - ter the pearl- y gates of God, Walk- ing in foot - steps the bless-ed Mas - ter trod, Ma - ny will seek then, but fail to en - ter in, If they neg-lect the pardon of their sins.

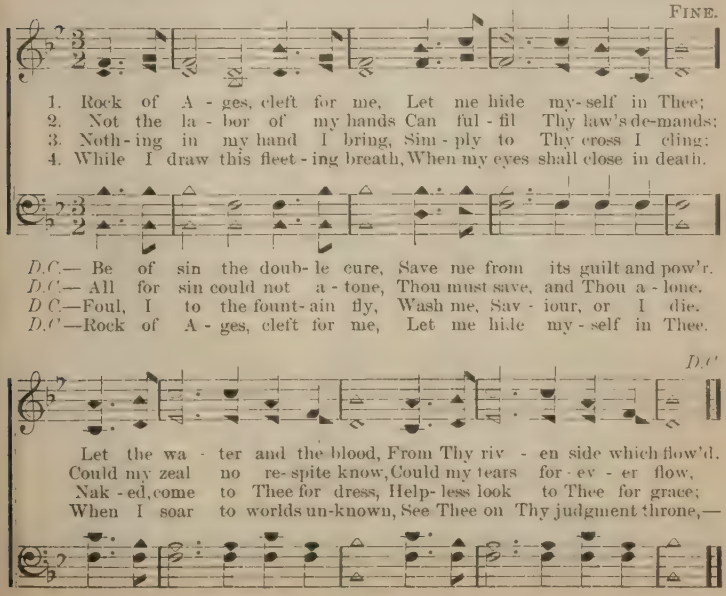
CHORUS.

En - ter ye in, en - ter ye in, en - ter ye in,
En - ter ye in, en - ter ye, en - ter ye in,



No. 156. TOPLADY. 7s.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 157. GOD IS LOVE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. God is love! God is love! God is love! Earth and heav - en speak the
2. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Lit - tle children, learn His
3. God is love! God is love! God is love! Thus the hap - py an - gels

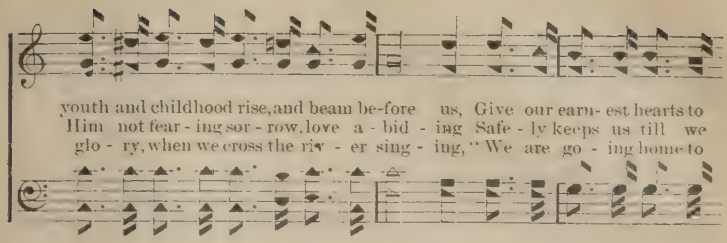
welcome ti-dings true, Glo - ry fills the skies, soft- ly earth replies, May not
ho - ly name to praise, For the vict'ry won by His glorious Son, For the
tune their harps of gold, We are small and few, yet we love Him too, Children's

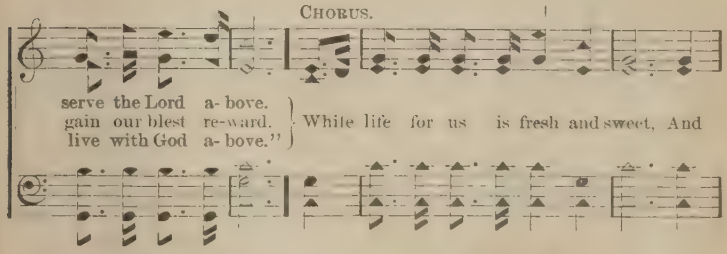
chil-dren sing-ing, love Him, praise Him too? Let us join in a joy - ful,
precious, endless love, that crowns our days. In His name we go on-ward,
an-gels shall their Father's face be- hold. Let us join in the ho - ly

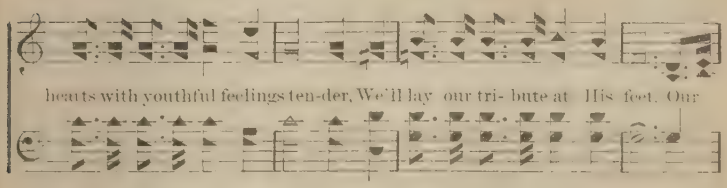
joy-ful cho - rus, For lov- ing kindness ev - er watch-es o'er us, And while
still con - fi - ding, His mer- cy, thro' unnumbered dangers guid- ing, And with
cho- rus, ring- ing, To Je - sus name, our glad de-vo-tion bring- ing, To Him

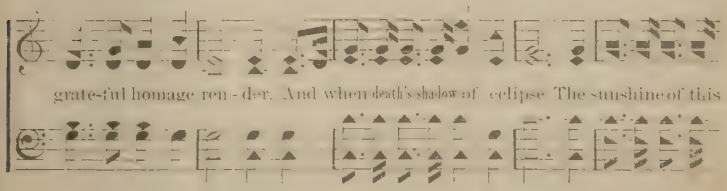
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

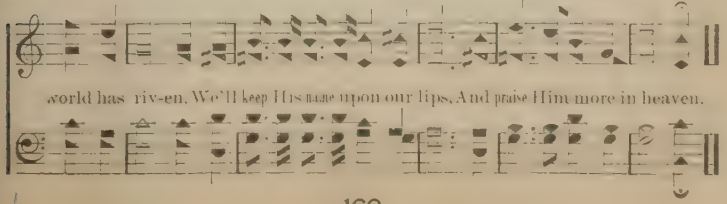
GOD IS LOVE.—Concluded.











No. 158. IN THE SONG AND THE SHOUT.

S. W. Cope. Samuel W. Beazley.

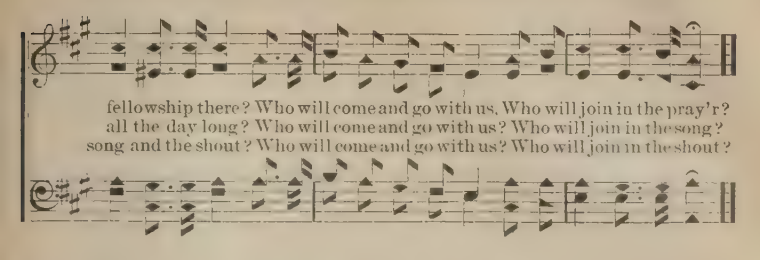
1. In the day of sal - va - tion, I will call on the Lord, Who is
2. O Thou pre- cious Re-deem- er, Thou art wor - thy our song; We will
3. For the right we are battling, And the con-quest shall win; With the

full of compassion, Who is true to His word: With His peo-ple all
give Thee all glo - ry, Sing-ing all the day long: In our songs of thanks-
shout of sal- va-tion, Wash'd and cleans'd from all sin: Oh, the glad day is

kneel-ing, I will join in the pray'r; In their serv - ice so pleasing,
giv - ing, We will tell of Thy love, And will sing with the an- gels,
com - ing, When the wea - ry *en- route*, Shall cross o - ver the Jor-dan

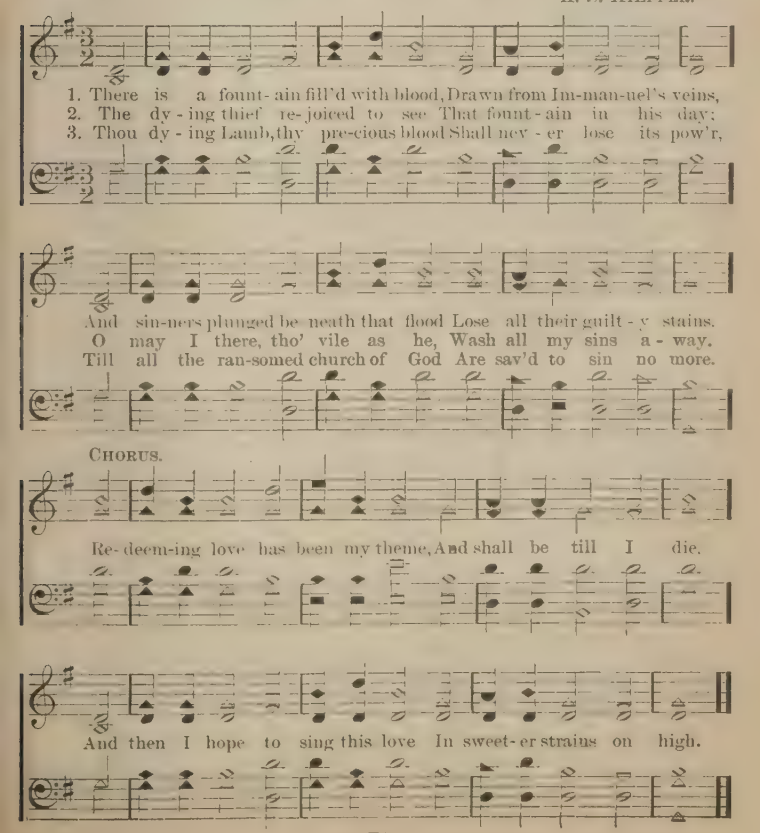
Refrain.

In the fel - low-ship there! Who will join in the pray'r, In the
And the blood-wash'd a- bove. Who will join in the song, Sing-ing
With a song and a shout. Who will join us, en-route? In the



No. 159. REDEEMING LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



No. 160. HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE.

"But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

Not too fast.

1. In the res - ur - rec- tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec- tion morning, What a meet-ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec- tion morning, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,

We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come rejoicing
When our fa-thers and our mothers
Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see my bless-ed Saviour,

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see.
Who so free - ly died for me, Hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le- lu - jah!

In the res - ur - rec- tion morning, When death's prison bars are broken,

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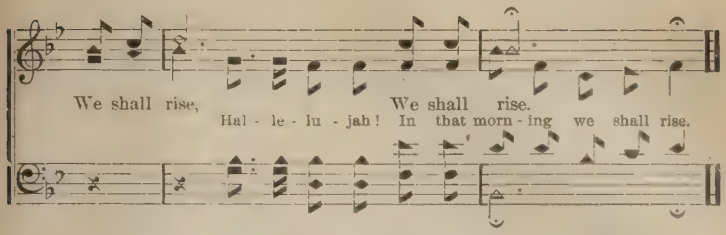
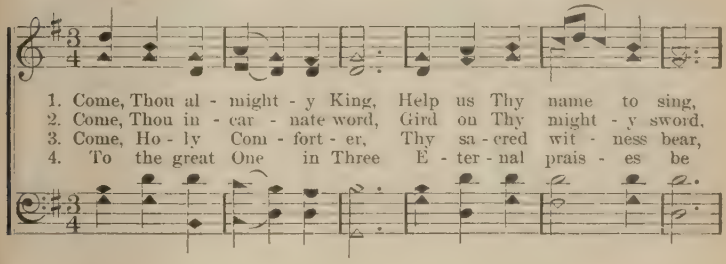
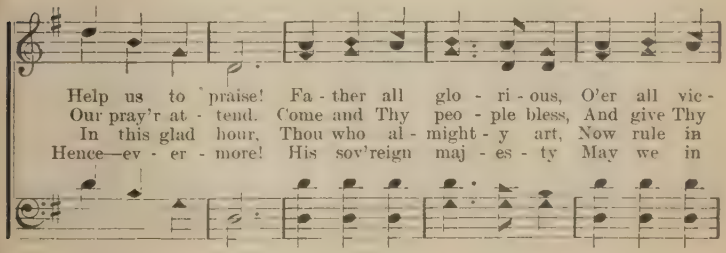
HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE.—Concluded.

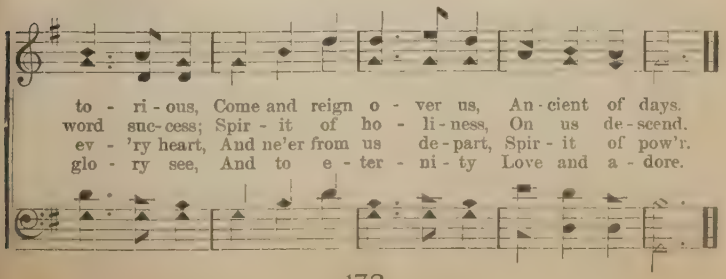


No. 161. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.







No. 162. STAR OF THE MORNING.

GEO. P. HOTT. R. SYLVESTER HUGHES.

1. O thou beau-ti - ful star so fair, so bright, So won-der-ful to be-hold,
2. O thou beau-ti - ful star of morn-ing fair, I long for thy light to guide,

With thy ra - di-ant beams the world to light, Till shining like burnished gold,
That my wan-der-ing feet may safe - ly walk A-long the sweet riv-er's side,

Let the light of thy full-ness fall on me, Till all of my life shall glow,
Till the breezes that fan the pilgrim's brow Blow soft o'er the heav'nly moor,

Like the brightness that gleams on Eden's fields, Where rivers of wa - ters flow.
And catch the white sails, and bear my barque Safe, safe to the oth - er shore.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

STAR OF THE MORNING.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Star..... of the morn-ing so love - - - ly,

Star of the morn-ing, oh, star of the morn- ing, oh, star of the morning so fair,
Star of the morn-ing so fair, star of the morning so fair.

Let thy beau - - ti- ful light shine on me;

Let thy beautiful light shine, thy beautiful light shine, thy beautiful light shine on me;
beautiful light shine on me. on me, thy beautiful light shine on me;

Fill my heart..... with ra - di- ance of glo - - ry,

Fill my heart with a ra-di-ance, heart with a ra - di-ance, heart with a ra-di-ance rare,
heart with a ra-di-ance rare, heart with a ra-di-ance rare,

Light my path - - - way thro' darkness to thee.

Light my pathway thro' darkness, my pathway thro' darkness to thee,
pathway thro' darkness to thee, thro' darkness to thee,

No. 163. HE SUFFERED FOR YOU.

GEO. P. HOTT. I. J. TUCKER.

Not too fast.

1. On Cal-va-ry's brow.... ..... the off'ring was made,.....
2. "God so loved the world,"..... the message from heaven,.....
3. The Spir-it of Grace..... is pleading to - day,.....

1. On Cal - va-ry's brow the off'ring was made.

For you and for me..... the ransom was paid;.....
Is her-ald-ed far,..... ..... the promise is given,.....
Why should you neglect,..... why lon-ger de - lay?.....

For you and for me, the ransom was paid;

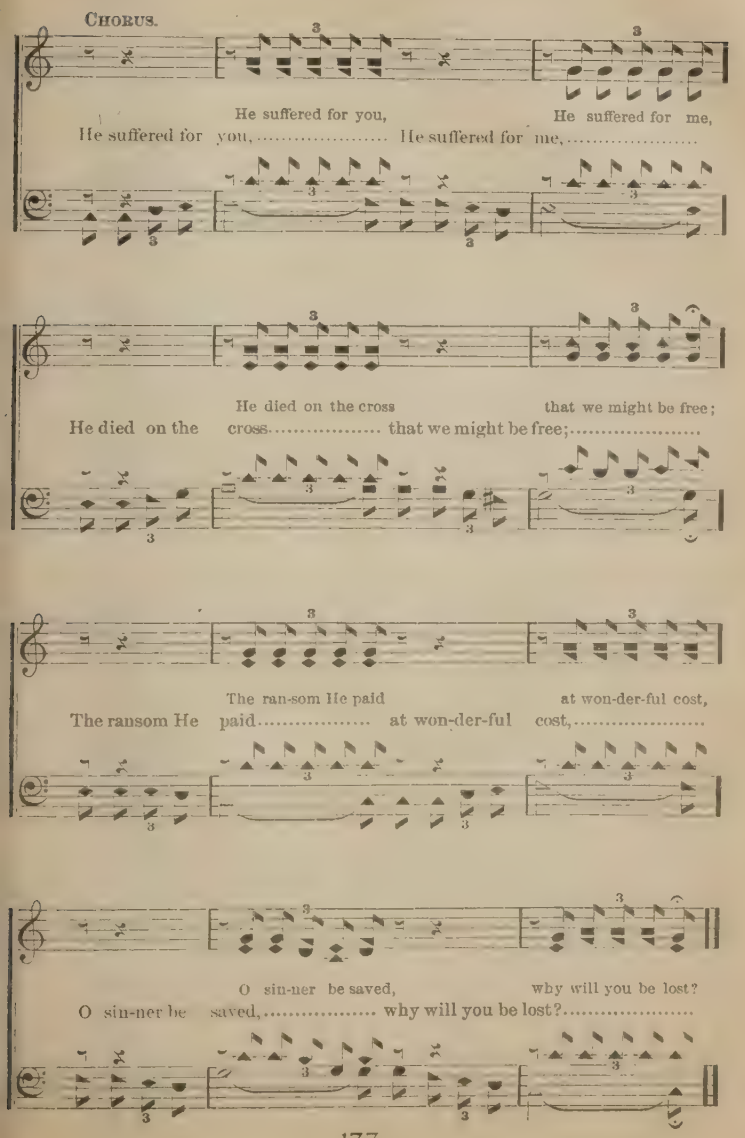
Our dear ris-en Lord..... who died on the tree,.....
Who ev - er be - lieves..... His pow-er to save,.....
Oh, come to Him now,..... your bur-den lay down;..... .....

Our dear ris - en Lord, who died on the tree,

Paid all of the cost..... to set sinners free.....
Redemption shall have.....from sin and the grave.....
He welcomes you back,..... He of-fers a crown.....

Paid all of the cost to set sin-ners free.

HE SUFFERED FOR YOU.—Concluded.



No. 164. SEEKING TO SAVE.

Rev. G. P. Hott. R. H. Brooks.

1. Seeking the lost ..... one, seeking to save, ...
2. Seeking the lost, ... yes, seeking to save, ...
3. Seeking the lost ..... with power to save, ...

1. Seek- ing the lost one, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost one, seeking to save,
2. Seek- ing the lost, yes, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost, yes, seeking to save,
3. Seek- ing the lost with pow - er to save, yes, seeking the lost with pow-er to save,

Je- sus is ev - - - - er stilling the wave; ....
Giv-ing a hope ..... no oth- er e'er gave; ....
Res- cu-ing souls ..... from sin and the grave; ....

Je - sus is ev - er stilling the wave, yes, Je - sus is ev - er stilling the wave;
Giv- ing a hope no oth - er e'er gave, yes, giv- ing a hope no oth - er e'er gave;
Res- cuing souls from sin and the grave, yes, res-cuing souls from sin and the grave;

Strength'ning our faith, ... dis-pelling our fear, ...
Filling the heart ..... with love, home and heav'n; .....
Calling a - far, ... o'er mountain and sea, ...

Strength'ning our faith, dispelling our fear, yes, strength'ning our faith, dispelling our fear,
Filling the heart with love, home and heav'n, yes, filling the heart with love, home and heav'n,
Call-ing a-far, o'er mountain and sea, yes, call-ing a- far, o'er mountain and sea,

Je- sus is stand - - - - ing patient-ly near. .....
Blessed es- tate, ... a sin-ner forgiven. .....
Je- sus is ev - - - - - er welcoming thee. .....

Je - sus is stand- ing patient - ly near, yes, Je- sus is stand- ing pa-tiently near.
Bless- ed es - tate, a sin- ner forgiven, yes, bless-ed es - tate, a sin-ner forgiven.
Je - sus is ev - er wel-com-ing thee, yes, Je- sus is ev - er welcoming thee.

SEEKING TO SAVE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Seeking the lost..... one seeking to save.....

Seek-ing the lost one, seeking to save, yes, seeking the lost one, seeking to save.

Je- sus is ev - - - - - - er seeking to save;.....

Je - sus is ev - er seek-ing to save, yes, Je - sus is ev - er seek-ing to save;

Seeking the lost,..... His life-blood He gave,.....

Seeking the lost, His life-blood He gave, yes, seeking the lost, His life-blood He gave,

Je-sus is ev - - - - - - er seeking to save.....

Je - sus is ev - er seek-ing to save, yes, Je - sus is ev - er seeking to save.

No. 165. REUNION IN HEAVEN.

Rev. G. P. Hott. N. M. Cordell.

1. There will be sweet re - un - ion in heav - en, When the part-ings of
2. We shall meet with our lov'd ones in glo - ry, And shall know them as
3. There will be sweet re - un - ion in glo - ry, Tho' long part - ed we'll

earth all are o'er; When the last fare- well to - ken is giv - en,
in days of yore; We shall rest by the banks of the riv - er,
there meet a - gain; We will grasp friend-ly hands in the king-dom,

Chorus.

We shall meet on the bright golden shore.
We shall chant songs of praise ever more.
As we sing al - le - lu - ia, a-men.

By and by, o - ver
By and by, o-ver there, by and

there, We shall meet a - gain, by and by,
by, over there We shall all meet again, We shall all meet again, by and by, we shall meet,

We shall meet, We shall meet on the bright, gold-en plain.
By and by, we shall meet,

No. 166. CHILDREN OF OUR KING.

A Children's Song.

GEO. P. HOTT. W. W. HOPKINS.

Lively.

1. We're a cheer - ful, hap - py, work-er's band, Chil-dren of our King;
2. With our ban - ners float - ing in the air, Chil-dren of our King;
3. We will work for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Chil-dren of our King;

We have giv - en Him our heart and hand, Chil- dren of our King.
With our trust in God, and answered pray'r, Chil- dren of our King.
We will walk with Him the nar - row way, Chil- dren of our King.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, Cheer-ful, hap - py hearts we ev - er bring;
We come, we come,

We come, we come, Sing-ing prais - es to our King.
We come, we come,

No. 167. SCATTERING SUNSHINE.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

SOLO. *Slow.*

1. Strive to be scat-ter-ing sunshine each day, Send forth a lov-ing word
2. Strive to be fill-ing each sad heart with song, Ma-ny the struggling ones,
3. Speed a sweet message in daylight, in dark, Ma-ny are drift-ing a-

to those who stray, Cull the sweet flow-ers sent down from a-bove,
help them be strong, Bring them a mes-sage of cheer to the heart,
way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the fal-ter-ing eye,

CHORUS.

Send on their mission, a mis-sion of love.
God knows your effort wher-ev-er thou art.
God's star of hope shineth bright in the sky.
} Scat-ter-ing sunshine, in

word and in deed, Scat-ter-ing sun-shine, this is the world's need,

Scatter-ing sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scattering sunshine each day.

No. 168. A BROTHER'S LOVE.

GEO. P. HOTT. N. M. CORDELL.

1. There are ma - ny ties bind-ing heart to heart, And ma - ny joys from
2. Heart to heart we'll trav - el the path of life, With hand in hand as
3. Do we cher - ish broth- er - ly love t'ward all? This on - ly is our

heav'n a - bove, But the Mas - ter gave us life's bet - ter part In
broth- er's go; We'll en- deav - or al - ways to ban - ish strife, Till
right to live; Hear the Mas - ter's voice, hear, oh, heed the call, Till

D.S.—broth - er's burd - ens we'll help to bear, And

FINE. CHORUS.

giv - ing us a broth - er's love.
we His love in heav - en know.
each a broth- er's love can give.
Je - sus loves us with a

trust in God to help us through.

D.S.

brother's faithful love, We should to each oth - er then be true; All our

No. 169. WHEN I AWAKE.

GEO. P. HOTT. S. G. SIMMONS.

1. When in His beau-ty I see the Great King, Joy-ful the feel-ing the
2. Aft-er the tri-als of life are all o'er, Aft-er the shadows of
3. Oh, what a joy in the cit-y of gold, Ransom'd for-ev-er and

vis-ion will bring; I shall be sat-is-fied, sor-rows all past,
life's far-ther shore, Aft-er the storm and the tem-pest is past,
safe in the fold; All that could harm and mo-lest ev-er past,

CHORUS.

When I a-wake in His likeness at last.
I shall a-wake in His likeness at last.
When I a-wake in His likeness at last.
} When I awake from the

por-tals so nar-row, Je-sus, my Saviour I'll see; Breathing the

life of the sweet-est to-mor-row, Hap-py for-ev-er I'll be.

No. 170. MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

GEO. P. HOTT. H. D. ELLZEY.

Not too fast.

1. Childhood's sacred moments ech - o a - gain, Bringing hap-py mem'ries,
2. At life's ear- ly twi-light moth-er and home, Filled my life with sunshine.
3. Ne'er can I for - get the ten-der good-bye, That my mother gave me,

a sweet re - frain; Ma - ny hours of pleas- ure, hap - py and free,
grieved lest I roam; Sought to bless and cheer me long life's dark way,
look-ing on high; Oh, the years of wait- ing, toil - ing and pain,

REFRAIN.

But of all mem'ries these come to me:
Off'ring pray'r to heav-en all night and day. } Mother, mother,
But I soon shall see my moth- er a - gain.

home and heav'n, Moth-er, moth-er. home and heav'n.

No. 171. HAPPY VOICES.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. L. MATHEWS.

Lively.

1. Hap-py, hap-py, happy voic-es ring, Prais-es, prais-es to our Saviour bring;
2. Joy-ful, joy-ful, joyful hearts will be, Sing-ing, singing, winsome, blithe and free;
3. Lit-tle children love His praise to tell, Helping Him who doeth all things well;

We will love Him and we'll ev-er sing Songs of praise un-to our King.
Je-sus Sav-iour, I Thy joy would share, Scattering sunshine ev'ry where.
Hear their hap-py, hap-py voic-es ring, Un-to Him our Lord and King.

CHORUS.

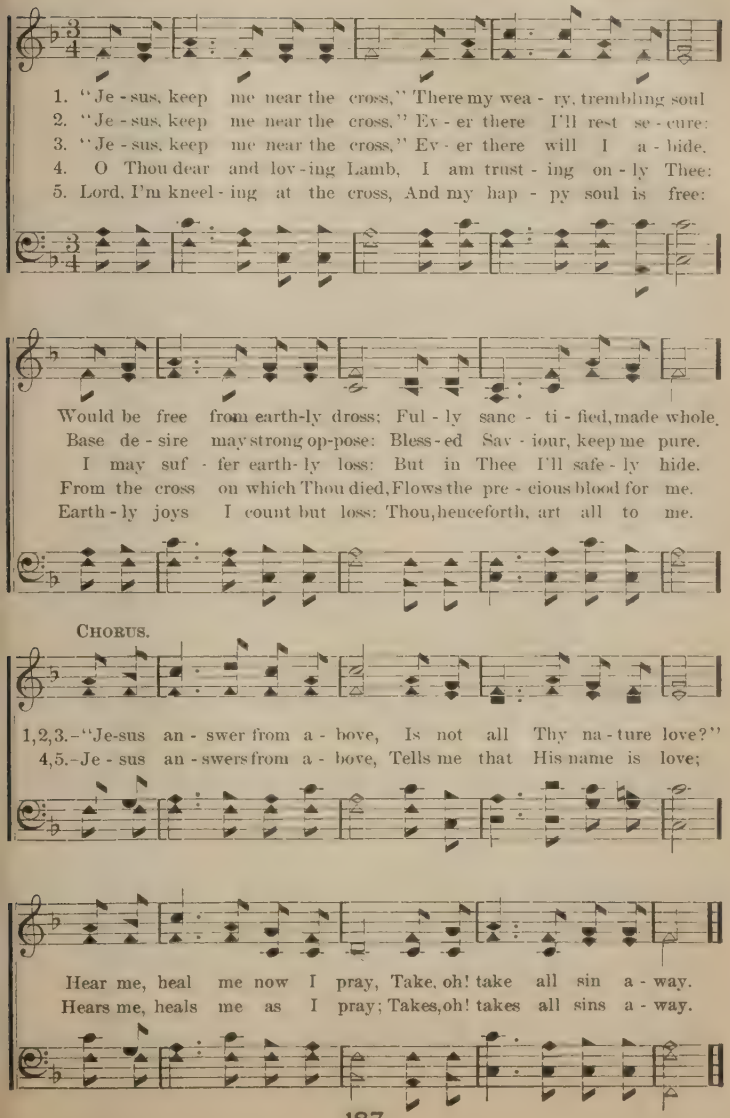
Hap-py, hap-py voic-es, Hap-py, hap-py voic-es; Cheer-i-ly,

1 2

cheer-i-ly, let the voic-es ring, let the voic-es ring.

No. 172. NEAR THE CROSS.

J. H. Welch. H. P. Blackwell.



No. 173. JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ME.

J. H. WELCH. ALEX. A. HUGHES.

1. See the sad and lone - ly "Man of sorrows" bow; Sink-ing down be -
2. Je - sus came to ease the hu- man heart of woe, And He bears its
3. 'Twas for you, for me, and 'twas for all He bare, All the heav - y

neath the world's dark, sin - ful load; See Him slow - ly toil with
heav - y load of pain and grief; All a - lone He feels sin's
load of guilt we fain would hide; That He with us all His

:S:

D. S.—On the cross He sealed my

FINE.

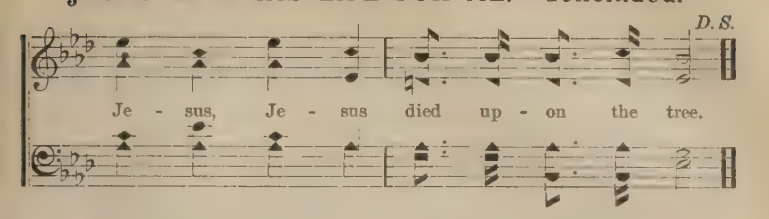
throbbing heart and brow All a - lone, a - long life's rug-ged, thorn-y road.
bit - ter, cru - el blow, So that He can give the world He loves re- lief.
peace and joy might share, All a - lone He lived and all a - lone He died.

par-don with His blood; From the cross of Je - sus flows the heal-ing flood.

CHORUS.

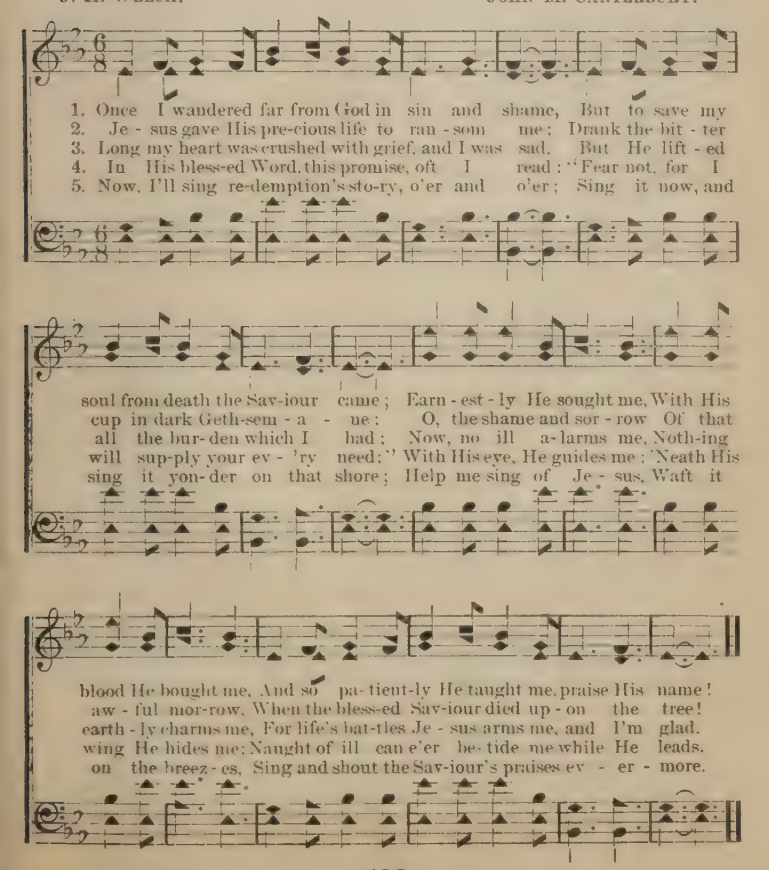
Je - sus, Je - sus, gave His life for me,

JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ME.—Concluded.



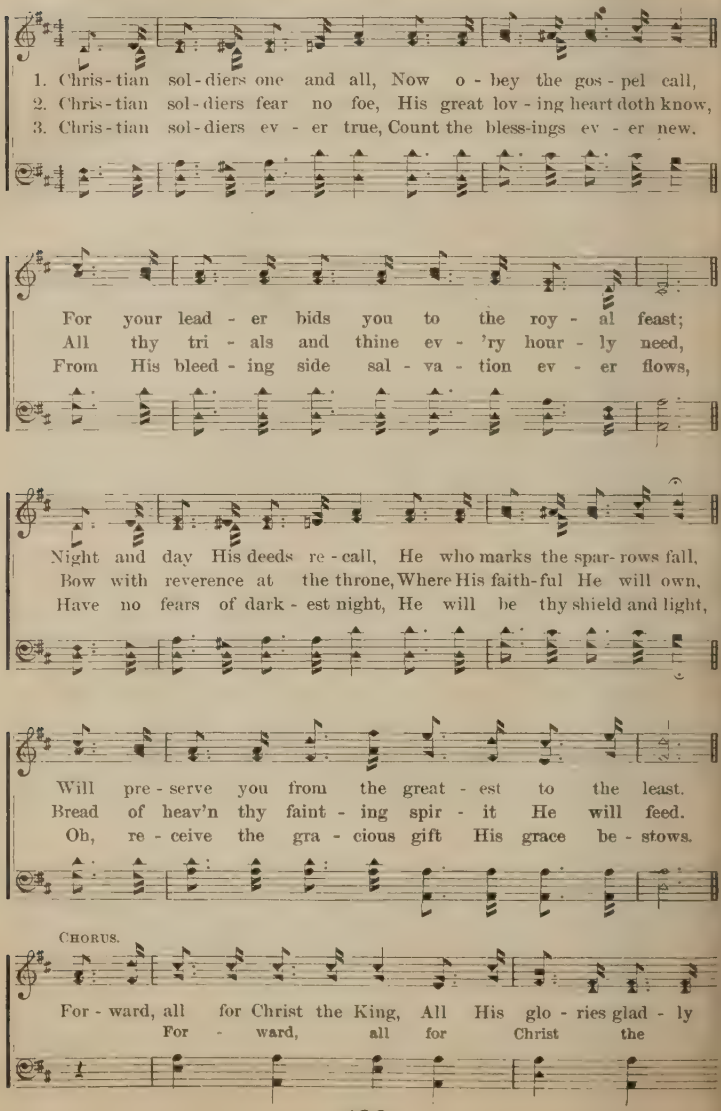
No. 174. CHRIST MY ALL.

J. H. WELCH. JOHN M. CANTERBURY.



No. 175. CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

WILLIE HOWE. HENRY C. STRINGER.



sing. Loud pro-claim the mes-sage of re-deem-ing love, See His
King, Loud pro - claim the won-drous mes - sage,

bleed - ing hands and side, In their beau - ty glo - ri -
See His bleed - ing hands and

fied, Help to win the world for man-sions fair a - bove.
side, Help the world to heav'n a - bove.

No. 176. AN ORPHAN CHILD.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. D. PITTS.

1. I am but an or - phan child, Is there an - y cares for me?
2. I am but an or - phan child, Doomed to walk a lone - ly way;
3. I am but an or - phan child, Naught have I but pov - er - ty;

FINE.

All the world seems dark and cold, Cheer-less as a world can be.
At the twi - light's gen - tle fall Hear and heed my plea to - day.
Look, and see my bit - ter lot; Yet the Mas - ter's child I'd be.

D.S.—Would you guide my youthful feet, 'Long the path so sto - ny here?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Think, oh, think of me, I pray, Robbed by death of pa - rents dear;

No. 177. SUCH VICTORY.

F. L. Eiland. J. B. Rushing.

1. Shall I ex-pect a shining crown,—In yon - der-world, to wear,
2. This spir - it, proud, be it sub-dued, That love, shall it con - trol,—
3. With this, I will be sat - is-fied,—For this, I still will plead,—

That will re- flect a glo - ry for, The cross, that here, I bear?
Till naught of self a - gain shall rise, Yet, to dis-turb the soul!
The sweet com-mun- ion of my God,—His spir - it, me, to lead!

Then, may I it, in meek-ness, take, What-e'er, it here, may be,
An hum- ble, hope- ful, trust- ing child, Is all I'd ask to be,—
When, I will sing a new made song, In per - fect lib - er - ty,—

And as a sol- dier, ev - er true, Strive, for such vic - to - ry!
May God's ap - prov- ing smiles to own, In joy or mis - er - y!
With bliss in-creas- ing ev - er - more, All, thro' such vic - to - ry!

Chorus.

Such vic - to - ry!..... is it ..... for me?.....
Such vic - to - ry, such vic - to - ry, is it for me? is it for me?

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

SUCH VICTORY.—Concluded.

A crown there shall I wear, A beau - ti - ful crown I'll wear,

That will..... re - flect..... a glo - - ry for.....
That will re-flect, that will re-flect a glo - ry, for a glo - ry, for

The cross that here I bear, A beau-ti - ful crown I'll wear.

No. 178. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. Je-sus, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their
3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, He kindly bade them stay; Suffered none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him and

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.
chil-dren bro't Lit-tle ones like me.
turn a-way Lit-tle ones like me.
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.
} Lit-tle ones like me, Little ones like me;

No. 179. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. C. LENDERMAN.

1. Je - sus, lov - - er of my soul,.....
2. Oth - er ref - - uge have I none;.....
3. Thou, O Christ,..... art all I want;.....

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, of my soul,

Let me to..... Thy bo - som fly,.....
Hangs my help - - less soul on Thee;.....
More than all..... in Thee I find;.....

Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - - er wa - ters roll,.....
Leave, ah, leave..... me not a - lone,.....
Raise the fall - - en, cheer the faint,.....

While the near - er wa - ters roll, wa - ters roll,

While the tem - - pest still is high.....
Still sup - port..... and com - fort me.....
Heal the sick,..... and lead the blind.....

While the tem - pest still is high, still is high.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide.....
All my trust..... on Thee is stayed,.....
Just and ho - - ly is Thy name,.....
Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, my Sav - iour hide,

Till the storm..... of life is past;.....
All my help..... from Thee I bring;.....
I am all..... un - right- eous - ness;.....
Till the storm of life is past, of life is past,

Safe in - to..... the ha - ven guide,.....
Cov - er my..... de- fense - less head,.....
Vile and full..... of sin I am,.....
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, ha - ven guide,

Oh, re - ceive..... my soul at last!.....
With the shad - - ow of Thy wing.....
Thou art full..... of truth and grace.....
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! my soul at last!

No. 180. Over the River They're Watching for Me.

Rev. T. C. Harper. Wilmer Brower.

Slow.

1. Be-yond the dark riv - er of sor - row and death. The fair land of
2. In friendship to-geth - er we dwelt here a-while, And tri - al and
3. Soon I shall re - join them on Canaan's bright shore, And faith shall be

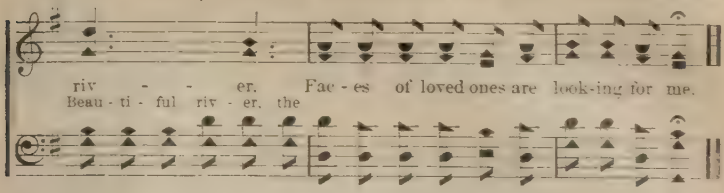
prom-ise in vis - ion I see, And fac - es of lov'd ones look
suf - fer - ing glad - ly did share, But now they have gone with the
changed in - to glo - ri - ous night: Where sor - row and sigh - ing and

out o'er the tide, So anx-ious - ly wait - ing and watching for me.
light of their smile, They're watching and waiting for me o - ver there.
pain will be o'er, And heav - en - ly rap-tures my soul shall de - light.

Chorus.

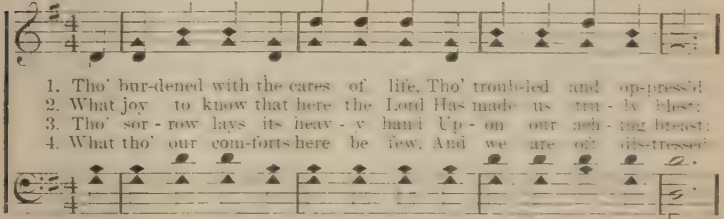
O - - ver the riv - - er, Beau - ti - ful
O - ver the riv - er, Beau - ti - ful riv - er, the

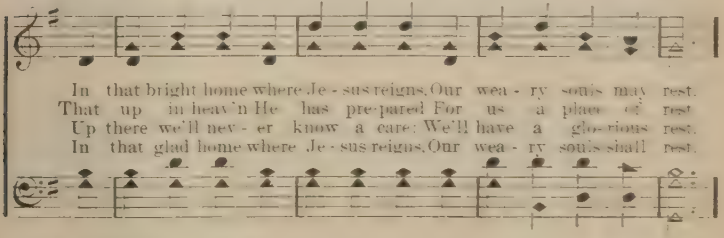
man-sions of glo - ry I see, O - - ver the
O - ver the riv - er,



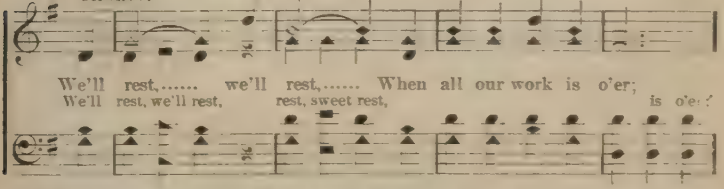
No. 181. REST IN HIS LOVING ARMS.

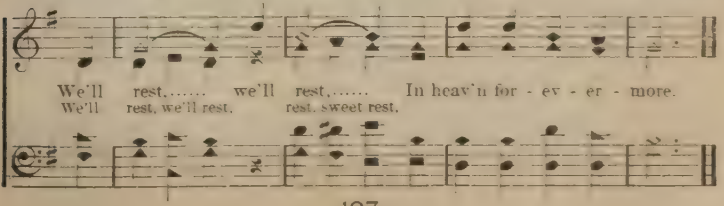
J. H. WELCH. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.





CHORUS.





No. 182. THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

Rev. T. C. Harper. G. W. Smith, Jr.

1. There is a land be-yond the sea,
2. Up-on the hills of that fair land,
3. There comes a call to you and me,

1. There is a land be-yond the sea,

Where wist-ful eyes keep watch for me;
The soul's bright home se-cure-ly stands;
From that fair land be-yond the sea;

Where wist-ful eyes keep watch for me;

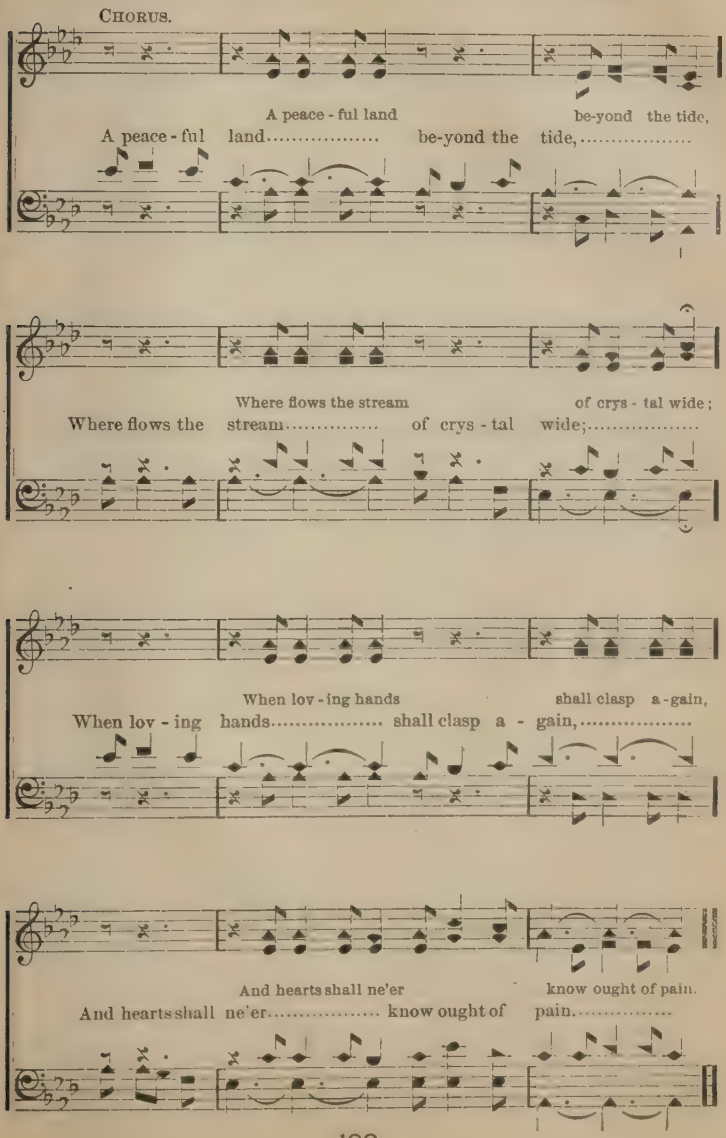
A land where blooms the flow-ers fair,
And pearl-y gates that stand a-jar,
A voice that bids us turn our eyes,

A land where blooms the flow-ers fair,

Where in-cense sweet per-fumes the air.
And jas-per lights that gleam a-far.
To where that land of beau-ty lies.

Where in-cense sweet perfumes the air.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.—Concluded.



No. 183. We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King.

Rev. T. C. Harper. Julius Rushing.

1. We are sol - diers of the heav'nly King, And as we go
2. We are sol - diers loy - al-heart - ed, brave, And the cause of
3. Close to our Com- man - der we will stand, Drive the foe be -
4. Ral - ly round the ban - ner of our King, While the song of

march-ing on we sing, Our Com-man-der Christ will ev- er be, He will
righteousness we'll save, Turn-ing back the mighty hosts of sin, O - ver
fore us from the land, Shout the watchword of our Lead-er true, While His
vic - to - ry we sing, Pow'r and might be- long-eth un - to Him Who hath

Chorus.

lead us on to vic - to - ry.
them the vic - to - ry to win.
will we ev - er try to do.
conquered all the hosts of sin.
} We are sol- diers of the heav'nly

We are sol - diers of the

King, (we're soldiers,) And as we go marching on we sing, (go sing- ing,)

King,..... And as we go on we sing,.....

We are Soldiers of the Heavenly King.—Concluded.

For the Right we'll ev - er stead-fast be, (we're steadfast,) Christ will lead us

For the Right we'll stead - fast be,.....

on to vic - to - ry, (He'll lead us.) Come and join our val-iant ranks to -

Come and join our ranks to - -

day, (come join us.) In a righteous cause to work and pray, (keep praying.)

day,..... In a right- eous cause to pray,.....

Marching onward, hap-py we will sing, (go singing.) Christ our Lord is King.

March-ing on-ward, we will sing,.....

No. 184. SOWING THE PRECIOUS SEED.

Rev. T. C. Harper. Lemuel Smith.

1. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter deeds of faith and love, Sow - ing the
2. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter words of hope and cheer, Sow - ing the
3. Sow - ing for the Mas - ter while the night comes on, Sow - ing the

seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Trust - ing for a har - vest
seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Scat - ter - ing the sun - shine
seed to-day, sow - ing a - long the way; Soon the day is end - ed,

D. S.—Trust - ing in the Mas - ter

Fine.

in the home a - bove, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.
where some lives are drear, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.
soon we'll gath - er home, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed by the way.

for a gra - cious yield, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed day by day.

Chorus.

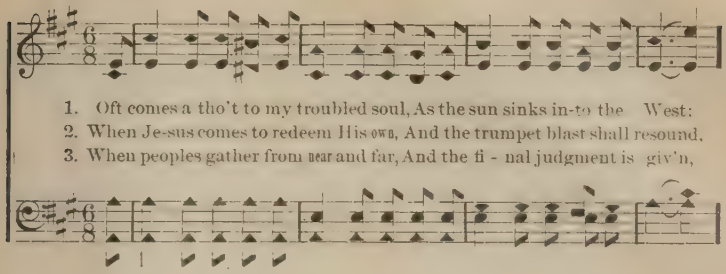
Sow - ing seed, beau - ti - ful seed,
Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed, Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed,

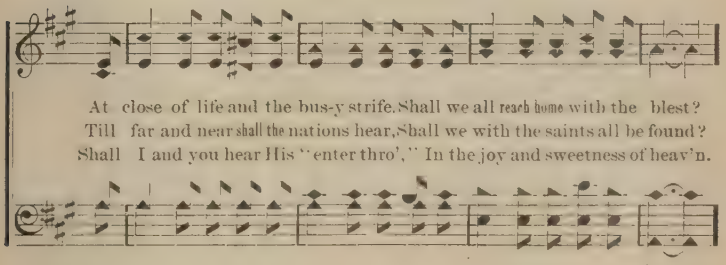
D. S.

We are sow - - - ing the seed,
Look - ing to Je - sus a - bove, Sow - ing the beau - ti - ful seed.

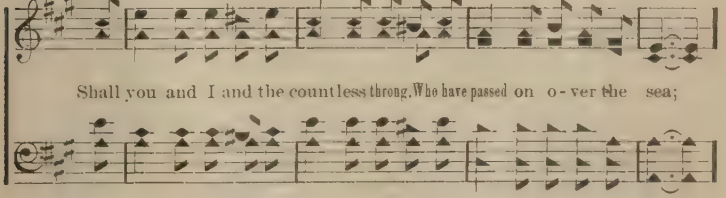
No. 185. SHALL WE ALL REACH HOME?

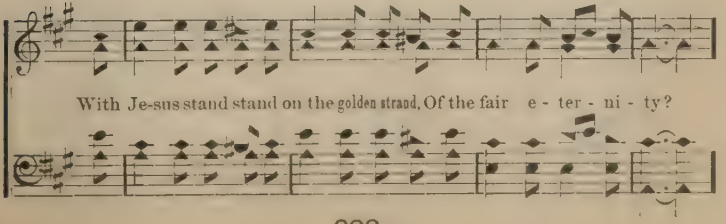
T. C. HARPER. G. W. SMITH, Jr.





CHORUS.





No. 186. SEND OUT THE LIGHT.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Cour-a-geous hearts are need-ed so, To till the fields where bri-ars grow,
2. Cour-a-geous hearts that burn with love, To bear the mes-sage from a-bove,
3. Cour-a-geous hearts of rich-est grace, To bear the light of His dear face,

The call comes from the darkest night, Send us the light, send us the light.
To darkened lands that feel sin blight, To bear the light, to bear the light.
That darkened eyes re-ceive their sight, And know the light, the gos-pel light.

CHORUS.

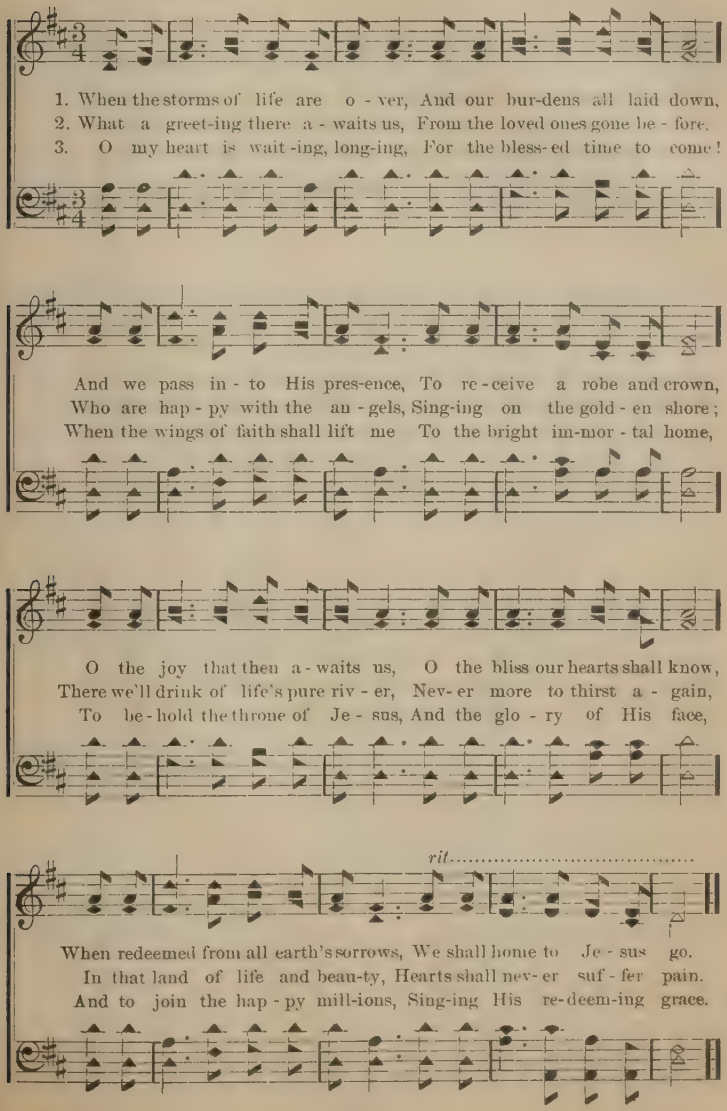
Send out the light with might-y pow'r,
Lord, send us out with might-y pow'r, Send

Send us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re-veal Thy-self
us Thy light, send us Thy light, Re-veal Thy-self to

to us this hour, Send us Thy light, send us Thy light.
us this hour, Send us Thy light, send us Thy light.

No. 187. THE JOY OF HIS PRESENCE.

Rev. T. C. Harper. J. S. Law.



No. 188. LIFT HEART AND VOICE.

Rev. T. C. Harper. G. W. Smith, Jr.

1. Let us lift up our hearts and our voices in praise, As we en - ter His courts here to- day. For the mer- cies and blessings, His bounte-ous grace,
2. Let us tell of His love for the chil-dren of men, Of re-demption so bound-less and free. Of the One who de- liv - ers from bondage and sin,
3. Je - sus Sav-iour so gen-tle, our gifts here we bring, At Thy feet lay our hearts rich- est store. Of Thy love and sal - va - tion for - ev - er we'll sing,

D.S.—For sal- va-tion and pow'r, For His love ev - er hour,

Fine. Chorus.

And the heart-cheering hope on life's way.
That we all in His kingdom might be.
And Thy name we will ev-er a-dore.
Lift up heart and Lift up your voice in His courts to-day.
And the hope that will ne'er pass a-way.

D.S.

voice, And praise Him here to - day,
Bring- ing sweet trib- utes of love,

No. 189. HARWELL. 8s. & 7s.

THOS. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the notes of praise a- bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory bright-ens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er-last-ing crown;
4. Sav- iour, hast - en Thine ap-pear- ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile en- light- ens, Cheer and charms, Thy saints on earth.
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
When, the aw - ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di- vine.
Hap- py objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo- ry, glo-ry to our King!"

See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a- lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di- vine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

No. 190. SAILING ON.

J. C. HARPER. WASH LEE.

1. O'er the sea of life our ves - sel swift - ly glides, Thro' the deep mist and foam, T'ward the ha - ven where we shall at anch - or ride, Safe at home, safe at home.

2. Naught we fear the tem - pest rag - ing o'er the deep, And the waves dash - ing high, For the Sav - iour - Pi - lot will His lov'd ones keep, Bring us home by and by.

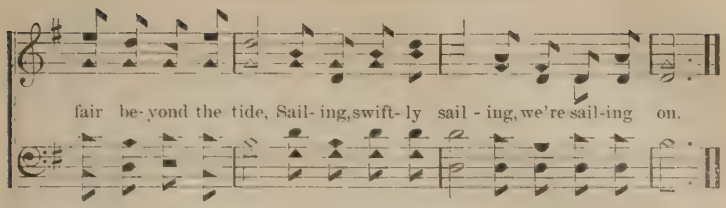
3. Home at last, the dan - ger of the voy - age o'er, We shall rest, safe - ly rest, 'Mid the smil - ing ver - dure on fair Canaan's shore, Ev - er rest, safe - ly rest.

1. Thro' the deep mist and foam, Safe at home,

CHORUS.

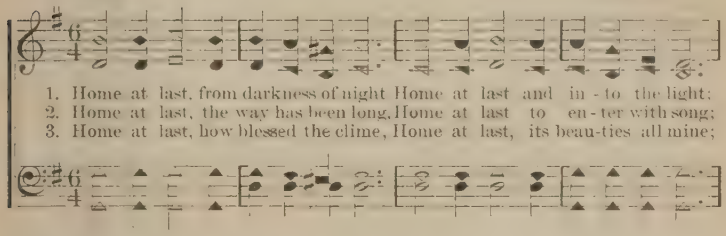
Sail - ing on o'er the wa - ters deep and wide, Sail - ing, swift - ly sail - ing, we're swift - ly sail - ing, To - ward the ha - ven so

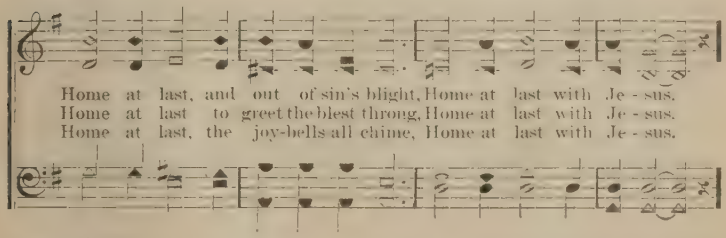
Controlled by S. W. Beazley.



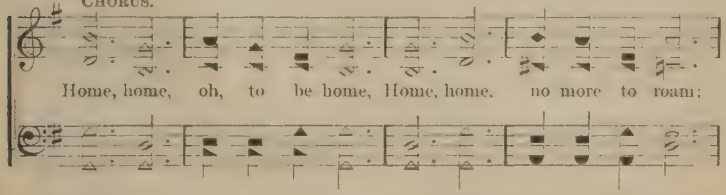
No. 191. HOME AT LAST.

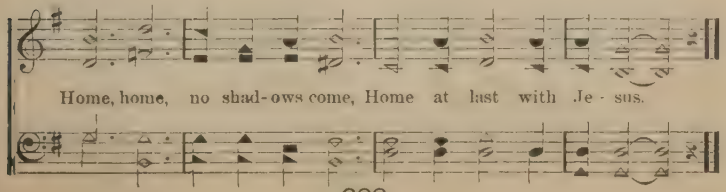
W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.





CHORUS.





No. 192. I AM HAPPY IN THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. T. C. HARPER. D. W. MITCHELL.

1. I am hap-py in the Sav-iour since He washed my sins a-way;
2. Once a pil-grim lone I wandered, nor His guid-ing hand did know;
3. Peace is mine be-yond ex-pres-sion walk-ing with my Sav-iour dear,

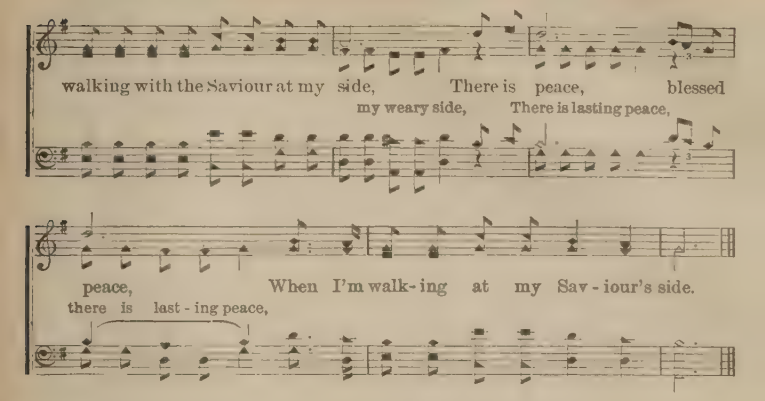
Let the light in-to my darkened soul and turned its night to day,
Stumbling on-ward in the dark-ness, know-ing not the way to go,
I can know no thought of dan-ger when I feel His presence near,

How He cheers me with His pre-sence, with the beau-ty of His grace,
Till He came and stood be-side me, while His glo-ry shone a-round,
Thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow He will lead my steps a-right,

O the glo-ry that a-waits me when I view His smil-ing face.
Now I'm hap-py ev-'ry mo-ment in the Sav-iour I have found.
While the glo-ry of His pres-ence shines a-round my path-way bright.

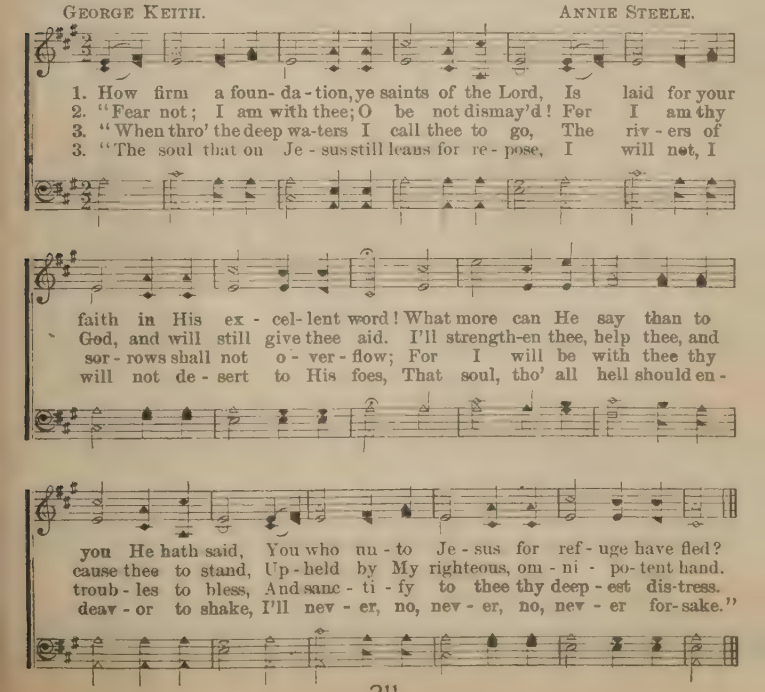
CHORUS.

There is joy, joy for me, When I'm
He is joy for me, He is joy for me,



No. 193. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



No. 194. GATHER THEM IN.

Rev. T. C. Harper. Fred. L. Beard.

1. Lov-ing-ly, ten - der - ly gath-er the lost ones in, In - to the
2. Haste with the gos - pel light, save them from sin's dark night, Tell them of
3. Read - y the Sav-iour stands, see Him with outstretched hands, Waiting to

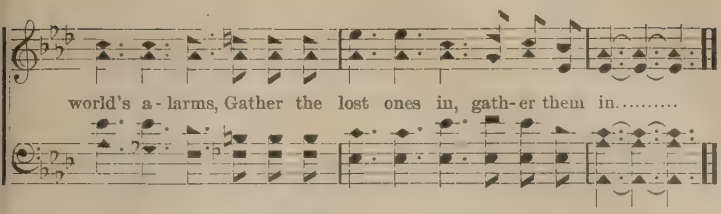
Saviour's fold, beau-ti-ful fold;..... Out of the cold and storm, in-to His
One who lives, mighty to save;.....Bring them without de-lay, in - to His
welcome wan-der-ing ones home,-....Haste, O ye Sons of Light, in-to the

lov - ing arms, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath- er them in.....
fold to - day, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath- er them in.....
dark'ning night, Gath-er the lost ones in, gath- er them in.....

Chorus.

Gath-er the pre - cious ones in from the cold and storm, In - to the

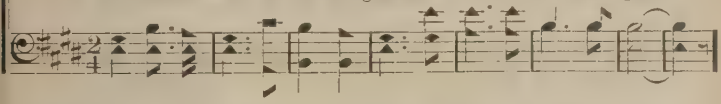
Saviour's fold gather them in;..... In - to His lov - ing arms, safe from the



No. 195. ANTIOCH. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

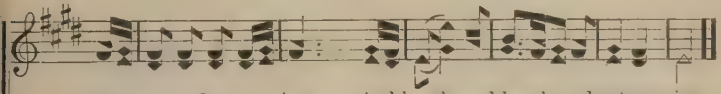
1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



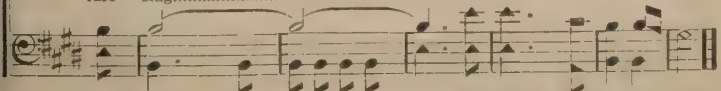
Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love,

And heav'n and na-

And heav'n and na-



And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
Re- peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
ture sing.....



ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

No. 196. IN THE SHELTER OF HIS ARMS.

Rev. J. C. Harper. W. W. Gulledge.

1. In the shel-ter of the Saviour's outstretched arms, I will hide me safe-ly
2. In the shel-ter of the Sav-iour's wound-ed side, Where the blood is free-ly
3. He will keep my soul se-cure-ly ev-'ry hour, O what vic-to-ry I'm

hide me from the storms, While the tem-pest fierce-ly ra-ges round a-
flow-ing I'll a-bide, I will nev-er fear the tempt-er, sin can
hav-ing thro' His pow'r, Con-quer-ing and ov-er-com-ing, fear-ing

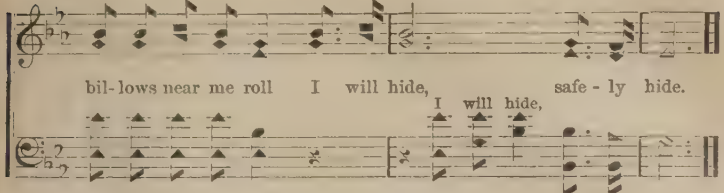
bout my troubled soul, I will hide me 'neath His out-stretched arms.
ne'er my soul a-larm, For I'm hid-ing 'neath His out-stretched arms.
not that foe may harm, While I'm hid-ing 'neath His out-stretched arms.

Chorus.

I will hide, 'neath the Saviour's outstretched arms, 'Neath His
safe-ly hide,

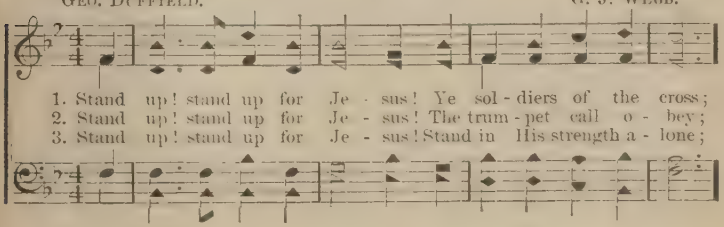
arms, safely sheltered from the storms, I will hide while the
'neath His arms, safe-ly hide,

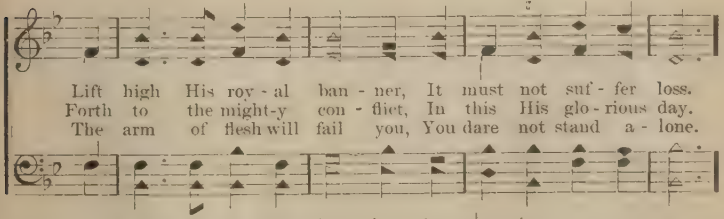
might-y arms, Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

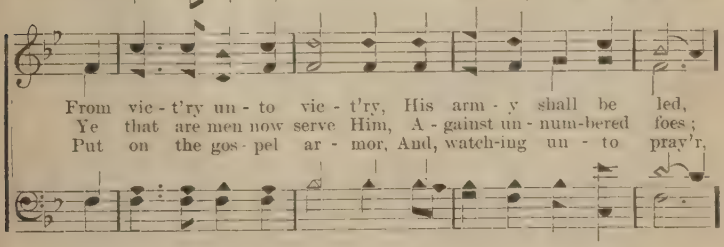


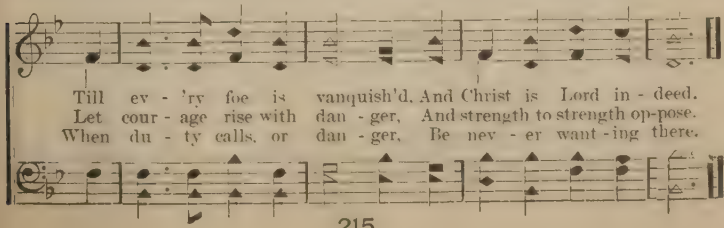
No. 197. WEBB. 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.









No. 198. THE HOME THAT'S FAR AWAY.

Mc. D. W. Mc. D. Weams.

1. My dear Sav - iour has gone to pre-pare That blest home of sweet
2. Soon I'll cross o'er the dark mys - tic stream, To that land of great
3. In those mansions there's room for us all, Who will trust on the

rest in the sky; Soon He'll gath - er in His own Where no
treas - ures un - told. There I'll rest for - ev - er - more, With my
Lord great and small, Sin - ner, come to Je - sus now, Will you

more we'll walk alone, For we'll dwell there throughout eter-ni - ty.
Saviour gone before, In that beau- ti - ful cit - y built of gold.
now not make your vow, And we'll dwell there throughout eternity.

e - ter-ni- ty,

Chorus.

There's a home..... ..... far a - way,.....
There's a home that's far a - way, There's a home that's far a - way,

Where we'll gath - - er some sweet day,.....
Where we'll gath - er, where we'll gath - er some sweet day, some sweet day,

With our sins..... wash'd a - way,.....
With our sins all wash'd a - way, With our sins all wash'd a - way,

Where we'll dwell there throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 199. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav- iour calling, I can hear my Sav- iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den.
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will fol- low,

ad lib. *D.C.*

I can hear my Sav- iour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol- low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo- ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 200. DIADEM.

E. PERRONET. Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may

fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the
fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who
ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all
fall, We at His feet may fall, We'll join the

And crown.....

roy - al di - a - dem,
saves you by His grace,
maj - es - ty as - cribe,
ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him,
And crown.....

And crown Him,

..... Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of

..... Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

DIADEM.—Concluded.

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 201. THE HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad. }

2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love. }
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move, }

3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine, }
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. }

:S: REFRAIN. FINE.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear,

No. 202. GATHER IN THE CHILDREN.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. L. MATHEWS.

1. Gath - er in the chil - dren to the Shepherd's fold, Gath - er
2. Gath - er in the chil - dren, from the fields of sin, Tell them
3. Let the Mas- ter's say - ing nev - er be for - got, "Suf - fer,

when the sun shines, gath - er in the cold; Tell them Je - sus
how the Sav - iour seeks their lives to win; Teach them to be
lit - tle chil - dren, and for - bid them not," For of such the

D.S.—Go and find the

loves them, that His life He gave, An a - ton - ing ran - som
gen - tle, pa-tient true and kind, That a- long life's path- way
king - dom of the Lord must be; Hear the Sav-iour's say - ing

chil - dren, bring the lambs to Him, Je - sus wants the chil - dren,

FINE. CHORUS.

sin - ful ones to save.
friends they'll ev- er find.
Let them come to me.
} Gath- er in the chil- dren, gath - er in the

for His up- per fold.

D.S.

chil- dren, Gath - er in the chil- dren to the Sav - iour's fold,

No. 203. BEAUTIFUL HOMELAND.

GEO. P. HOTT, A. M. S. G. SIMMONS.

1. Beau - ti - ful home- land, heav-en - ly man- sions, Ev- er a- dorn thy
2. Beau - ti - ful home- land, land of my Fa- ther's, Land where the faithful
3. Homeland of heav - en rich are thy treas- ures, How can I reach thee

hills with de- light; Radiance e- ter nal, beau-ty su-per - nal, There where the
ev- er shall dwell, Oft-en I'm long-ing, oft-en I'm sigh-ing, With a heart
burdened with sin? On-ly thro' Je - sus, mer-ci-ful Saviour! Cleanse me and

CHORUS.

Lamb ere giv - eth the light.
yearn-ing words can-not tell.
make me, per-fect with- in.
Beau-ti- ful homeland, beau-ti-ful homeland,

Beau - ti - ful home-land wait-ing for me; Beau - ti - ful homeland,

beau- ti - ful home- land, There with the loved ones, ev - er I'd be.

No. 204. LIGHT BEARERS.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. We would be light bear-ers un - to lands in darkness, Ma - ny na-tions
2. We would be light bear-ers, shin-ing for the Sav-iour, As to vic-t'ry
3. We would be light bear-ers, brave-ly on-ward far - ing, True as her-alds

know not Je-sus or His love, We would tell the sto- ry how the Lord of
we are marching in His name, Ig - norance will vanish, light will darkness
who are guid-ed from a - bove, Life with light is given, Christ the Light from

glo - ry Left for them His Fa-ther's heav'nly home a - bove.
ban - ish, As the glo-rious gos - pel mes-sage we pro - claim.
heav - en Bids us bear to all the world this gift of love.

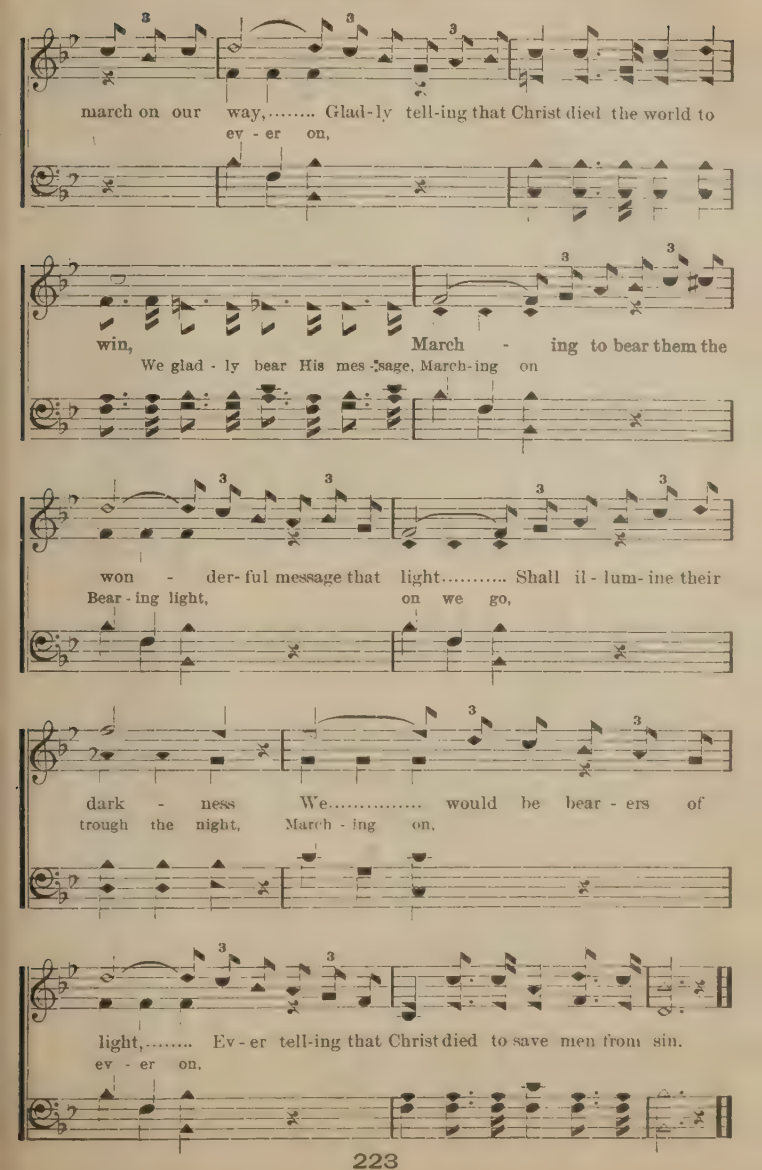
CHORUS.

Bear - ing the message of love..... to the na-tions that
March-ing on, bear - ing love,

wait..... In the gloom and the shad - ow brave - ly we
on we go, shed-ding light, march-ing on,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

LIGHT BEARERS.—Concluded.



No. 205. PRAISE THE GOD OF HARVEST.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Come, ye reapers who have labored 'Neath the glowing sun, Sing to-geth - er
2. Come, and sing a song of gladness, Sing of rip-ened grain, All ye toil - ers
3. Sing for gladness, praise the wisdom That has wisely planned, He must la - bor

sing for gladness That your work is done, Sing-ing in joy-ful cho- rus,
who have gathered Fruits from hill and plain; Riches in full-est meas-ure,
who would gath-er Fruitage from the land: Ye who have toiled un-tir- ing

Praise Him who watches o'er us, Praise Him who nutured the work by you begun.
Vineyard's and field's best treasure, With lavish boun-ty God gives to you a- gain.
Strong in His love inspiring, Praise Him who scatters reward with generous hand.

CHORUS.

Praise Him who rules the har - vest, Your grate - ful trib-ute

Praise ye now the rul - er of the har-vest, Praise ye Him your

Praise ye Him who rules the har- vest, Praise Him grate - ful

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

PRAISE THE GOD OF HARVEST.—Concluded.

voic - ing, Praise Him with songs of glad - ness,

grate-ful trib-ute voic - ing, Praise Him, praise Him with your songs of glad-ness,

trib - utes voic - ing, Praise Him with your songs of glad - ness

Ev - er in Him re-joic - ing, Praise Him who watched the

Ev - er praise Him in His love, re-joic - ing, Praise ye Him who

Ev - er praise Him in His love re-joic - ing, Praise ye Him who

reap - ing, In love such wealth be-stow - ing,

watched while you were reaping, In rare love such bounteous wealth bestowing,

watched the reap - ing, In rare love such wealth be - stow - ing,

Praise Him who never sleep - ing, His watch-care is ev-er showing.

Praise Him that the love which never sleeps, His ten-der care is ev - er showing.

Praise Him that His watch - ful love His ten-der care is ev - er showing.

No. 206. I NEED THEE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

SOLO.

Andante, Legato.

1. I need Thee in the morn - ing, When life is fresh and fair, When sum-mer flow'rs are shed-ding, Rich per - fume in the air. I need Thee then to keep me, From
2. I need Thee at the noon - tide, When o'er my wind - ing path, The fer - vent heat of noon-day, Bring down the storm-king's wrath. When strong and keen temp - ta - tion, Beats
3. I need Thee when the shad - ows, Creep slow - ly down the West, When life, and toil, and pleas-ure, Have lost their cheer-ing zest. When through the sol - emn twi - light, The

Organ.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

I NEED THEE.—Concluded.

paths of sin and strife, To help me choose the
down my fan - cied pow'r, For - sake me not, but
stars of night ap - pear; I need Thee then, sup -

rit.

best that lies Be - fore my un - tried life.
keep me safe In this re - lent - less hour.
port and save When life's last hour is near.

rit.

f QUARTET.

I need Thee, bless-ed Sav - iour, Thy con - stant care I crave;

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, No oth - er pow'r can save.

No. 207. CONSIDER THE LILIES.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Larghetto.

Con - sid - er, Con- sid - er, con - sid - er the
Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con - sid - er the lil - ies,

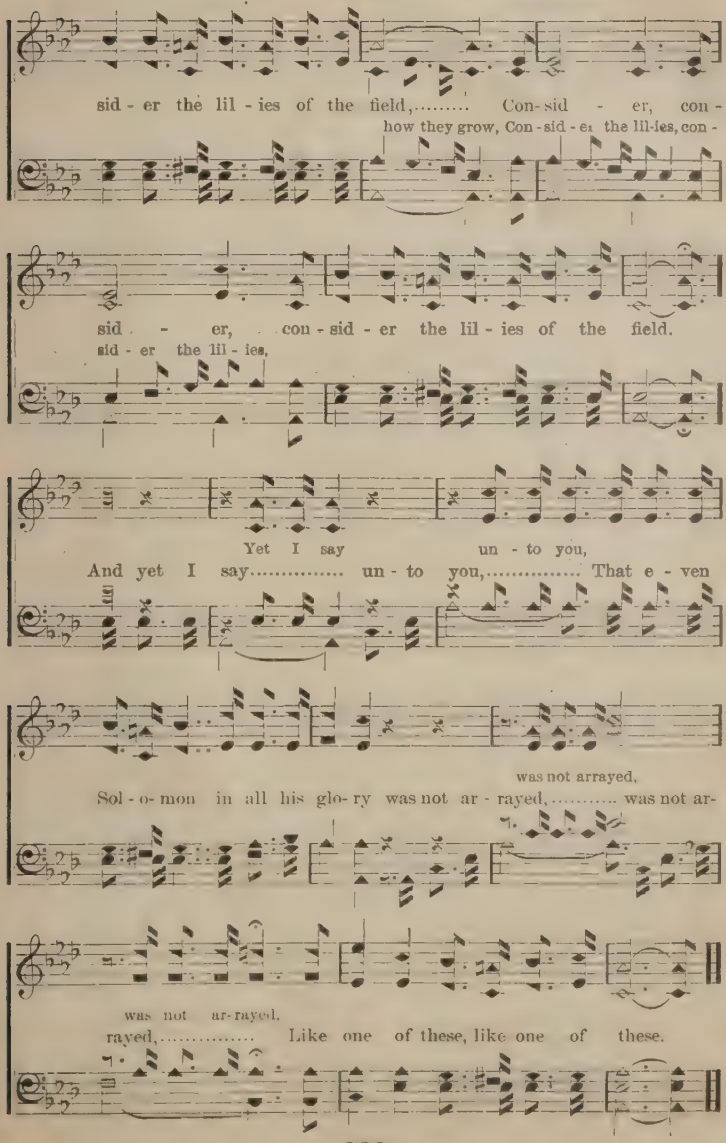
lil - ies of the field,..... Con- sid - - er, con -
how they grow, Con - sid - er the lil - ies, con -

sid - er, con - sid - er the lil - ies of the field.
sid - er the lil - ies,

They toil not, they toil not, they toil not, neith-er do they
They toil not, they toil not,

spin, Con - sid - er, con- sid - er, con -
neith-er do they spin, Con- sid - er the lil- ies, con - sid - er the lil - ies,

CONSIDER THE LILIES.—Concluded.



No. 208. STAR OF GLORY.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON. *Lively.*

1. There shone o'er the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
2. There shone 'round the shep-herds of Beth - le - hem,
3. There came to the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
4. We look to the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,

One star - ry won - der - ful night; Glow - ing with
Light from the heav- ens a - bove; An - gels with
Wise men who came from a - far, Guid - ed to
Back through the a - ges a - far, Thank - ful that

ra - di - ant beau - ty, A star of prom - ise so bright.
joy were pro-claim - ing, God sends the gift of His love.
Ju - dah's blest cit - y, Led by that won - der - ful star.
Je - sus was giv - en, Grate - ful for His guid - ing star.

It stood o'er the man - ger where Je - sus lay,
To you in the cit - y of Beth - le - hem,
They came to the place where it guid - ed them
We dwell on the bless-ings of Beth - le - hem,

STAR OF GLORY.—Concluded.

An - gels re - joiced at 'His birth, Glo - ry to
This night a Sav-iour is giv'n, Fear not we
Seek - ing for Is - ra - el's King, Ma - ny a
Sa - cred be - cause of Christ's birth; Our hearts re -

God in the high - est, Peace on the earth.....
bring you good ti - dings, Good news from heav'n.....
mile they had jour - neyed, Rich gifts to bring.....
peat - ing in glad - ness, He reigns on earth..... .....

CHORUS.

Oh, won-der - ful star of glo - ry, Shin - ing bright and clear;

Con-firm-ing the an - gel's sto - ry, Christ the Lord is here.....

No. 209. WHAT WILT THOU DO WITH JESUS.

Matt. 17: 23.

E. C. ELLSWORTH. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Art thou choos - ing the world for thy por - tion? Thy
2. Art thou bow - ing thy - self down to i - dols? Thy
3. Is the voice of the world more il - lur - ing, Than

thirst can it ev - er al - lay? Art thou seek - ing thy
gods are they sil - ver and gold? Are the treas - ures of
whis - pers of in - fin - ite love? Shall the strains which are

all in its pleas - ures, And liv - ing a - lone for to - day?
earth of such val - ue, That Christ can be bought and be sold?
mingling with dis - cord, Prove sweet - er than mu - sic a - bove.

CHORUS.

And what..... wilt thou do then with Je - sus, Who
What wilt thou do then with bless - ed Je - sus, Who

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

of - fers thee glo- ries di - vine? In vain..... in thy
offers thee glo - ries, glo-ries divine? In vain in thy hand

hand is a scep - tre, A king - dom and crown may be thine.
is a God-given sceptre, A kingdom and crown may be thine.

No. 210. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH. I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.

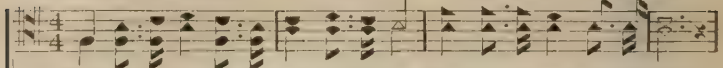
1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be-fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stay, No darkness can ap-pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthrall,

pp rit. *molto.*

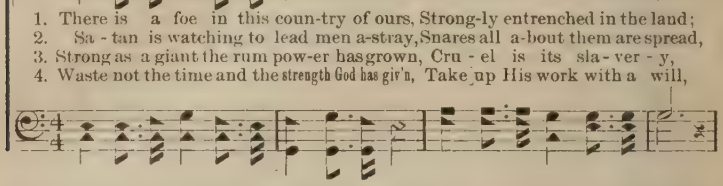
If Thou my Lord art near, Keep me, no harm can then be - fall.
If Thou wilt light the way, Keep me, no dark-ness can ap pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then en- thrall.

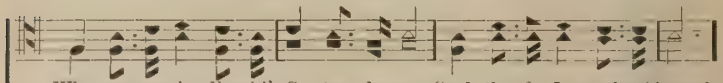
No. 211. SAVE YOUR BROTHER.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. Male Quartet. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

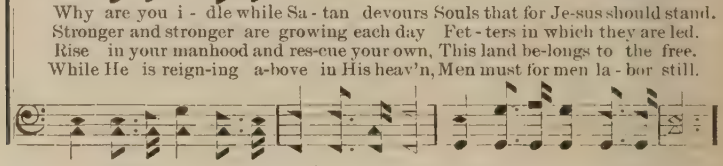


1. There is a foe in this coun-try of ours, Strong-ly entrenched in the land;
2. Sa - tan is watching to lead men a-stray, Snares all a-bout them are spread,
3. Strong as a giant the rum pow-er has grown, Cru - el is its sla - ver - y,
4. Waste not the time and the strength God has giv'n, Take up His work with a will,

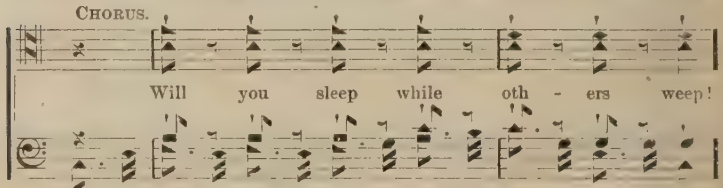




Why are you i - dle while Sa - tan devours Souls that for Je-sus should stand.
Stronger and stronger are growing each day Fet - ters in which they are led.
Rise in your manhood and res-cue your own, This land be-longs to the free.
While He is reign-ing a-bove in His heav'n, Men must for men la - bor still.

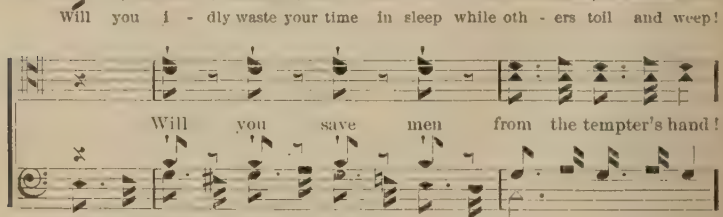


CHORUS.



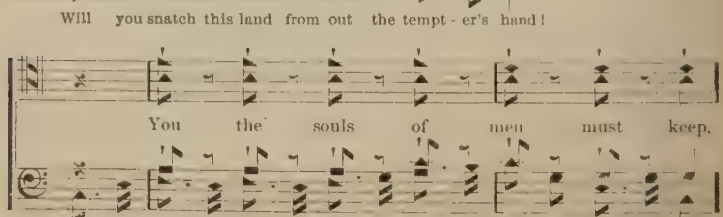
Will you sleep while oth - ers weep!

Will you i - dly waste your time in sleep while oth - ers toil and weep!



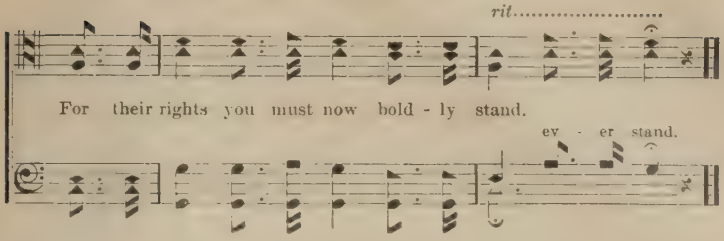
Will you save men from the tempter's hand!

Will you snatch this land from out the tempt - er's hand!



You the souls of men must keep,

God ex-pects that you will try your best your broth-ers' souls to keep.

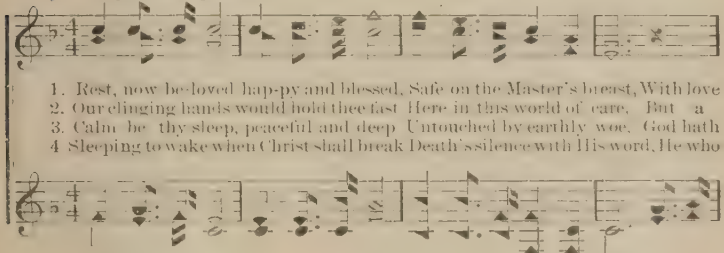


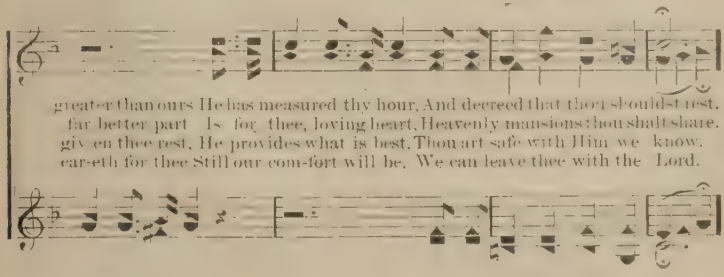
No. 212. GOOD-NIGHT.

Quartet for Ladies Voices.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Legato con espress.





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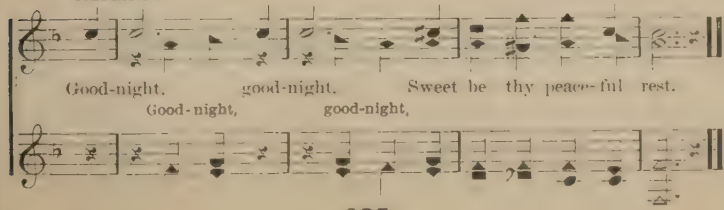


No. 213. THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

The "Creation." JOSEPH HAYDN.

f

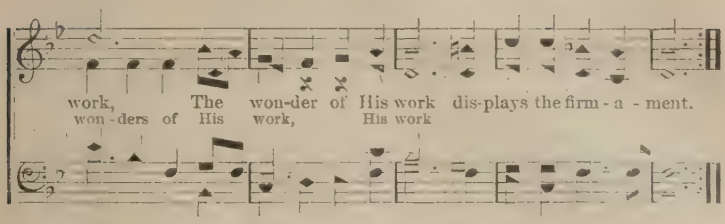
The heav- ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The won-der of His

work dis-plays the firm - a - ment. In all the lands re-
In all the

sounds the word, Nev-er un-per-ceiv - ed, ev - er un-der-stood,
lands re-sounds the word,

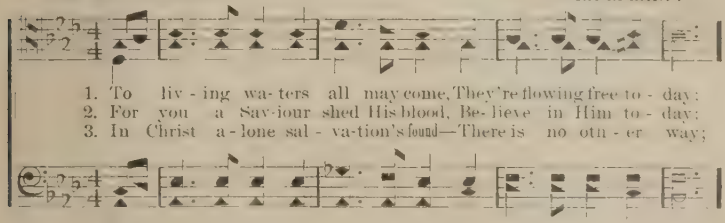
ev - er, ev - er, ev - er un - der - stood. The heav- ens are

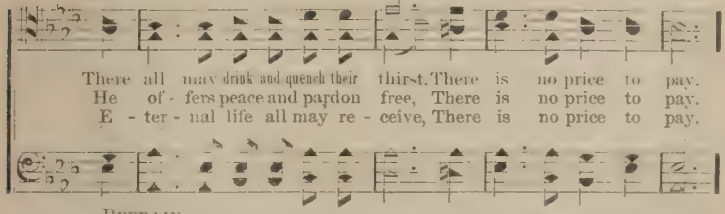
tell - ing the glo - ry of God, The won - der of His
The



No. 214. NO PRICE TO PAY.

Mrs. W. J. Kenedy. E. T. Hildebrand.





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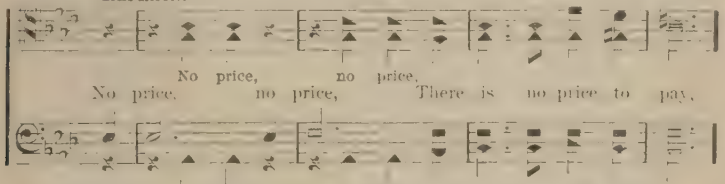

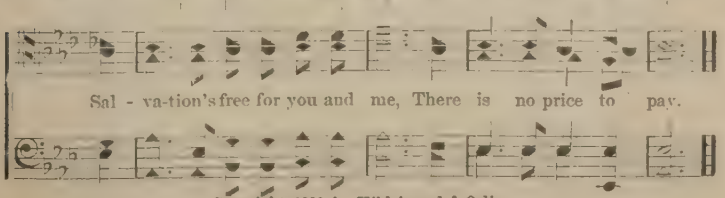

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No. 215. I WILL PRAISE THEE.

9th Psalm. Anthem. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee with my whole heart,

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee with
I will praise Thee; I will praise Thee,

my whole heart, I will show forth, I will show forth Thy
I will show forth, I will show forth Thy

mar - - velous, marvelous works, I will show forth. I will
marvelous works, Thy marvelous, marvelous works, I will show forth.

show forth Thy mar - - vel-ous, mar-vel-ous works.
I will show forth Thy mar-vel-ous works, Thy marvel-ous, mar-vel-ous works.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.—Continued.

I will show forth, I will show forth Thy mar - vel- ous works, I will

show forth, I will show forth Thy mar - - - vel-ous,

mar- vel - ous works, Thy marvel- ous,

mar- vel-ous works, I will praise Thee and show forth Thy marvelous works,

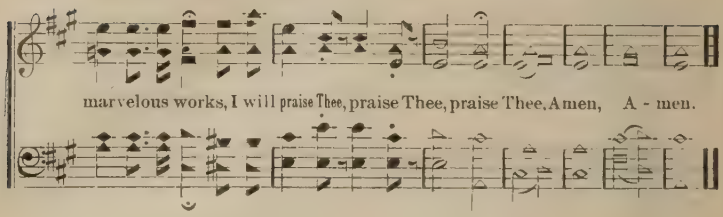
I will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee, I will show forth Thy marvelous works,

Thy marvelous works,..... I will praise Thee and show forth Thy

Thy marvelous works,

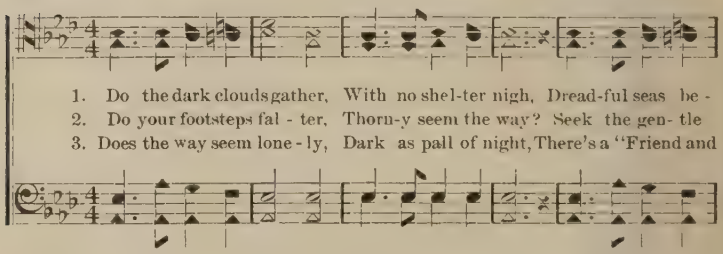
Thy works. Thy mar-vel-ous works

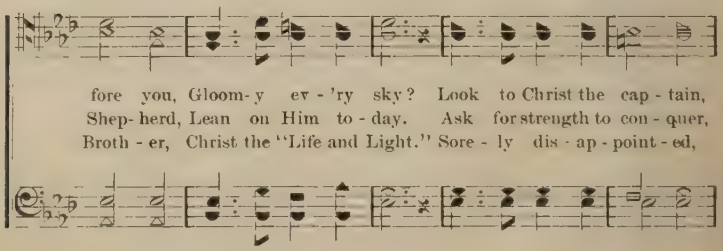
Thy works, Thy marvelous works,

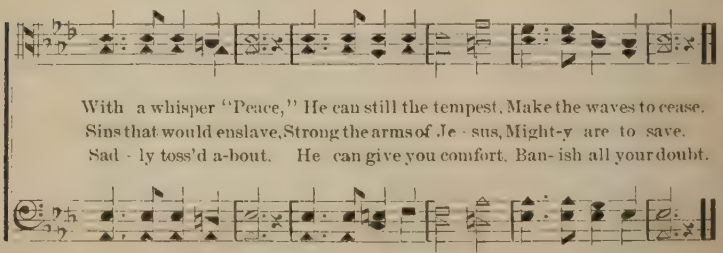


No. 216. LOOK TO JESUS.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.







No. 217. BLESS THE LORD.

Anthem.

103d PSALM. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Maestoso.

Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my soul; And all that is with-

in me, bless His ho - ly name, Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my

soul; And all that is with-in me, bless His ho - ly name.

SOLO.

Yea, bless the Lord O, my soul, And for - get not

p

DUET.

all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es.

f TUTTI.

Yea, bless the Lord, O my soul, And for - get not

all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es,

f

Who re- deem - eth that life from de- struc - tion, Who

BLESS THE LORD.—Concluded.

crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who re-deem - eth thy

life from de- struc - tion, Who crown- eth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness, Who crown-eth thee with lov ing kind - ness, Who

f

crowneth thee with lov- ing kind-ness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing

ff

kind-ness. And ten - der mer- cies. Bless the Lord, A - men.

No. 218. CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS MARCH SONG.

GEO. P. HOTT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON.

1. Mer - ri- ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer- ri - ly ring to-day,
2. Mer - ri- ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer- ri - ly ring to-day,
3. Mer - ri- ly Christmas bells shall ring, yes, mer- ri - ly ring to-day,

mf Marcato.

Bethlehem's song shall ech - o long each beau- ti - ful, glad-some way;
Hap- pi - ly children's voic - es wake the beau- ti - ful Christmas lay;
List- en the song the an- gels bring to glad-den the heav'nly way;

S:

Cheer- i - ly hearts shall welcome now the beau-ti - ful ho - ly morn,
Join-ing the an - gel cho - rus sweet to welcome the Ho - ly One,
"Tell-ing of "peace on earth" in Him, and ev-er "good-will" t ward men,
D. S. —Cheer-i - ly hearts shall welcome now the beau-ti - ful ho - ly morn,

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

Children's Christmas March Song.—Concluded.

FINE.

Tell-ing the sto - ry, hail-ing His glo - ry, Je-sus the Sav-iour is born.
Ev - er our praise in authems we'll raise, to Je-sus the Sav-iour of men.
Ech - o His praise, His ho - li-est praise, oh, tell it a - gain and a-gain.
Tell-ing the sto - ry, hail-ing His glo - ry, Je-sus the Sav-iour is born.

f REFRAIN.

Hail Him, hail Him, High-est ho - san - nas sing,

D.S.

Crown Him, crown Him, Je - sus the heav'n - ly King:

No. 219. GOD OF OUR FATHERS, KNOWN OF OLD.

RUDYARD KIPLING. National Hymn. H. R. PALMER.

Met. ♩=60.

1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line;
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies; The captains and the kings de-part;
3. Far-call'd our na-vies melt a-way; On dune and headland sinks the fire;
4. If drunk with sights of pow'r we loose Wild tongues that have Thee not in awe.

ORGAN.

Beneath whose awful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An humble and a con-trite heart;
Lo! all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.
Such boasting as the gen-tiles use Or less-er breeds without the law,

un poco rit.

Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
Judge of the na-tions spare us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we for-get, Lest we for-get.

un poco rit.

Copyright, 1888, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 220. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BONAR. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with

night ne'er re-turns And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns,
long, long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou then hast prov'd,
eye no more dim, And praise Him with Heav'n's deep swelling hymn,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied,

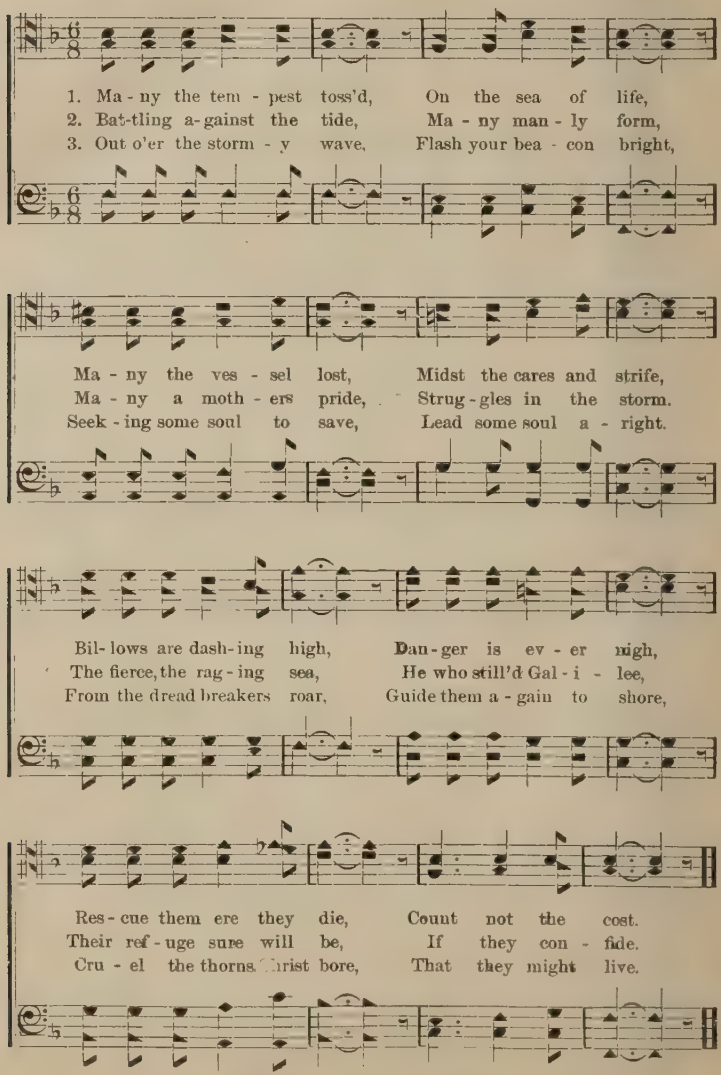
I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a - wake in Thy

- like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.

Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 221. SAVE THE DRIFTING.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.



Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 222. THY PROMISES.

MARTHA SHEPHARD LIPPINCOTT. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav - iour, Bring sun-shine in - to life,
2. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav - iour, Such rich re- wards will hold,
3. Thy prom - is - es, dear Sav - iour, Teach us that we can find

And send our souls re - joic - ing, To flee from e - vil strife.
For all who will be faith - ful And keep with - in Thy fold.
Life's sun - shine all a - round us, When we are good and kind.

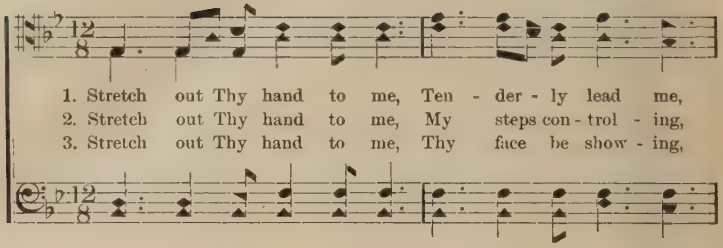
Thy prom - is - es will lead us To seek life's high - est aim,
Thy prom - is - es will ev - er Keep hope with - in our hearts,
Thy prom - is - es so oft - en Have com - fort - ed our hearts;

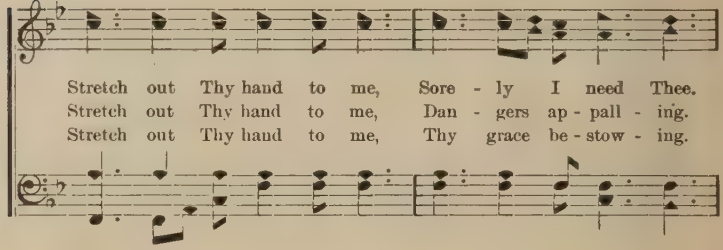
To fol - low in Thy foot-steps, And praise Thy ho - ly name.
Al-though the light from heav - en, Some-times, from us, de - parts.
We know our Sav - iour nev - er From faith - ful souls, de - parts.

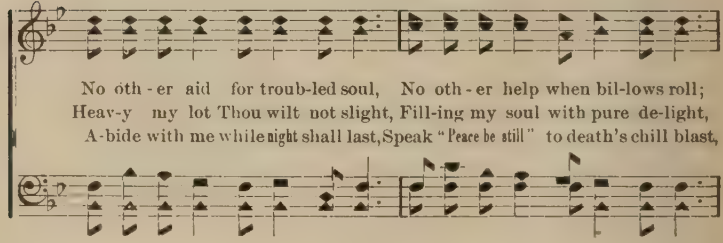
Controlled by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

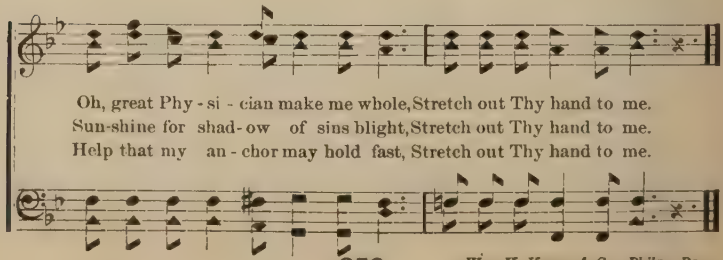
No 223. STRETCH OUT THY HAND.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.









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